This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07491149 0

NCV
Smith

CELESTINA.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

CELESTINA.

A NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

VOL. IV.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

M.DCC.XCI.

NEW YORK PUBLIC

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
958568A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
L 1916 L

CELESTINA.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN firſt Willoughby arrived in London, he had endeavoured to bring himſelf to a reſolution of ſeeing Celeſtina; but her abſence at that time on a tour of pleaſure, and the aſſurances he received that ſhe was engaged to Montague Thorold, not only diverted him from that intention, but gave his ſiſter both time and opportunity to repreſent her as neither wanting or wiſhing for that attention, which he thought he ſhould, as a friend, ſhew her. Theſe inſinuations had gradually their effect: not however in curing that invincible tender-

38X48

neſs he always felt for her, but in mingling with it ſo much bitterneſs that his life became more than ever wretched. The accidentally meeting Celeſtina at an aſſembly, gay, unconcerned, and, as he believed, forgetting her former attachment to him in her new preference to Montague Thorold; the ſecond meeting, which happened at the opera; and every thing that he heard both from his ſiſter and in general converſation where Celeſtina was mentioned, all ſerved to cónfirm this idea; while the letter which would have undeceived him, never reached his hands. It was left with Lady Molyneux; who, determined as ſhe was to impede every advance towards a reconciliation between her brother and Celeſtina, made no ſcruple, on hearing from whom it came, to open, read, and, after ſome conſideration, to deſtroy it.

Of the apparent neglect, therefore, which Celeſtina imputed to Willoughby, he had accuſed *her*; and thought, that if ſhe had not determined to connect herſelf with Montague

Montague Thorold without any attention to his wiſhes or reliance on his regard, ſhe would have written to or ſent to him: while his neglect of a letter by which ſhe thought ſhe ſhould awaken all the tenderneſs of friendſhip which ſhe hoped he ſtill retained for her, and the angry and diſdainful looks with which he had twice met her, wounded both her affection and her pride. Thus, by the treachery of Lady Molyneux, all commerce even of civility was at an end between them; and ſuch was the ſituation of Willoughby, when the Caſtlenorths arrived in London from Italy.

Embarraſſed more and more in his affairs, and on the point of being overwhelmed with pecuniary diſtreſs, it was more than time that he ſhould determine what to do; and this determination, the return of the Caſtlenorths to England was intended to haſten.

Always believing that to the artifices of Lady Caſtlenorth he had owed his being compelled to quit Celeſtina, and ſtill hoping

to detect thoſe artifices, he had, by frequent viſits at his uncle's, and by a ſort of tacit and reluctant acquieſcence in many of his plans, given Miſs Fitz-Hayman great reaſon to ſuppoſe that he intended fulfilling his original engagement with her: yet now that he ſaw he muſt either continue to act what he could not but feel was a diſhonourable and diſingenuous part, or break with his uncle entirely, his uneaſineſs became more inſupportable. The tortures which he had felt in obſerving the favour Celeſtina had ſhewn to Montague Thorold, by whiſpering and laughing with him, gave him a cruel foretaſte of what he ſhould ſuffer were he to ſee her married to him; yet his reaſon, whenever he was calm enough to liſten to it, told him how abſurd, how improper it was, to indulge ſuch ſenſations of anguiſh and regret; ſince, if the relationſhip which had been hinted at did really ſubſiſt between them, he could never take any other part in regard to her than a friendly and fraternal concern in her happineſs;

neſs; and ſince the age, family, and circumſtances of Montague Thorold were all without objection, he ought, if ſhe believed ſuch an alliance would make her happy, not only to rejoice in it but promote it.

From this, however, his heart abſolutely revolted; and all he could prevail upon himſelf to think of was, to make for Celeſtina ſome more ample proviſion if he was once convinced of their relationſhip, and to wiſh her happy: for to ſee her happy, when another was to be the object of her love, he found would be to him the cruelleſt puniſhment that Fate could inflict.

Sometimes he thought, that ſince every other woman on earth was indifferent to him, he ought to learn to approve of Miſs Fitz-Hayman, of whoſe apparently encreaſing affection towards him he could not be inſenſible. But love was never yet the effect of effort; and while he compared her, with all her laboured accompliſhments, to Celeſtina, he found too certainly that he never could love her, and that with ſuch

ſentiments to promiſe it, was an unworthy proſtitution of his honour.

His coldneſs, however, and viſible reluctance, diſcouraged none of the other parties who deſired this marriage: and Miſs Fitz-Hayman, with all that pride which her birth, her fortune, and the exalted idea of her own merit, gave her, ſeemed to be, either from her affection to Willoughby or ſome other cauſe, content to receive his hand with the hope of afterwards winning his heart. Convinced that he had no attachment but to Celeſtina, and certain that the impediments between them muſt effectually prevent his ever again thinking of her with the fond partiality he had done, ſhe ſeemed very eaſy as to his indifference towards herſelf; foreſeeing, perhaps, that their lives would be ſuch after they were married as would very ſoon produce it, if they did not ſet out with it: or, to judge more candidly, ſhe might think with pride and pleaſure of conquering, as his wife, that coldneſs

coldneſs to which, as his miſtreſs, ſhe could not be inſenſible.

Lord Caſtlenorth had ſo determined a predilection for the match, which the difficulties he had met with had by no means abated, that he would not ſee any thing that appeared inimical to this his darling ſcheme. His great object was—and he forgot his infirmities as he purſued it—to procure for Willoughby the reverſion of all his titles, and to change his name to Fitz-Hayman. This he found would be attended with no great difficulty; and now, whenever he ſaw his nephew, he enumerated all the ſpecies of ſatisfaction which in his opinion would attend theſe acquirements, dwelling with great delight on the circumſtance of the family arms remaining unchanged; though he offered to quarter thoſe of Willoughby, if their owner found any reluctance in parting with them entirely.

From theſe harangues, which nothing could for a moment render intereſting to Willoughby, *his* imagination was often quite

abſent, and fled after Celeſtina, whom it repreſented as making the felicity of Montague Thorold, and enjoying with him that life of elegant and literary retirement, which he had himſelf fondly hoped to ſhare with her. Frequently, when his uncle was talking to him of his anceſtor, Reginald Fitz-Hayman, who in the reign of Henry IV. was ſlain by the celebrated Hotſpur, then in rebellion, after having twice unhorſed him, deſcribing the circumſtances of the combat, and ſtill more minutely the bearings thereupon granted in addition to their former coat, Willoughby, far from attending to him, was meditating on ſome walk he had taken with Celeſtina during their ſhort happineſs at Alveſtone the preceding ſpring; on the remarks ſhe had made, and the improvements ſhe had ſuggeſted; and having no idea of what his uncle was talking about, only underſtanding by his tone when he ended a period, he ſaid—"To be ſure"—"Oh certainly"—"Very great"—"Undoubtedly"—without knowing or caring

ing

ing whether theſe words were well placed: while Lord Caſtlenorth was too much delighted with the pleaſure of hearing himſelf talk on his favourite topic, to remark, that Willoughby knew not a ſyllable of what he was ſaying; and the latter had really acquired ſuch a habit of inattention to thoſe ſubjects about which his uncle paraded, that he not unfrequently had, in appearance, aſſented to plans relative to his fortune, and his reſidence after his marriage, when in reality he had not, on the diſcourſe to which he ſeemed to liſten, formed any one idea.

A few days only paſſed in this manner after the return of the Caſtlenorths to England, before the extreme pain he felt, the ſecond time of ſeeing Celeſtina in public, made him ſenſible of his inability to continue long in this undecided and wretched ſtate. From mere acquieſcence in miſery, or rather from an hope to eſcape from it by detecting Lady Caſtlenorth's ſchemes, he had become inſenſibly more deeply entan-

gled in them: and he now began to accuſe himſelf of very unjuſtifiable conduct; ſince not all the diſtreſſing circumſtances of his fortune, nor the certainty of Celeſtina's being loſt to him, nor the pleaſure of ſaving his paternal eſtate, and particularly Alveſtone, which, after Celeſtina, had always been his firſt object, could, on a ſtrict examination of his own heart, lead him to form a ſerious wiſh of becoming the huſband of Miſs Fitz-Hayman: and he was conſcious that every part of his behaviour that had raiſed contrary expectations, was owing rather to his deſpair of obtaining one woman than to his wiſh of being united to another.

His mind was now in ſuch a ſtate of continual debate and perplexity, that nothing had the power a moment to amuſe or pleaſe him. His ſiſter, without an heart herſelf, had no notion of the corroſive ſenſations that preyed on his; his health, though far from being reſtored, was ſuch as no longer offered her any proſpect of becoming the heireſs

heireſs to what family property was left; and ſince her brother did live, her wiſh was to have him live in ſplendour, graced with the luſtre of nobility, and reflecting honour on her by his affluence and proſperity. Her diſlike of Lady Caſtlenorth and her daughter was long ſince loſt in the more inveterate diſlike ſhe had conceived againſt Celeſtina, ſince ſhe had been ſo much ſeen in good company in London, and ſo much celebrated for her beauty: ſhe always therefore affected to conſider his marriage with Miſs Fitz-Hayman as a ſettled thing; and from the moment of the Caſtlenorths return to England, ſhe joined, with more zeal that her ſelfiſh indolence uſually permitted her to feel for any thing, in promoting it.

Thus beſet by his family, and on the other hand haraſſed by the encreaſing clamours of his creditors, who offered him only the ſad alternative of ſelling Alveſtone, and whoſe impatience was fomented by the artful management of Lady Caſtlenorth,

Willoughby

Willoughby for ſome little time lingered and heſitated: now thought that he ought to marry, when ſuch advantages were to be acquired by it, now recoiled from the dreadful idea of paſſing his life with a woman who was indifferent to him, and whom he doubted whether he could ever learn to love. Even in the ſymptoms of her regard for him, which were unequivocal enough, there was ſomething which rather diſguſted than flattered him; and when he thought how different were their minds, their tempers, and their purſuits, no earthly conſideration ſeemed to have ſufficient weight with him, to make him reſolve on putting on a yoke ſo uneaſy to his imagination.

The repeated ſight of Celeſtina made all his wounds bleed afreſh. He found, that neither the ſuſpicions of their relationſhip, or what he thought the certainty of her alienation from him, were ſtrong enough to counteract the effect of the long rooted affection he felt for her: but he believed that if thoſe ſuſpicions once amounted to a certainty—

certainty—if once he was thoroughly convinced Celeſtina was his ſiſter, he ſhould learn to conquer every other ſentiment in regard to her but what he might with honour indulge.

For this reaſon, and becauſe he found ſome ſatisfaction in the delay this journey would give him a pretence for, and thought that mere change of place would afford him ſome relief, he determined to ſet out in ſearch of that ſervant, Hannah Biſcoe, to whom he had obtained a direction in Italy, and whom he had been detained from viſiting partly by his ill ſtate of health, and partly by the artifices of Lady Molyneux.

After ſhe and Lady Caſtlenorth had met, however, her oppoſition to this journey was withdrawn; and he ſet out on horſeback, attended only by his old ſervant, Farnham, intending to reach the village to which he was directed, and which was on the borders of Lancaſhire, by eaſy journeys.

Miſs Fitz-Hayman, to whom he had ſaid

ſaid that every conſideration urged him to a complete developement of the myſtery now that it ſeemed to be in his power, ſaw him depart with an appearance of reluctance; but Willoughby had ſeen her, ever ſince her arrival in England, making parties for public places without him, if he happened not to be able or diſpoſed to go; and found, that during his abſence ſhe would proceed in the ſame courſe of amuſement; and that ſhe and her mother would find no inconvenience for want of an eſcort, as they had brought over with them an Iriſh officer, who had been in the ſervice of France, with whom Lady Caſtlenorth had contracted an intimacy a few years before in Italy, which in their laſt journey to the Continent had been renewed and increaſed: in conſequence of which, Captain Cavanaugh had accompanied them to London, where he had apartments in the houſe, and was become one of the family. At all places of public reſort he attended on Lady Caſtle-

Caſtlenorth; ſat by her at the upper end of the table to carve for her; and acted as a ſort of gentleman uſher to the mother, while he treated the daughter with the moſt profound reverence and reſpect.

This gentleman was three or four and thirty. His face was handſome, and his figure, though large, uncommonly fine. He had ſeen a great deal of ſervice and of the world: ſpoke all European languages, except Engliſh, well; and with all the animation of a Frenchman, had enough of the national character ſtill about him, to mark him for an Iriſhman.

He was, indeed, ſufficiently proud of his country, and piqued himſelf on being deſcended from the kings of Leinſter; and Lord Caſtlenorth, to whom he contrived to render himſelf agreeable by a patient attention to long ſtories, by his knowledge of genealogy, by picking up for him old books of heraldry, and underſtanding the difference between a pale lozengy, and a pale engrailed*; and affixing ſome importance

* Terms uſed in Heraldry.

ance to the enquiry, whether one of the quarterings of the arms of Fitz-Hayman, ſhould on ſtrictneſs be on field argent, a boar's head, couped gules, or couped Or*. Lord Caſtlenorth, among other doubts on this and equally important ſubjects with which he amuſed himſelf, ſometimes conſidered whether the genealogy of Captain Cavanaugh might not be traced back in Ireland a generation or two beyond his own in Normandy, a circumſtance which excited his reſpect, and gave, in his opinion, weight and value to thoſe qualities by which the Captain contrived to render himſelf, throughout the family, ſo very acceptable.

Willoughby had ſeen him with them once or twice abroad, but had not then particularly noticed him among that crowd of all nations and deſcriptions which Lady Caſtlenorth contrived to collect around her there. He now ſaw him, not without a ſlight degree of ſurpriſe, domeſticated in the family; but his whole attention ſeemed to be given to the elder members of it; and he

* Terms uſed in Heraldry.

he hardly ever ſpoke to Miſs Fitz-Hayman, who, when Willoughby one day took occaſion to remark, that he was on a footing of greater intimacy than formerly, anſwered, with ſomething like a careleſs ſneer—"Oh, you know that Cavanaugh has long been my mother's great favourite."

In the ſocieties of London, however, this intimacy became the ſubject of ſome malicious comments; and Lady Molyneux, who ſeldom let any thing of that ſort eſcape her, could not forbear indulging herſelf in ſome remarks on Lady Caſtlenorth's friendſhip, even before her brother, who gave, however, ſo little attention to what he heard, that before he reached the end of his firſt day's journey he had forgot that ſuch a perſon as the Captain exiſted, as he would probably have forgotten Lady Caſtlenorth herſelf, had not the purpoſe of his preſent journey, and all the tranſactions of the laſt twelvemonths of his life, brought her and the conſequences of

thoſe

thoſe tranſactions too forcibly to his memory.

While Willoughby was thus on his journey, the diſquiet and unhappineſs of Celeſtina, though ſhe was compelled to appear to conquer them, were but little abated.

Nothing, in the opinion of Lady Horatia, contributed ſo much to wean the mind from indulging ſorrow or encouraging weakneſs, as variety of company and continual diſſipation; and in theſe, notwithſtanding her reluctance, Celeſtina was continually engaged. She now, more than ever, regretted that ſhe had relinquiſhed that plan of life which ſhe had fixed upon when firſt left, by the death of Mrs. Willoughby, to ſeek a new one. The quiet farm-houſe in Devonſhire where Cathcart and Jeſſy lived, the tender attention ſhe ſhould be there ſure to meet with, the not unpleaſing melancholy of Mrs Elphinſtone, and the perfect ſeclusion ſhe might enjoy from a world where nothing gave her any real pleaſure, were ideas which were now always

ways returning to her mind with new power. There, ſhe thought her ſad heart might be laid open to the pitying ſympathy of her firſt and moſt beloved friend, and find ſome ſatisfaction amidſt its own diſappointments in witneſſing the happineſs of that friend, to which ſhe had been ſo greatly inſtrumental; and there ſhe might wander whole days among the fields and copſes, indulging herſelf in the repeating the name of Willoughby, in thinking of him, in reading again thoſe books they had read together, painting the plants he admired, and compoſing melancholy verſes, which above every other occupation ſoothed her mind. But when ſhe had repreſented to herſelf all the mournful pleaſure ſhe ſhould in ſuch a ſituation enjoy, and half determined to gratify herſelf, the ingratitude of which ſhe ſhould be guilty towards Lady Horatia deſtroyed her reſolves; and, alas! ſhe recollected too, that at the farm of Jeſſy ſhe ſaw, from almoſt every field, and from ſome of the windows of the houſe, Alveſtone Park, where

where Miſs Fitz-Hayman would ſoon be miſtreſs; the ſight ſhe thought ſhe could not bear; and her mind turned with terror from the idea of it. There were alſo very ſtrong objections againſt her going into the immediate neighbourhood of Montague Thorold, if ſhe meant not to give him encouragement; and theſe conſiderations adding to the impracticability of her quitting, without better reaſons than a mere wiſh of retirement, ſuch a generous protectreſs as Lady Horatia, determined her to wean her mind from an inclination ſhe could not properly indulge, and to move on as well as ſhe could in the wearifome circle; till the the time arrived when Lady Horatia ſet out on her ſummer tour, which was to begin by going to Matlock, from whence ſhe was to go into Wales, and then end the ſummer at Cheltenham.

Vavaſour had been ſo long abſent, that Celeſtina began to hope his pride and reſentment had ſubdued every wiſh to purſue her. In this, however, ſhe was miſtaken; a few

a few days after the departure of Willoughby he called, and was admitted. Lady Horatia and Celeſtina, though neither of them were pleaſed to ſee him, yet received him with civility, and entered on common topics, ſuch as the occurrences of the day afford; to theſe he appeared very inattentive, and turning abruptly to Celeſtina, he ſaid—"Miſs De Mornay, cannot I ſpeak to you alone?"

She heſitated a moment, and then ſaid—"I believe, Mr. Vavaſour, there is nothing you can have to communicate to me, that ought to be a ſecret to Lady Horatia Howard."

"There is, Madam," returned he with quickneſs, and appearing much diſpleaſed with her apparent diſinclination to oblige him, "for what I have to ſay relates in ſome meaſure to others, whoſe confidence I have no right to betray, whatever I may chooſe to do in thoſe circumſtances that relate only to myſelf."

Lady

Lady Horatia now roſe, and ſaid—"My dear, oblige Mr. Vavaſour, if he wiſhes to ſpeak to you without witneſſes." She then left the room.

"Now, Madam," ſaid Vavaſour, as ſoon as ſhe had ſhut the door—"now you have no longer an excuſe to repulſe or deny me: Willoughby aſſuredly quits you for ever: and nothing ought, nothing ſhall impede my pretenſions. Emily—my poor Emily herſelf—on whoſe account I own to you I have heſitated more than once, wiſhes my ſucceſs, and bids me ſay, that convinced my happineſs depends upon you, ſhe withdraws every claim which ſhe had on my heart, and beſeeches you to believe it is not unworthy your acceptance."

"Emily, Sir?" cried Celeſtina, in ſome ſurpriſe: "of whom do you ſpeak? and how can a perſon to whoſe very name I am a ſtranger, be likely in ſuch a caſe to influence me?"

"Don't affect," ſaid he, "the ridiculous prudery of diſclaiming any knowledge of her,

her, becauſe ſhe does not rank among thoſe who are falſely called virtuous wŏmen: by heaven ſhe has virtues that might redeem the vices of half her ſex; not one in a thouſand of whom poſſeſs a twentieth part of her worth."

"I mean not," anſwered Celeſtina, mildly, "to diſpute her value, but only to aſk on what pretenſion you urge to me either reſignation or opinions of a perſon with whom I have no acquaiutance."

"Why will you pretend not to know her," reſumed he, with redoubled impetuoſity—"why affect not to know that Emily, who has lived with me almoſt twelve months, is the ſiſter of your Mrs. Elphinſtone, and of that Cathcart whom Willoughby picked up and placed as his ſteward at Alveſtone."

"I have heard there is ſuch a perſon," ſaid Celeſtina: "but I did not know ſhe lived with you."

"Yes, ſhe has lived with me ſome time, though I did not till lately know her family.

mily. Unworthy and diſgraced as you may think her, ſhe ſhould at this moment have been miſtreſs of my houſe and my fortune, by what you would call legal claims, if I had not, like a curſed fool as I am, taken up a paſſion for you, which I cannot get rid of, and which my generous little girl not only knows, but with diſintereſted affection, inſtead of trying to diſſuade me from it, wiſhes me to ſucceed in. I have ſometimes fancied, that your knowledge of my attachment to her was in my way; and that circumſtance, together with the eternal myſtery that always hung over Willoughby's intentions—in ſhort, my hopes of being cured of a damned folly, by reaſon and abſence, inſtead of matrimony, have altogether made me refrain from viſiting you lately. But now I think, ſince George is gone out of town, and returns only to be married to Miſs Fitz-Hayman, there is an end of that; and for my experiment—curſe me if I believe it will do; and ſo here I am again, more in love and a greater block-

blockhead than ever. Don't, however, miſtake me, Celeſtina: I will not, I cannot bear to be trifled with; nor will I ſacrifice one hour either to your coquetry or to the abſurd partiality which I ſometimes uſed to believe you had for that whining, ſnivelling Montague Thorold. If there are no other pretenſions than his in the way, I ſhall ſoon know how to ſettle the matter."

"Really, Mr. Vavaſour," ſaid Celeſtina, as ſoon as he would give her an opportunity of ſpeaking, "your conduct and manners are ſo eccentric, that it is difficult to know what to ſay to you, which you will not call either prudery or coquetry, or impute to a partiality for ſome other perſon. Permit me, however, to tell you, with that ſincerity with which I have always ſpoke on this ſubject, that I am ſenſible of the honour you do me, but that I never can accept it, even though my ſituation were to be more humble than it is, and though ſuch a man as Mr. Montague Thorold had never exiſted."

"Oh! very well, Madam," cried Vavaſour, impatiently interrupting her—"You muſt, however, allow me to aſk your objections: are they to my perſon? my family? my fortune?"

"I have already ſaid, Sir, that they are all unexceptionable."

"Well, Madam, I muſt then infer from your refuſal, that you are engaged."

"No, Sir, that inference by no means follows. Pardon me if I ſay, that notwithſtanding all the advantages you poſſeſs, it is poſſible for a perſon to decline the honour of your addreſſes without being engaged."

"However, Madam, do you, or do you not deny that ſuch an engagement does exiſt? Of that, I think, I have a right to enquire."

"Forgive me, Sir, if I anſwer, that it does not ſeem to me that you have any right in the world to aſk that queſtion of me."

"Well, then, I ſhall aſk it elſewhere."

"Where

"Where you have, if poſſible, ſtill leſs right," ſaid Celeſtina, alarmed at his vehemence.

"You are, however, very quick at underſtanding to whom I allude."

"Certainly, after what you have juſt ſaid, I cannot miſtake your meaning. You allude to Mr. Montague Thorold."

"Damn him," cried Vavaſour, riſing, and ſpeaking with vehemence that made her ſhudder, "that puppy croſſes me like my evil genius. By any man at all worthy of you, I might, perhaps, bear to be ſupplanted; but by ſuch a ſilly fellow as that—no, damn it, there is no enduring it—curſe me, if it does not make me frantic."

"Hear me, then, Mr. Vavaſour—hear me for the laſt time—for I never will again willingly expoſe myſelf to this ſort of treatment. *I am not* engaged to Mr. Thorold: it is not likely I ever ſhall be engaged to him; and farther, I again proteſt to you, that did no ſuch perſon exiſt it would make no difference in the reſolution I have made,

never to liſten to the offers with which you honour me."

This declaration, repeated ſo ſtrongly, ſerved but to inflame thoſe paſſions which Celeſtina hoped it would repreſs, and piqued his pride, without deſtroying what he called love. He walked backwards and forwards in the room a moment or two, and ſeemed to be reaſoning with that extravagant warmth of temper ſhe had complained of: but his eyes and his manner expreſſed plainly what he forbore to utter. After a while, he appeared to have conquered the inclination he felt to give way to the rage that poſſeſſed him; and ſitting down by her, he ſoftened his voice as much as he could, though it trembled through the variety of emotions he felt, and endeavoured to ſpeak calmly while he ſaid—"Celeſtina, if this be really the caſe—If I may venture to believe you, you will not ſurely refuſe to ſatisfy me a little farther. I am not a vain coxcomb: but I know that neither my figure or my underſtanding are contemptible;

temptible; I have a very affluent fortune; and I have an heart that, as you well know, adores you. Willoughby cannot or will not marry you; of that I think you can no longer doubt. You ſay, that you are not engaged to the young Doctor Thorold; tell me, then, what there is, that, overbalancing ſo many points in my favour, renders them all ineffectual?"

"And I will tell you candidly, Mr. Vavaſour. My objections then are to your morals—to your principles: they may not be, and I dare ſay are not, worſe than thoſe of other young men of fortune who have equal opportunities of following their own inclinations: but, however that may be, they are ſuch as would inevitably make me unhappy; and knowing that, it would be extreme folly, were any advantages which affluence can offer to induce me to riſk it."

"My morals!" cried Vavaſour—"again my morals!—and pray what part of what you are pleaſed to call my morals is it that gives you ſo much offence?"

"All," anſwered ſhe. "Your manner of life—your attachments—your connections, which you have juſt acknowledged you could not, without heſitation and reluctance, quit."

"Still you will miſunderſtand me. What I ſaid in regard to Emily ſurely went to a very different meaning. I told you, that your are the only woman upon earth for whom I would quit her; and the greater my regard has been for her, ſurely the greater it makes out my attachment to you, for whom I would relinquiſh her. By heaven! I cannot tell how far my affection for her might have carried me, if my paſſion for you had not taken ſo deep root in my heart; and curſe me, if amidſt it all I do not ſtill love her dearly, and would give half my eſtate to make her happy and reeſtabliſh her health; but poor dear girl—ſhe will never, I am afraid, recover."

"If her illneſs is occaſioned by her fears of loſing you, Sir," ſaid Celeſtina, "remove at once the cauſe of it by thinking of me

me no more. If you love her as much as you expreſs, ſurely this cannot be difficult; and why, feeling this attachment to a perſon whom you think ſo deſerving of it, ſhould you, contrary to the dictates of reaſon, purſue one who never can return the good opinion you entertain of her."

"Becauſe of my morals! Ridiculous cant and falſehood. Don't I know that women all like the very libertiniſm they are pleaſed outwardly to condemn? Don't I know that the proudeſt, the moſt prudiſh among ye, are flattered by the attention of thoſe men who are called the greateſt rakes, and that if any queer fellow ſets up to be a moral man, ye all laugh at and deſpiſe him. This ſort of ſtuff about morals, you have learned, I ſuppoſe, either from old parſon Thorold, or this good motherly gentlewoman you live with: but you, who have ſo much ſenſe, cannot ſeriouſly perſiſt in ſuch methodiſtical cant; and as to any objections about Emily——"

"Don't miſtake me, Mr. Vavaſour. I made no mention of her in the way of objection."

"Well, then," cried he, interrupting her, "as to my morals, in every other reſpect, they are really exemplary. I play, comparatively, very little; I don't drink a fifth part ſo much as half the people I live with; and I reckon myſelf, upon the whole, a very orderly, ſober fellow."

"By compariſon only," ſaid Celeſtina, half ſmiling at his way of making out the account.

"Aye, by compariſon. Every thing in this world is, you know, good or bad only by compariſon. Come, come, Celeſtina, I was willing enough to allow for your prepoſſeſſion in favour of George Willoughby, but to any other I cannot, I will not ſubmit; nor will I allow any thing to this damned prudery. I know myſelf worthy of you, highly as I think of you. Yes, I deſerve you, if it be only for my perſevering love;

love; and by all that's good I will not be denied."

"You really will, Sir," replied Celeſtina; who, more and more diſtreſſed by his perſeverance, deſired to put an end to it for ever if poſſible—"you really will; for I proteſt to you that I never can give any other anſwer than I have already given; and I beg, I entreat that you will deſiſt from a purſuit that can produce for you only mortification."

"May perdition ſeize me if I do!" returned he, with renewed vehemence. "No! if I periſh in the attempt, I will perſevere!" He was proceeding in this ſtrain, when Lady Horatia ſent to let Celeſtina know ſhe waited for her to go out; and ſhe took the opportunity of haſtening away, glad to be relieved from a converſation ſo diſtreſſing; while Vavaſour, finding all attempts to detain her ineffectual, left thehouſe in one of thoſe paroxyſms of paſſion, which diſappointment, from his having never been uſed to ſubmit to it, always produced.

CHAPTER II.

IT would be difficult to ſay, whether Willoughby, wandering and ſolitary among the remote villages of Yorkſhire, or Celeſtina, ſurrounded in London by what the world calls pleaſure and amuſement, was the moſt internally wretched. Celeſtina's laſt dialogue with Vavaſour, had convinced her that Willoughby no longer thought of her even with that degree of friendſhip and tenderneſs which he had ſo often aſſured her nothing ſhould deſtroy: he was gone out of town merely to prepare for his marriage; and gone without deigning either to ſee her or anſwer the letter ſhe had written to him. There was, in ſuch conduct, ſo much unkindneſs and inhumanity, that ſhe began to hope her reflections on it would, by

by degrees, abate the anguiſh ſhe now felt: and ſhe liſtened to Lady Horatia, who continually ſpoke of it as an unequivocal proof of Willoughby's want of an heart capable of a generous and ſteady attachment. To Montague Thorold, however (who now again returned to town after an abſence on buſineſs of ſome little time), ſhe could not liſten with ſo much complacency as her friend wiſhed; and ſhe repeatedly told him, that the greateſt obligation he could confer upon her would be to deſiſt from talking to her of love. The certainty, however, there now ſeemed to be that Willoughby no longer conſidered himſelf as intereſted about her; her poſitive rejection of Mr. Vavaſour, and the encouragement given him by Lady Horatia, to perſevere, brought him continually to the houſe; where their morning parties of reading re-commenced; and whenever they went out of an evening, Montague Thorold was their attendant: thus drinking intoxicating draughts of love,

and

and indulging hope that it would finally be ſucceſsful.

Willoughby now found, without difficulty, the perſon he ſought: and whether it was that ſhe had her leſſon more completely, or was permitted to ſpeak plainer of what ſhe knew, ſhe anſwered all his enquiries in ſuch a way as ſerved to perplex, but not entirely to affirm the queſtion, whether Celeſtina was his mother's daughter. The woman was, in her mind and ideas, one of the loweſt of the vulgar: yet her ſimplicity ſeemed to be affected; and all the proofs which had been talked of did not amount to her declaring that ſhe was preſent at the birth of Celeſtina, or could produce any poſitive evidence of it. She ſpoke principally to the time when ſhe ſaid the little girl was at nurſe at Kenſington; of which ſhe related a great many particulars that ſtaggered Willoughby more than ever, without convincing him: yet all the woman ſaid, though it was conſiſtent, had the air of having been learned by rote; and there was about her a

ſort

ſort of guarded cunning which ſeemed to have been acquired, or at leaſt improved by long practice. Willoughby attempted to diſcover whether ſhe had not received money from Lady Caſtlenorth, and to find what were her preſent means of ſubſiſtence: but for theſe enquiries alſo ſhe ſeemed prepared; and gave at leaſt a plauſible account of a legacy left her by a great uncle, that enabled her to live without ſervitude in her native country, where ſhe boarded with a relation, and affected great piety and ſanctity. She bleſſed God, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe ſcorned, for the lucre of gain, to belye any one, dead or alive, much more her good miſtreſs who was gone: but truth was truth; and ſhe hoped, by the help of God, always to ſpeak it plain and direct, without fee or reward: "and as for Lady Caſtlenorth," added ſhe, "whom your Honour thinks has paid me for ſpeaking of this thing, pray conſider, your Honour, wherein it could be uſeful to my Lady to put me upon ſaying a falſity. If I was baſe enough to take money of my Lady

Lady for it, which to be certain I never did, for what would that be, as your Honour well knows, but ſelling my immortal ſoul? and what good, as I may ſay, would all the gold and diamonds in the world do me, if my precious ſoul was to periſh becauſe of them?"

This cant, to which Willoughby liſtened with continued patience, made him hope that he ſhould, in ſome inſtance or other, convict her of inconſiſtency. But though he ſaw her repeatedly, and ſet Farnham to watch her ſtill more narrowly, and to talk the matter over with her as if in confidence, ſhe was always ſo guarded that no contradiction could be diſcovered; and after waiting near a week at the village, Willoughby was compelled to give up every idea of certainly coming at the truth, and to return towards London without being poſitively ſure that Celeſtina was ſo nearly related to him; yet forced to allow that he could not, in contradiction to all he had heard of a child nurſed in ſecret at Kenſington, bring any

any ſort of evidence on which he ought to rely that ſhe was not ſo.

Sick at heart, and feeling too ſenſibly that all his future life muſt be unhappy, his mind ſunk in total deſpondence. Too certain it was, that under ſuch circumſtances he could not think of marrying Celeſtina: yet he was unhappily conſcious that he could not bear to think of her marrying another. It was in vain he accuſed himſelf of ſomething worſe than folly. The moment his mind dwelt on that ſubject, he found that folly irreſiſtible: and while he determined that one of the firſt things he would do on his return ſhould be to make a proviſion for Celeſtina out of his remaining fortune, he ſickened in recollecting that ſuch a proviſion would probably but facilitate her marriage with Montague Thorold—and of Montague Thorold he could not think with patience.

Of his own ſituation in regard to the family of Fitz-Hayman, he thought with equal bitterneſs. He was but too conſcious, that

that to obtain the information he wanted from Hannah Biſcoe, which he had flattered himſelf would turn out very differently, he had renewed his attendance at the houſe of his uncle, and acted diſingenuouſly and unlike himſelf. However indifferent or averſe he was to his couſin, his honour forbade him any longer to trifle with thoſe ſentiments which ſhe evidently entertained in his favour. What then ſhould he do? This queſtion came continually before him; and was continually debated without his being able to form any reſolution on which he could for a moment reſt without pain.

He ſometimes thought, that, ſince in loſing the only woman whom he could love, he had loſt all that could render his life happy, it was immaterial what became of him; and that ſince he muſt be miſerable, it might as well be in following, as in flying, from what he ſtill thought was in ſome degree a duty—completing the engagement he had made to his mother on her death-bed. In doing this, he ſhould gratify

gratify all his ſurviving relations, and retrieve his eſtate, which he muſt otherwiſe ſell, as the mortgages upon it were rapidly devouring it: and to do this was, as he ſometimes tried to perſuade himſelf, to pay a debt he owed his anceſtors. He had been educated by his mother in high ideas of the conſequence and reſpectability, not only of her family but of that of his father; but of theſe prejudices his natural good ſenſe had ſuffered very little to remain; ſo that if he now endeavoured to recall them in ſupport of thoſe arguments which he ran over in favour of his marriage, his underſtanding immediately revolted againſt them.

"I ſhall not only retrieve," ſaid he, "but augment my fortune: not only ſave Alveſtone, but add to my preſent eſtates the family poſſeſſions of my mother, which will otherwiſe become the property of ſtrangers: the honours too ſo long inherited by her anceſtors will be mine."

He frequently made efforts to fix his mind on theſe advantages; but the moment

ment he began ſeriouſly to inveſtigate their value, he beheld them with contempt.

"Ridiculous!" cried he. "My anceſtors! What is this fooliſh family pride, for which I am meditating to ſell my freedom, in acquieſcence with narrow prejudice? I ſhall have a large eſtate: but will it make me happier in myſelf, or more reſpected by thoſe whoſe reſpect can afford me any pleaſure? I ſhall be called 'my Lord'—a mighty ſatisfaction truly! The vulgar—for with ſuch empty ſounds the vulgar only are delighted—will bow low to my Lordſhip, and I ſhall take place at county meetings above the neighbouring Eſquires, who are now my equals. I ſhall have a bauble called a coronet painted on my coach door, and my hall chairs, and ſhall become one of the legiſlature, qualified for it only by the poſſeſſion of that bauble. Perhaps half a dozen or half a hundred men and women of poor ambition, may court the notice and boaſt of the acquaintance of Lord Caſtlenorth, who would

would have let Mr. Willoughby remain unmoleſted by their kindneſs, and by ſuch friends my houſe will be infeſted and my leiſure deſtroyed. But I ſhall go to Court, and be named as having appeared at the drawing room; that will be very delectable certainly: and my wife's fine clothes will be deſcribed at full length, and the taſte of my equipage be commended in all the newſpapers. It will be there told of me, that I am gone to this or that of my country houſes; and my ſix bays, or greys, or blacks, will be celebrated in Hyde Park, or be conſpicuous in the roads within twenty miles of London; while a thouſand inſignificant inſipid beings, whom I neither know nor deſire to know, ſhall ſay 'what a beautiful carriage, what a well appointed equipage is that of my Lord Caſtlenorth.' All this felicity in the aggregate, and I know of no more that belongs to the poſſeſſion of a title, is certainly well worth the ſacrifice I ſhall make to obtain it; and my anceſtors, 'from their airy clouds,' will be infinitely

inſinitely delighted by the glory of their deſcendant.

"But what will that deſcendant be in reality? a mercenary, a miſerable wretch: condemned to paſs his life with a woman, whom, if he does not loath, he does not love; to feel himſelf a purchaſed huſband; and to have ſold, in ſad exchange, man's beſt birthright, freedom, for a meſs of pottage."

To ſuch ſoliloquies as theſe, ſucceeded determinations to carry no farther any ſemblance of attention to Miſs Fitz-Hayman; but to go even from his preſent journey, and without paſſing through London, immediately abroad.

To a mind unable to reſiſt miſery, there frequently appears a poſſibility of flying from it; and while Willoughby dreaded the thoughts of returning to London, he fancied that if he could croſs over from Hull to the north of Europe, he ſhould leave ſome part of his preſent unhappineſs behind him. Unſettled and unhappy as he was,

was, theſe debates with himſelf, theſe vague plans of quitting every thing and becoming a wanderer on earth, became more uſual with them: but ſtill he decided on nothing. The idea of being compelled to ſell Alveſtone was the only one, however, that had great weight with him. To think that the place to which he had been ſo fondly attached ſhould become the property of ſome upſtart man of ſudden fortune was accompanied by a ſenſation of acute uneaſineſs. He imagined, thoſe beautiful woods, the growth of centuries, fallen in compliance with the improving taſte of a broker or a warehouſeman; the park ploughed up, to be converted into farms; and the elegant ſimplicity of his houſe and his grounds, deſtroyed by Gothic windows or Chineſe ornaments; the ſhrubberies where he had wandered with Celeſtina, that turf, where he had ran by her ſide when ſhe was learning to ride, and where they uſed to walk arm in arm together; that houſe, where he had hoped ſhe would preſide, and grace ſo lovely

lovely a ſcene with a miſtreſs yet more lovely; all, all were to become the property of another! and the very name of Willoughby, and what was yet more painful, the name of Celeſtina, ſhould never more, in thoſe ſcenes, be remembered. Yet in a moment the cruel truth occurred to him, that whether this place belonged to him or to another, Celeſtina would never again viſit it; that he ſhould never again hear her voice calling him among the beech woods, or trace her footſteps on the turf; never liſten to her as ſhe read in his mother's dreſſing room, or hold her hand within his as they ſat together on the woody banks of the water-fall, and marked its ſparkling current leap from rock to rock. And without her, what would Alveſtone be but a place where every ſpot would be haunted by melancholy images of departed happineſs. How little the indulgence of theſe painful contemplations would be interrupted, or put an end to, by any ſatisfaction he could derive from the converſation

of

of Miſs Fitz-Hayman, his ſick and reluctant heart too plainly told him: and then he again believed himſelf determined to ſell all his eſtates and quit England; if not for ever, at leaſt till time, abſence, and the impoſſibility of his changing it, had better reconciled him to that deſtiny which condemned him to give up Celeſtina, and to ſee her in the arms of another.

A deſultory and unſettled life had within the laſt year become habitual to him; and while he was actually moving from one place to another, his ſpirits preyed leſs corroſively on themſelves. Since to live as he wiſhed to have lived in his own country was impoſſible, he thought he ſhould regret it leſs while he was wandering over others: and ſince he could not now contemplate the face and character he ſo fondly loved, he hoped that variety of characters and variety of faces would divert his regret, if they could not cure his attachment. There was, too, an idea of freedom and independence, which accompanied his thus

ſhaking

ſhaking off at once every incumbrance, that was not without its charms; and in this diſpoſition he thought contemptuouſly of mere local preference as unworthy a ſtrong mind, and determined to become a citizen of the world; and when in his imagination he had ſettled his route, through Holland and France to Sicily, which he had long wiſhed to ſee, and from thence to the Archipelago, he breathed freer, and felt himſelf more reconciled to exiſtence.

He journeyed, however, ſlowly towards London while theſe debates were carrying on: and at York, whither he had ordered his letters to be directed, he found one from Cathcart which related ſome circumſtances in regard to his affairs that convinced him he could not, unleſs to the material injury of ſome perſons who were connected with him, quit England without ſome regulation of thoſe pecuniary concerns which he had ſo long neglected and would now willingly have eſcaped from. This letter determined him to return to London;

London; though another letter from his ſiſter, in which ſhe mentioned, as an article of news, that Celeſtina was either actually married to Montague Thorold, or on the point of being ſo, threw him into a ſtate of mind bordering on diſtraction: reaſon, which had long fruitleſsly contended againſt this fatal, and perhaps guilty attachment, now ſeemed tired of a contention ſo hopeleſs, and his mind became a chaos of conflicting paſſions, all equally deſtructive to his mental and bodily health.

To return to London, however, was become neceſſary; and Farnham, his old faithful ſervant, perſuaded him to take poſt-chaiſes for the reſt of the journey. He arrived, after an abſence of above three weeks, at the houſe of Lady Molyneux; and there heard that, a few days before, Lady Horatia Howard had publicly ſpoken of Celeſtina's marriage with the young divine as a ſettled thing; that his father had bought for him a conſiderable living in Glouceſterſhire, where they were to reſide,

and where a curate was ſettled till he was himſelf qualified to take it; and thither, as there was a very good houſe upon it, they were going immediately after their marriage. Willoughby heard all this without being able to make any reply, and then haſtened to his own lodgings, from whence he diſpatched Farnham for intelligence from the ſervants of Lady Horatia. The coachman, with whom he had ſome time before made an acquaintance, and who was a very talkative fellow, immediately informed him of all he knew, and much that he imagined. He ſaid it was very true, that Mr. Thorold lived almoſt always at their houſe; "and my Lady," ſaid the man—"my Lady loves him for all the world as if he was her own ſon. There they are all morning reading play books and ſuch together, as my fellow-ſervants tell me, that is, my Lady and Miſs, and this here young divine as is to be; and then they goes out in my coach, all's one as if they belonged to the ſame family; and I do

do underſtand as how my Lady is to give her a portion, and they be to be married out of hand, that is, in a little time; and I believe that's the very truth of the thing, for my Lady have bought another coach-horſe within theſe ten days, and told me—"Abraham," ſays ſhe, "I ſhall go early next month into Clouceſterſhire, inſtead of going to Matlock as I talked of, and I ſhall go in the coach inſtead of the poſt-chaiſe, becauſe I have ſome friends with me."

This account, which Farnham faithfully repeated to Willoughby, confirmed, almoſt beyond a doubt, all Lady Molyneux had related to him. Some more recent intelligence that he had received from Cathcart, as to the embroiled ſtate of his affairs in the country, combined to render him deſperate: and he had been ſo long haraſſed between his love and his intereſt, his honour and his reluctance, that he ſuddenly took the reſolution of putting it out of his own power to undergo again ſuch variety of torments: like a wretch who leaps from a

ſhip on fire into the ſea, though certain of meeting death in another ſhape, he formed the determination of making himſelf, ſince he muſt be wretched, as completely wretched as poſſible. He thought of Celeſtina as his relation in vain; it abated nothing of that anguiſh with which he conſidered her as the wife of Montague Thorold; and ſo hideous were the images that forced themſelves upon him, that he found his reaſon had no power to ſubdue them, and thought that nothing could ſo decidedly oblige him to check them as his marriage; and without giving himſelf time to conſider how deſperate was the remedy, he went immediately to the houſe of Lord Caſtlenorth, declared to him that he was ſatisfied as to the object of his journey, and took the moſt immediate opportunity, after his return, of expreſſing his ſolicitude to avail himſelf of his couſin's generous predilection in his favour, and to fulfil the wiſhes of his deceaſed mother and ſurviving family.

The

The eager and tremulous manner in which he uttered all this, and which was in reality the effect of deſpair and anguiſh, Lord Caſtlenorth miſtook for the anxiety and impatience of love. His nephew had never ſpoke thus deciſively before; and ſeeing thus what he had ſo long fondly wiſhed for out of doubt, his firſt idea was, to proceed inſtantly in ſecuring to Willoughby the reverſion of thoſe titles on which he ſet ſo high a value himſelf. While, therefore, he ſat out in his chariot, ſupported by Mrs. Calder, who always attended him, to ſolicit the completion of a buſineſs which had hitherto proceeded but ſlowly, and fancied the happineſs of all parties would be wonderfully advanced by his ſucceſs, Willoughby, with ſuch ſenſations as a determined ſuicide alone could envy, was making to Lady Caſtlenorth the ſame declaration; and was immediately afterwards allowed, or rather deſired, to preſent himſelf at the feet of her fair daughter.

CHAPTER III.

TO play the lover is not difficult to moſt men, even where their hearts are not really intereſted. A few fine ſpeeches, a little common-place declamation, are eaſily produced and generally accepted: but Willoughby, always a very poor diſſembler, and who felt, in deſpite of every effort to repreſs them, ſentiments towards Miſs Fitz-Hayman, bordering on antipathy, was very conſcious that he ſhould ill anſwer her ideas of a paſſionate lover, and this conſciouſneſs deprived him of the little power he might otherwiſe have had to diſſemble.

He now, with increaſed confuſion of thought, repented that he had gone ſo far; but to recede was impoſſible; and with a countenance expreſſive rather of perturbation

tion and wretchedneſs than of the pleaſurable ſenſations inſpired by ſucceſsful love, he entered the apartment where Miſs Fitz-Hayman had been prepared by Lady Caſtlenorth to receive his tender profeſſions.

He approached her, and took her hand; muttered ſomething about the final eclairciſſement of his doubts as to another perſon (for he dared not truſt his voice with the name of Celeſtina), and ſomething about being, in conſequence of that eclairciſſement, releaſed from his former engagements: then, in a ſtill more tremulous and uncertain tone, he ſolicited her permiſſion to dedicate his life to her ſervice, and to haſten thoſe preparations for his happineſs, which his former uncertainties and embarraſſments had put it out of his power to ſolicit with that ardour which he ſhould under other circumſtances have evinced.

The falſehood he was uttering died away almoſt inarticulately on his lips, and his revolting heart reproached him for it, faint and reluctant as it was. As he finiſhed his ſpeech,

Miſs Fitz-Hayman turned her large black eyes, which had till then been modeſtly caſt down, full upon him. She ſeemed to have been trying to make them ſpeak tenderneſs; but to him they expreſſed nothing but an imperious enquiry into the truth of his profeſſions, from which he ſhrunk. In a moment, however, thoſe eyes, ſo little calculated for the ſoft parley of affection, contrived to overflow with tears. She gave him the hand he had juſt before let go, and inclining her head tenderly towards him, ſaid, in terms as gentle as ſhe could command—" " Oh! Willoughby, you know too well, you have long known my unfortunate partiality towards you—a partiality which, with reluctance and regret I own, not all your too-evident coldneſs has conquered. Alas! could I now believe you ſincere!——"

" Believe it, I conjure you," cried he, in a hurried voice, and haſtening to put an end to a dialogue which he found he could ſo ill ſupport—" Believe it, dear Madam!

and

and believe (what is true alſo)—that I have now no other engagement—no other attachment—and cannot but be—be truly ſenſible of your extraordinary merit."

"I will believe it," anſwered ſhe: "I will endeavour to believe it, for I find, that even if I am deceived, the deceit is dear to me."

Willoughby then kiſſed her hand with as much warmth as he could affect; and running over, in the breathleſs tremor which conſciouſneſs of his diſingenuous conduct occaſioned, a few common-place ſentences about eternal gratitude and unalterable love; ſpeeches which have probably been repeated ten million of times with as little ſincerity, but ſeldom with ſo much ſelf-reproof, he led her to talk of preparations, equipages, and jewels; ſubjects on which ſhe entered with ſuch eaſe as ſhewed that her mind had been familiarized to conſider them, and that they were not without importance in her opinion. Poor Willoughby, who now felt his fate irretrievable, had

very different ſenſations. Oppreſſed and bewildered by a variety of ſufferings, yet compelled, by the part he had thus raſhly determined to act, to ſtifle them all, his prevailing idea was, that ſince the Rubicon was now paſſed, the ſooner this dreaded marriage was over the better for him; ſince his mind muſt then combat, with more force than it could now do, thoſe wild eccentricities, the offspring of deſpair, which were crowding faſt upon him. He therefore preſſed for an early day; not with the vehemence of love, but with that of a wretch who, knowing he muſt die, wiſhes to hear his phyſician fix the period when his torments are likely to end. Miſs Fitz-Hayman, however, either could not or would not diſcover this; and though his inflamed eyes, his ſhort ſighs, unſettled manner, and broken ſentences, gave him altogether the appearance rather of a man ſuffering under ſome recent calamity than of a favoured and fortunate lover on the point of obtaining his happineſs, the lady, either from her confi-

dence

dence in her own charms, or from ſome other cauſe, was perfectly ſatisfied with his behaviour; and before he left her, promiſed that ſhe would not oppoſe the arrangement which ſhe underſtood to have been made by her father—that in three weeks he ſhould receive her hand.

This then was determined without a poſſibility of recall; and Willoughby, too ſenſible already of the weight of thoſe chains which he had thus haſtily forged for himſelf, now diſengaged himſelf as ſoon as poſſible, and ran out of the houſe, impatient to be alone, and to contemplate in the ſtillneſs of his own room the proſpect of miſery into which he had thus raſhly bound himſelf to ruſh. He walked very faſt, and as if he was flying from himſelf, towards his lodgings in Bond-ſtreet, where, as he paſſed along it, a crowd of paſſengers near one of the croſſings impeded his paſſage. He regarded them not; but made his way eagerly among them, till he was immediately between a footman who waited at the

the door of a coach, and a young lady who was coming out of a ſhop to ſtep into it. On his preſſing rather haſtily before her, the ſervant put him back with his hand. Willoughby, out of humour at that moment with himſelf and with all the world, and fancying the action of the footman impertinent, ſpoke to him very harſhly, and was almoſt provoked to ſtrike him, when the lady, who had her foot on the ſtep, appeared a good deal alarmed, and no ſooner heard the ſound of his voice thus menacing, than ſhe caught the ſervant's arm for ſupport; and at the ſame moment Willoughby, who had not till then ſeen her face, beheld the lovely but pale and terrified countenance of Celeſtina!

Thrown entirely off his guard, and not knowing what he did, he took the hand with which ſhe had ſupported herſelf againſt the ſervant. "Celeſtina!" cried he—"Oh God! is it you, Celeſtina?"

She looked at him with eyes where ſurpriſe was ſoftened by tenderneſs, and tried to

to recover voice enough to utter more than—"Willoughby!" which the immediate emotion drew from her: but he gave her not time; for fixing his eyes on her's, all that ſhe had been to him, all that he believed ſhe was now to another, and all that he had juſt agreed to be himſelf, ruſhed upon his recollection at once, and in an agony of grief, remorſe, and deſpair, he threw her hand from him, and turning away, he walked, or rather ran towards his lodgings as if he had been purſued by the furies, where, without giving his ſervant time to open it, he rapped at the door with violence enough to break it down; ſo fearful he ſeemed of again ſeeing Celeſtina as ſhe paſſed in the coach, which, by the horſes being in that direction, would, he thought, come that way.

Farnham, his ſervant, who opened the door, was amazed at his impatience ſo unlike his uſual manner, and with ſtill more ſurpriſe ſaw him, inſtead of ſpeaking and enquiring for letters, as he always did when he

he came in, and was particularly likely now to do after ſo long an abſence, ruſh by him as if he had not ſeen him; and hurrying up ſtairs by two ſteps at a time, ſhut the door of the dining room with a violence that ſhook the whole houſe, and turn the key.

This faithful ſervant had lived with him from the time of his leaving ſchool, and was more attached to his maſter than to any other perſon on earth. He had ſeen with deep concern the ſad change that had happened in his health and in his temper, ſince that unfortunate night when he ſo ſuddenly left Alveſtone the year before, and had, in all his journeys and all his illneſs, watched over him with aſſiduous and attentive care. He had often known him dejected, and almoſt ſinking under his uncertainties and his diſappointments, but had never till now obſerved ſuch fury in his eyes and marks of deſperation in his manner; and alarmed at the circumſtance of his having locked the door of his room, Farnham was immediately beſet with numberleſs fearful conjectures.

He

He was aware that his maſter's affairs were far from being proſperous, and imagined it poſſible that he might be purſued for debt: and as he knew his pride would render ſuch a thing almoſt inſupportable, he feared leſt in the ſudden agony to which it might ſubject him, he might commit ſome violence on himſelf. Willoughby's temper was naturally very mild, and not eaſily inflamed to anger; but when that did happen, his anger was dreadful; and though Farnham had only once or twice ſeen it excited during his long ſervice, he knew how terrible it was when thoroughly rouſed.

The conjectures that Farnham entertained were not to be ſupported calmly; and though he had always received ſtrict orders never to enter the room where his maſter was buſy, till he rang or called for him, he was now ſtrongly tempted, yet dared not determine to diſobey his commands. He could not, however, forbear going to the door and liſtening. He heard his maſter utter deep and convulſive ſighs: he

he heard him walking by ſtarts in the room; but, by the key's being left in the lock, he could ſee nothing. He then went ſoftly into the bed chamber; and from thence a defect in the door, which opened from it into the dining room, enabled him to diſtinguiſh that Willoughby now ſat by a table on which his arms were thrown, and on them he reſted his head; while his hair, all in diſorder, concealed every part of his face: then in a moment ſtarting up, he traverſed the room with quick and uncertain ſteps, now claſping his hands together, now throwing them wildly abroad. At length he ſtopped, and ſtriking his forehead, ſaid, in a voice rather reſembling groaning than ſpeaking—"Oh accurſed, accurſed wretch!—what haſt thou done!"

Still more alarmed by theſe words, and by beholding the frantic geſtures with which his maſter now leaned againſt the ſide of the chimney, now flew to the other ſide of the room, and now threw himſelf on a ſopha, Farnham again debated with himſelf whether

whether he ſhould not go in at any event. There was a *couteau de chaſſe* and a ſword hung up in the room, and two brace of piſtols in their caſes, which Farnham had juſt put there, loaded as they were when his maſter travelled; and the poor fellow fancied that on theſe, whenever he paſſed them, his maſter looked wildly eager. This might be ſome time fancy: but at length, either from accident or from his feeling at that inſtant ſome horrible temptation to eſcape from the evils that juſt then appeared quite intolerable, Willoughby ſtopped with folded arms oppoſite to theſe inſtruments of deſtruction, and while his expreſſive countenance was marked with the ſevereſt anguiſh, he murmured inarticulately ſome words which Farnham interpreted as a determination to put an end to his ſufferings. Bent, at any hazard, to prevent his executing this fearful threat, the affrighted ſervant now ſearched with trembling hands for the lock, which he forgot he could not open. His maſter demanded,

in

in a voice which ſtruck him with terror, who was there? when luckily for him a thundering rap at the ſtreet door gave him hopes that ſome viſitors might be coming who might more properly and effectually interfere, and he flew down to let them in, regardleſs of Willoughby, who, coming out to the top of the ſtairs, called to him, and peremptorily ordered him to admit nobody.

It was Sir Philip Molyneux; who having juſt met Lord Caſtlenorth at the Miniſter's levee, had heard from him that Willoughby, immediately on his arrival in town, had agreed to the concluſion of his marriage; and that in conſequence of it he had himſelf been attending the levee to haſten the affair of the reverſionary titles, which affair was likely to be ſpeedily concluded. Sir Philip, therefore, having received this intelligence, called as he went home to congratulate his brother-in-law, and to take him to dinner in Portman-ſquare.

Little

Little accuſtomed as Sir Philip was to make remarks on any body's appearance, and particularly on that of his inferiors, he was notwithſtanding ſtruck with the countenance of Farnham, as, pale and aghaſt, he opened the door to him; and as he went before him up ſtairs, he enquired what ailed him. "I hardly know indeed Sir," replied Farnham: "but my maſter, who came from Barnet only early this morning, as you know I ſuppoſe Sir, off his Yorkſhire journey, has been out ſomewhere ſince, and is come home in ſuch a humour as I am ſure I have never ſeen him in in all the years I have lived with him: be ſo good, Sir, however, as not to take notice that I ſpoke about it."

Sir Philip had no time to promiſe he would not, before they were at the door of the dining room, where Willoughby ſtood and ſternly ſaid to his ſervant—"How dare you, Sir, diſobey me in this manner? did I not tell you, ſtupid hound, that I would not be at home?"

"Lord,

"Lord, Sir," cried Farnham in great diſtreſs, for he was little accuſtomed and could hardly bear to be thus harſhly reproved—"Lord, Sir—it is only Sir Philip—and I am ſure I thought——"

"Curſe on your thoughts!" cried Willoughby. "Blockhead—are you to think for me?"

"Hey-day!" ſaid Sir Philip, "what's all this? Don't be angry with poor Farnham. I would come in, for I was impatient to wiſh you joy."

"Joy, Sir?—of what?"

"Why I have this moment ſeen Lord Caſtlenorth, who has told me that every thing is ſettled at laſt. Come, I'm very glad to hear it, for it muſt be owned that this buſineſs, George, has advanced but ſlowly. Well! ſo now 'tis to be done directly? The old peer was quite friſky upon it, and forgot his aſthma and his gout to ſtand till I was tired of hearing him, telling me of the regulation he had made as to your name: he becomes Earl and Viſcount Caſtlenorth;

Glenorth; and you take, as your title, that of Baron Ravenſburgh. I heard the hiſtory too of how that came into the family. Well, but Georgé, you'll go dine with us. Lady Molyneux will be glad, perhaps, to hear about it, and to wiſh you joy."

"Joy—damnation rather!" muttered Willoughby, as, ſnatching away his hand, he fled to the other end of the room: then by an effort recovering himſelf a little, he returned towards Sir Philip, and ſaid, with forced calmneſs—"Prythee don't teize me with theſe hateful common-place congratulations. Surely it is bad enough for a fellow to be forced to hear them afterwards, and indeed bad enough to be married, without having them rung in his ears for a month before hand."

Sir Philip, who now ſaw very plainly that his reluctance was by no means ſubdued, had no inclination to argue the matter with him. He had no idea why he might not be happy with Miſs Fitz-Hayman or any other woman of equal fortune: but whether he

was

was ſo or no, his own ſolicitude went no further than that his brother-in-law might not be reduced either to a ſtate of indigence, ſuch as might diſgrace his alliance, or compel him to borrow money of his relations; and as Willoughby's marriage with Miſs Fitz-Hayman would preclude the poſſibility of any ſuch awkward circumſtances, he heartily wiſhed it, and had of late forgot his uſual apathy to join with his wife in promoting it.

There was, he thought, no occaſion for argument in the preſent caſe, ſince the affair was now, whether Willoughby liked it or no, irrevocably fixed upon. He therefore ſpared himſelf the fatigue of remarks or remonſtrances on Willoughby's behaviour, and only ſaid—"But you'll dine with us, George, to-day—will you not?"

"No, I cannot," replied Willoughby.

"To-morrow then. We ſhall have a large party, and dine exactly at ſeven o'clock."

"I will if I can. But I can engage for nothing. I hate to be fettered by engagements:

ments: but if I can come I will. Shall I ring for your ſervants?"

"They are at the door," ſaid Sir Philip, who immediately went away, without having any great reaſon to be ſatisfied with the politeneſs of his brother-in-law. Of that, however, he thought not; and if the behaviour of Willoughby afterwards occurred to him at all, it only created a momentary ſurpriſe, mingled with ſome degree of pity, which his abſurdity, and not his evident unhappineſs, excited.

His viſit, however, had the effect of rouſing Willoughby from that dreadful condition of mind into which the ſtep he had taken that morning in regard to Miſs Fitz-Hayman, and the ſudden ſight of Celeſtina had thrown him. He now became able to collect his thoughts; and was at once conſcious of the general folly of his conduct, and of his cruel behaviour to Farnham, who was ſo hurt by having ſeen his maſter in ſuch a ſtate, and by the unkind and unuſual way in which he had ſpoke to him, that

that when the poor fellow came up to enquire if he would pleaſe to dreſs, the tears were in his eyes, and he was hardly able to ſpeak.

Willoughby was of too noble a nature not to apologize for his fault the moment he felt it. He anſwered mildly, that he ſhould dreſs directly; and then ſaid— "Farnham, I ſpoke angrily to you juſt now, and I am ſorry for it. I was vexed, and could not command my temper. You were wrong too in letting in Sir Philip Molyneux. Another time remember that when I give orders to be denied, I except nobody, unleſs I particularly name them.

Poor Farnham dared not ſay why he then ventured to diſobey him; but in the moſt humble terms begged his pardon, and ſaid he was very ſorry. "Well, well," cried Willoughby, with a deep ſigh, "and I am very ſorry, Farnham, that I was ſo fooliſhly paſſionate. Let us think no more of it." He then bade him get his things to dreſs, and tried, by taking up a book, to divert

divert his thoughts from himſelf, and obtain at leaſt a reſpite from the corroſive reflections that purſued him; but it would not do: he threw the book away, and felt, notwithſtanding all his efforts, his wretchedneſs and impatience returning: while Farnham, who as he dreſſed his hair watched every turn of his countenance, ſaw but too plainly that his maſter was half diſtracted by ſomething into which he dared not enquire. This gave a ſort of unquiet ſlowneſs to his manner, which Willoughby obſerving, was on the point of relapſing into that ſort of behaviour for which he had but the moment before expreſſed his ſorrow, and impetuouſly bade him mind what he was about and make haſte: then hardly ſuffering him to finiſh his hair, he ſtarted up, and putting on his clothes in the haſte that denoted the unquietneſs of his mind, he ſent for a hackney coach, and ordered it to ſet him down at the hotel in Soho-ſquare. Farnham ſtill apprehending that ſome fatal event might follow all the agitation of

mind which he had witneſſed, now approached again, and aſked if he ſhould be at home in the evening, or ſup at home? To which Willoughby, no longer able to check himſelf, anſwered—"no!" as he drew up the glaſs, in an accent that terrified poor Farnham; who, more and more confirmed in his notion that ſomething was about to befal his maſter, now concluded that ſomething was a duel. The piſtols and the ſword indeed were ſtill hanging up in the dining-room: but yet he could not be eaſy; and, after ſome conſideration, he determined to go and enquire among the ſervants at Sir Philip Molyneux's, and at Lord Caſtlenorth's, if they could at all gueſs what was the matter; and with moſt of the latter he was particularly acquainted, by having been much with them at Florence and Naples when his maſter was laſt abroad.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

IF Willoughby was ſo deeply affected by the ſight of Celeſtina, the ſudden ſhock ſhe had received from their abrupt meeting, and from his ſtrange behaviour, had on her an equally painful though a different effect. That the impulſe of the moment had urged him to take her hand, made her hope that ſome remains of affection for her yet lingered in his boſom, and that his former regard was rather ſtifled by anger, than annihilated by indifference. She knew that the firſt might be removed, and that ſhe might be reſtored to his friendſhip; but that if his heart had once become quite cold towards her, nothing could ever renew even that ſhare of tenderneſs with which ſhe could

learn, if not to be happy, at leaſt to be content.

It was ſome time before ſhe could recover from the agitation of ſpirits into which this unexpected interview had thrown her: but when ſhe at length became calm enough to reflect on it, ſhe determined to ſay nothing of having ſeen Willoughby to Lady Horatia, as ſhe knew it would appear to her only a freſh inſtance of his unworthy treatment of her; on which, how ſeverely ſoever ſhe felt it, ſhe did not love to hear any comments, even from her beſt friends. With all the reſolution ſhe could collect, therefore, ſtifling her internal anguiſh, ſhe prepared to go with a large party in the evening, to Ranelagh.

While ſhe was dreſſing for this purpoſe, a ſervant brought up to her the following letter:

"MADAM,

"That a ſtranger, and a ſtranger in "my ſituation of life, ſhould addreſs you,

"would

" would poſſibly appear, to any leſs gene-
" rous mind than yours, a liberty that
" ſhould be repulſed with diſdain and re-
" ſented by contempt: but I am perſuaded
" that from you *I* may expect that liberal
" candour with which true virtue and un-
" affected goodneſs conſiders even thoſe
" whom the generality of the world agree
" to condemn and deſpiſe.

" You know, Madam, what I have
" been and what I am. From Mrs. El-
" phinſtone you have probably learned
" what were the circumſtances of my early
" life; and Mr. Vavaſour, with that ſince-
" rity which deſerves to be ſo highly va-
" lued, has told you how long I have been
" under his protection.

" He has ſince, Madam, expreſſed
" ſome fears that this information may have
" been prejudicial to his intereſt with you,
" and leſt it ſhould be ſo, allow me to
" declare to you, that I know myſelf too
" well to believe for a moment that I ought
" to be in queſtion where you are beloved

" —too well to heſitate in declaring, that " attached as I am to Mr. Vavaſour, *I* can " never make him ſo happy as he deſerves " to be.

" No, Madam; that happineſs depends " entirely on you. Such a paſſion as he " feels for you, I believe no other perſon " can deſerve; and I know him to have " ſo good a heart, I deſire his felicity ſo " ſincerely, that I hazard this ſtep in the " hope of promoting it.

" Mr. Vavaſour's generoſity has left me " nothing to fear for the reſt of my life, " were it even to be a long one: but I feel " that a very few months will bring it to " an end; and I feel it without concern; " for, thoughtleſs and unworthy as my con- " duct has been, I have never found in " its moſt brilliant periods, that the glitter- " ing trappings beſtowed by mercenary " love, could quiet the throbbing heart " that beat beneath them: and now my " only wiſh is, to be forgiven, and re- " ceived by my family, and to paſs the

" ſhort

" ſhort remainder of my days with them.
" You can intercede with them ſucceſsfully,
" for they can refuſe you nothing. Deign
" then, Madam, to intereſt yourſelf for me,
" and at the ſame time be aſſured, that it is
" my purpoſe to withdraw myſelf for ever
" from Mr. Vavaſour, whenever he will ſuf-
" fer me to go, which ſhall, he ſays, be
" whenever you will give him hopes of
" liſtening to him.

" If generoſity, ſincerity, good nature,
" and underſtanding, may be ſufficient re-
" commendations to your good opinion,
" Mr. Vavaſour eminently deſerves it;
" and whatever faults he may have, your
" virtues will correct. He knows no-
" thing of my writing to you; but I am
" conſcious that I owe *him* ſuch an effort,
" where the felicity of his future days is
" concerned, and I feel that in addreſſing
" *you*, my preſumption, if not ſucceſsful,
" will be forgiven.

" I have the honour to be,

" MADAM,

" Your moſt obedient ſervant,

" EMILY CATHCART.

Celeſtina could not peruſe ſuch a letter without a mixture of admiration and pity for the amiable unhappy writer. Though her reſolution in regard to Vavaſour could not be changed, ſhe thought that ſhe ſhould no longer delay acquainting Mrs. Elphinſtone and Cathcart with the information ſhe had obtained relative to their ſiſter; but it required ſome conſideration, at leaſt in regard to Cathcart. The circumſtance of Emily's letter added to the flutter of ſpirits which the meeting in the morning had given her. Montague Thorold, who dined with Lady Horatia, and was to be one of their party at Ranelagh, contrived to be more than uſually importunate with her for more pity and favour than ſhe had lately ſhewn him: while the ladies and Mr. Howard, who joined them in the evening, completed her anguiſh and confuſion, by talking of the marriage which was in a few days to take place between Miſs Fitz-Hayman and Mr. Willoughby. One of theſe was acquainted

acquainted with Mrs. Calder, and had heard from her that morning that every thing was ſettled, the title arranged, the equipages and liveries beſpoke, and the jewels and clothes concluded upon, all of which ſhe detailed at great length; while another ſaid, that *ſhe* underſtood that the marriage was to take place at Caſtlenorth, and that from thence all the family were to proceed together to Italy, where they were to paſs a twelvemonth. All, however, agreed that it was certainly to be concluded immediately, and Celeſtina could not any longer entertain a doubt of it.

Though her heart had always revolted from the idea of Willoughby's union with Miſs Fitz-Hayman, ſhe had been now ſo long accuſtomed to think of it, that ſhe felt leſs poignant concern on that account, but if poſſible more than ever from his continued coldneſs, and the cruel neglect he had been guilty of in not anſwering her letter. "That he marries another," cried ſhe, as ſhe reflected on it, "I

might learn to ſubmit to without murmuring, if it can contribute to his eaſe or happineſs in any way; but that he ſhould quite deſert and forſake me after ſo many aſſurances of eſteem and regard, even when love was no longer in queſtion; that he ſhould diſdain to own that connection by blood, if he is ſure that it is ſo, which made him, with ſo much apparent reluctance, relinquiſh every other; that he ſhould without pity leave me to a deſtiny which owes its unhappineſs to him, ſeems ſo ſtrange, ſo unnatural, ſo unlike him!—If I could once ſee him, hear him talk to me with friendly calmneſs, and tell me that he felt for me fraternal affection, or even the regard of long acquaintance, even what his mother's ward might claim from him, I think I ſhould be comparatively happy, and ſhould have no farther wiſh than to hear ſometimes from himſelf that he was happy too. But to be thrown from him in this unfeeling and unfriendly way, to be forgotten and abandoned as if I had been found

found unworthy not only of his affection but of his remembrance—oh! it is too much."

Theſe reflections, and the unintereſting converſation of the company ſhe was with, to which ſhe was compelled to attend in order to eſcape the more irkſome importunity of Montague Thorold, ſerved but little to raiſe her ſpirits. They did not reach Ranelagh till a late hour: but on their entrance, the firſt party they met was Lady Caſtlenorth, her daughter, and Lady Molyneux. Captain Cavanaugh was on one ſide between the two former; and in deep conference with the latter was Captain Thorold.

The ladies, who could not avoid ſeeing Celeſtina, paſſed her with averted and haughty looks. Cavanaugh fixed his eyes on her with a look of bold enquiry, and Captain Thorold, as he paſſed his brother, ſaid—"Ho! Montague, are you there? I did not know you were in town, my boy!" He then gave a ſignificant nod, as much as

to

to ſay—"Aye, aye, I ſee how you are engaged," and paſſed on, renewing, with great ſeeming earneſtneſs his converſation with Lady Molyneux.

Though there was not in the world another ſet of people whom Celeſtina could be ſo little pleaſed to meet, and though ſhe heard throughout the room, and from every groupe that paſſed them, the report of Willoughby's marriage, with various comments and circumſtances, ſuch as every body thought themſelves at liberty to adorn it with, ſhe felt a ſort of ſatisfaction in ſeeing that he was not with them; and while there was not any thing ſhe really ſo ardently deſired as his happineſs, yet ſo contradictory is the human heart, that ſhe wiſhed to believe he married Miſs Fitz-Hayman reluctantly, though a marriage under ſuch circumſtances muſt, above all other things, render him miſerable.

Montague Thorold, elated more than ever by hope, and encouraged to perſevere by Lady Horatia, having now ſoo, in conſequence

ſequence of the purchaſe his father had made for him, more pretenſions to aſpire to her than his unſettled fortune had before given him; and ſanguinely interpreting her gentle refuſals, her friendly admonitions to deſiſt, as giving him all the encouragement ſhe could do, while her fate in regard to Willoughby was not abſolutely decided; was on this evening particularly preſſing and earneſt; while her languor and wearineſs, the encouragement which ſhe was conſcious ſhe ſeemed to have given him, her pity and even her regard for him, with the certainty of his ardent love for her, gave her altogether the air of liſtening to him favourably; and while her mind was frequently fixed on Willoughby, and ſhe hardly recollected that Montague Thorold was talking to her, ſhe ſeemed to be hearing the latter with complacency, and approving of converſation which it was not neceſſary for her to anſwer.

At length the ſhort time Lady Horatia meant to paſs at Ranelagh was over. She was

was fatigued, and Celeſtina rejoiced to hear her ſay ſhe ſhould go home. As Montague Thorold and Mr. Howard were with them, the other gentlemen remained with the ladies who intended to ſtay longer; and Lady Horatia taking the arm of her relation, left Celeſtina to the care of Montague Thorold; and they were in this order proceeding towards the entrance, when ſtanding near one of the niches, his hat over his eyes, and his head leaning againſt the wall, they ſaw themſelves cloſe to Willoughby, who was, in that attitude, liſtening to ſome very earneſt converſation from Vavaſour, who ſtood by him.

The crowd about the entrance was conſiderable; and Celeſtina, holding by the arm of Montague Thorold, was ſo near them, that they both at the ſame moment ſaw her. Willoughby ſtarted as if he had been croſſed by a ſpectre; and without waiting to look a ſecond time, he puſhed through the crowd and diſappeared; but Vavaſour came up to Celeſtina, and ſaid in

in his uſual way, taking abruptly the hand that was at liberty—" You muſt give *me* leave, Miſs De Mornay, to ſee you to your carriage."

Celeſtina, dreading to give occaſion to any thing like altercation between him and Thorold, anſwered coldly but civilly, that ſhe thanked him; but Thorold, who had not forgotten or forgiven the mortification ſhe received from him at York and on other occaſions, could not now help reſenting what ſeemed to be a repetition of ſuch inſulting behaviour. He therefore, walking very haſtily on with Celeſtina, ſaid—" No, Sir, there is no occaſion for you to give yourſelf that trouble; for Miſs De Mornay is under my care."

" I did not mean, Sir," replied Vavaſour fiercely, " to aſk your leave to wait on this lady; and I beg you will not take the liberty to addreſs yourſelf to me."

" Pray, Mr. Vavaſour," ſaid Celeſtina, trembling, " do not perſecute and terrify me with this ſort of behaviour." She then

ſaw

ſaw by his countenance, and by the eager way in which he graſped the hand he held, that he was very far from being ſober, and her terror encreaſed.

" I did not mean to perſecute or terrify you," cried he: " no, by heaven! But damme if I can with any temper ſee that fellow always at your ear, and affecting to be favoured. Come, come, leave the pedant to his meditations, and don't forſake your old friends. The petticoats that he is to wear are his protection."

" And this lady's preſence, Sir," ſaid Thorold, " is your's, or be aſſured I ſhould anſwer you in a very different way."

Celeſtina, now alarmed even to agony by the menacing look of Vavaſour, who quitted her hand and ſtepped before Thorold, ſcreamed out to Mr. Howard and Lady Horatia; but the crowd had ſo far divided them from her, that neither heard her, and before ſhe could effectually interfere to prevent it, ſuch words had paſſed between Vavaſour and Thorold, as nothing but blood

is,

is, by the laws of honour, ſuppoſed to atone for. Celeſtina, who heard them in affright not to be deſcribed, now diſengaged herſelf from both of them, and not knowing what ſhe did, only having ſome confuſed idea that ſhe might meet Captain Thorold in the room, ſhe ran back thither alone.

Her beauty and her terror, whether it was thought real or affected, gave her, in the opinion of the firſt groupes ſhe met, the appearance of ſome young creature deſirous to attract attention. Three or four young men ſurrounded her, and enquired what ſervice they could do her. Breathleſs and ready to faint, ſhe anſwered that ſhe was in ſearch of Captain Thorold.

"Egad," cried one of them, "Captain Thorold is a deviliſh lucky fellow."

"And a very taſteleſs one," ſaid another, "to leave ſuch a lovely creature to ſeek for him."

Celeſtina now underſtood how entirely they miſtook her; and collecting ſome preſence

ſence of mind, ſaid—" For heaven's ſake, gentlemen, aſſiſt me to find him. His brother is engaged in a quarrel: a quarrel, I fear, on my account—and ——"

She would have gone on, but unhappily for her the party of men who ſurrounded her were all of that deſcription which are called bucks, who fancy they diſtinguiſh themſelves by ſhewing how little they deſerve the character of men. One or two of theſe hearing of a quarrel, found they had no diſpoſition to engage where there might be trouble or danger, and therefore walked away; but three others had now time to conſider the elegant beauty of Celeſtina, and to have ſettled in their own minds that ſhe was a girl without character, which her being alone, and even what ſhe had told them of a quarrel on her account, ſeemed to authoriſe: they were therefore all determined not to let her go; and far from thinking of relieving the terror in which they ſaw her, and which they indeed believed to be a mere piece of acting, two of

of them took her arms within theirs, and held with her ſuch diſcourſe as encreaſed her alarm almoſt to diſtraction. She now knew not what ſhe ſaid. Terror for herſelf had ſo mingled itſelf with her fears of what might happen between Vavaſour and Thorold, that ſhe ſometimes angrily entreated her perſecutors to releaſe her, then humbly beſought them to ſee for Captain Thorold, till at length, as they led her again towards the door, her fears were become inſupportable, and ſhrieking, ſhe entreated them rather to kill her than expoſe her to ſuch horror as ſhe felt. At this moment, however, by a ſudden ſpring, ſhe diſengaged herſelf: Willoughby was returning alone along the paſſage: ſhe ſaw him, and threw herſelf into his arms.

"Save me, ſave me, Willoughby!" was all ſhe could utter, before, quite overcome with variety of terrors, ſhe became almoſt ſenſeleſs; her head reſting on his ſhoulder, and his arms ſupporting her.

He

He looked ſternly on the young men, and demanded the occaſion of the lady's alarm. They replied that they knew nothing more than that ſhe had run into the room alone, enquiring for a Captain ſomebody, and that they had endeavoured to find the cauſe of her fright, and to aſſiſt her. Willoughby, who did not believe this, but who was more ſolicitous to recover the fainting Celeſtina than to puniſh theſe idle boys, waved with his hand for them to be gone, and they immediately obeyed; for it was the defenceleſs only they had courage to inſult. Willoughby then, by the aſſiſtance of a gentleman whom he happened to know, led Celeſtina, who was juſt ſenſible, into the room where the ladies cloaks are received; and while his friend ran to get her a glaſs of water, Willoughby placed himſelf by her, and with one hand round her waiſt, ſupported her with the other; nor could he forbear, as he gazed on her pale but ſtill lovely countenance, preſſing her to that heart which had been ſo long fondly

fondly devoted to her. In a very ſhort time ſhe drew a deep ſigh; and recovering recollection, begged his pardon, in a voice hardly articulate, for the trouble ſhe had given him. She remembered that to the huſband, the lover of Miſs Fitz-Hayman, it muſt be trouble, and ſhe withdrew herſelf from his arms before he could aſk her, (ſo abſorbed was he in the mingled ſenſations of pain and pleaſure), what had occaſioned the alarm in which he had ſeen her. With a ſigh ſtill deeper than her's, he now made this enquiry. She anſwered, but not very diſtinctly, that high words had ariſen between Mr. Vavaſour and Mr. Montague Thorold, and that not able to check their impetuoſity, nor to overtake Lady Horatia and Mr. Howard, who were gone on before, ſhe had fooliſhly run back into the room to find ſomebody who might part them, when thoſe young men had ſurrounded and inſulted her, till in her fear ſhe knew not what ſhe did.

"And

"And all this terror—all this exceſſive apprehenſion, was for Mr. Montague Thorold?" ſaid Willoughby, in a faultering but not a tender voice: then, as if he had diſcovered nothing but what he had before known enough of to be eaſy under; he ſeemed at once to repreſs all appearance of intereſt as far as it related to Celeſtina, and ſaid, with forced coldneſs,—"I dare ſay, Madam, you have nothing to apprehend for his precious life. However, I will ſeek my friend Vavaſour, and take care at leaſt for to-night that it goes no farther; if you will tell me where I can find him, and whither I ſhall have the honour of conducting you."

Celeſtina was heart-ſtruck by the manner in which this was uttered. She turned her expreſſive eyes on his, to enquire whether he could really behave thus cruelly towards her: his eyes met hers; but as if he could not bear her looks he turned them away towards the door, where his friend now entered with the water, and almoſt at the ſame

ſame moment Mr. Howard came in, and told her that Lady Horatia had been in great alarm at her not following her to the coach, where ſhe now waited for her. She did not give him time to finiſh the ſentence, before ſhe eagerly aſked if he had ſeen Mr. Montague Thorold.

"Seen him," cried Mr. Howard; "no, certainly. Is he not with you?"

Celeſtina would then have related what had happened; but her returning apprehenſions that ſomething fatal might have already been the conſequence, and the look with which Willoughby ſurveyed her, entirely deprived her of the power of ſpeech; and Willoughby himſelf in a few words, related to Mr. Howard what ſhe had told him. "I do not know," added he, "what ground Miſs de Mornay has had for the alarm ſhe has been in; but I know Vavaſour was not ſober, and poſſibly may have been wrong headed: it will therefore be neceſſary perhaps for me to enquire after him; and, as you, Madam, ſeem to be now recovered,

covered, and are ſafe in the protection of Mr. Howard, I will wiſh you good night." Having hurried over theſe words, he bowed to Mr. Howard, then, with equal coolneſs, to Celeſtina, and diſappeared.

A ſhower of tears, the firſt ſhe had been able to ſhed, fell from the eyes of Celeſtina as ſhe loſt ſight of him. Theſe tears however, and the water ſhe had drank, a little relieved her; and Mr. Howard again repreſenting the uneaſineſs in which he had left Lady Horatia, ſhe collected ſtrength enough to avail herſelf of the aſſiſtance he offered her; and leaning on his arm, reached the coach, where ſhe was compelled, however unequal to the recital, to relate to Lady Horatia what had happened within the twenty minutes, (for more had not elapſed) that ſhe had loſt ſight of her.

Lady Horatia expreſſed great apprehenſions for Montague Thorold; and thought, with great appearance of truth, that unleſs he had gone immediately away with Vavaſour to decide the difference that evening,

he

he would have ſought them again, and have relieved them from the extreme apprehenſions which he muſt imagine they muſt be under on his account.—Theſe conjectures, which were but too well founded, and which they had no means of ſatisfying, kept Lady Horatia and Celeſtina awake the whole night: towards morning, the former, who was leſs deeply intereſted, and more accuſtomed to the painful events of life than Celeſtina, found ſome repoſe; but Celeſtina herſelf was up by break of day, liſtening to every noiſe in the ſtreet, and trembling every moment leſt ſhe ſhould hear of ſome fatal accident: and her reflections, which no longer offered her any thing to hope, were buſy in repreſenting and magnifying all the evils which ſhe had to apprehend.

CHAPTER V.

THE cruel ſuſpenſe as to the extraordinary diſappearance of Montague Thorold with Vavaſour the evening before, laſted till near ten o'clock; when as Lady Horatia and Celeſtina were ſitting at a breakfaſt-table, where the uneaſineſs they were both under did not allow them to eat, a ſervant announced Captain Thorold.—Celeſtina turned pale as death at the name; but there was no time to expreſs any part of the fear ſhe felt before he entered.

His air was aſſuming, confident, and what the French call *glorieux*. But from that Celeſtina could judge nothing; for ſhe knew he had too little regard for his brother to have been much affected at any thing that might have befallen him. He paid his compliments in the common form to Lady Horatia, who was

was too much concerned to be able to anſwer them; and then turning to the ſilent, trembling Celeſtina, he ſaid, with an unfeeling ſmile, "Well, Madam, your young champion is living."

"Good God," cried Celeſtina, "has he ever then been in danger?" "Yes," replied the Captain, "he has been in all the danger that a man can be who has a brace of piſtols fired at him; and is now in as much as is uſual to a man who has a ball lodged in his ſhoulder."

Celeſtina could not ſpeak; ſhe could with difficulty breathe: but Lady Horatia now eagerly enquired the particulars, and learned, that in conſequence of violent language that paſſed between Vavaſour and Montague Thorold, after Celeſtina left them the preceding evening, a challenge had paſſed, and a meeting been appointed in Chelſea Fields, at ſeven o'clock in the morning;—that Thorold, after quitting Vavaſour, had in vain endeavoured to find out Lady Horatia and Celeſtina, and meeting his brother, and relating to him what had happened, was by him diſſuaded from attempting it, as he could not

358

ſee them without informing them of what had paſſed, and was yet to happen; that he had therefore gone home with Captain Thorold, who had, at the appointed time, attended him to the field, where Vavaſour was with a friend; and where, the preliminaries being ſoon ſettled, each fired without effect; but neither declaring themſelves ſatisfied, they fired again, and Montague Thorold received a ball in his ſhoulder, which was not extracted when his brother left him at his lodgings, whither he was immediately conveyed, and where he was attended by an eminent ſurgeon. "And is he in danger, Sir," ſaid Celeſtina, with all that tremulous tenderneſs in her voice that her extreme ſenſibility gave her—"Is he in danger? is he in pain?"

Captain Thorold gave her a look which ſeemed to ſay "Humph—it *is* true, then, that you are violently in love with this brother of mine;" and then anſwered—"The ſurgeon, on whoſe ſkill I have great reaſon to rely, does not ſeem to think him in danger; but till the ball is extracted, which will be attended with pain enough, it is not, I fancy, eaſy to ſpeak very poſitively.—However, Miſs de Mornay,

Mornay, Montague wont complain of the pain, let it be as ſevere as it will, while he recollects that he ſuffers in your defence, and hears, what I ſhall not fail to relate, how kindly you are intereſted for him."

Celeſtina could not ſay that this unlucky affair did not originate about her; indeed, ſhe had not at that moment ſtrength to enter on any explanation; nor could ſhe deny, that ſhe was extremely concerned, or make Captain Thorold comprehend that for a ſtranger, under the ſame circumſtances, ſhe ſhould have been greatly, though not equally ſorry:—As to Lady Horatia, who hoped that this accident would operate deciſively on behalf of Montague, ſhe rather encouraged than contradicted the idea that his brother ſeemed to entertain of Celeſtina's partiality towards him. And now the Captain, with as much unconcern as if nothing had happened, ſeemed only deſirous of diſplaying his own conſequence and his own perfections: as if to convince them both, that for a woman, who had ever ſeen him and his brother together, to prefer the latter, was an inſtance of moſt terrible want of diſcernment. Several times was Celeſtina,

who could hardly ſupport herſelf, on the point of withdrawing; but ſhe thought, that were ſhe to quit the room, it would look ſtill more as if ſhe was ſinking under her apprehenſions; and ſhe beſides feared, that were ſhe abſent, the zeal of Lady Horatia would induce her to explain to Captain Thorold more of her wiſhes and projects in regard to her and his brother than, feeling as ſhe did the impoſſibility of their ever taking place, ought in diſcretion or in juſtice to be talked of.

For theſe reaſons, wretched and diſtreſſed as ſhe was, ſhe had yet reſolution enough to remain in her place; till at length Captain Thorold, having paraded about himſelf for near half an hour, withdrew.

Then it was, that, from the converſation of her friend, Celeſtina underſtood how much ſuch an event would be expected to affect her ſentiments in favour of Montague Thorold; and how impoſſible Lady Horatia conſidered it for her, after all the ſufferings he muſt ſuſtain on her account, to delay rewarding thoſe ſufferings and his long and ardent attachment to her longer than till his recovery: of which, notwithſtanding what Captain Thorold had ſaid

ſaid of the poſſibility of danger, ſhe ſeemed not to doubt; though ſhe expreſſed great concern for the pain he muſt endure, and great anxiety to be informed of his actual ſituation. To all that ſhe ſaid, Celeſtina hardly anſwered a word—her heart was too much oppreſſed; and ſhe could ſay nothing that would not appear either like inſenſibility, ingratitude, or like the anxious ſolicitude of love. She wiſhed to avoid either: ſhe wiſhed to be alone; and though the determination Lady Horatia almoſt immediately formed to viſit Montague Thorold herſelf, was a meaſure which muſt ſtrongly confirm all the reports that ſhe wiſhed to diſcourage, yet it releaſed her to her own reflections, and ſhe was glad at that moment to ſee her friend depart.

Her own reflections, to which ſhe was now left, were moſt uneaſy—She knew that ſuch an affair muſt unavoidably be much and immediately talked of: ſhe knew how much it would be miſrepreſented, and what concluſions would be made upon it. The expreſſion uſed by Willoughby the evening before ſtill vibrated in her ears: "What! and is all this

terror, all this apprehenſion, for Montague Thorold?" It was diſpleaſing then to him that ſhe ſhould feel an intereſt for Montague Thorold—and the little tenderneſs he had appeared to ſhew her, was repreſſed the moment he underſtood who was the ſubject of her alarm—conſcious that hopeleſs as ſhe had long been of his affection, and ſubmitting to the neceſſity of their ſeparation, ſhe had yet never beſtowed on another the heart he had reſigned, ſhe could not bear to think how much every circumſtance had contributed to make him think, that ſhe had lightly given it to the firſt candidate; nor could her mind dwell without extreme concern, on the pain this affair would give the elder Mr. Thorold, whoſe hopes were, ſhe well knew, centered in his youngeſt ſon, and who would not only be diſtreſſed by the ſickneſs and danger to which he had thus expoſed himſelf, but be hurt at his having acted ſo contrary to thoſe principles he had always endeavoured to inculcate, as to giving or receiving a challenge.—Nor were the ſufferings of Montague Thorold himſelf the leaſt part of her concern: ſhe apprehended he might be long confined in great

great pain; he might perhaps loſe his arm, or even his life: and while ſhe regretted the raſhneſs which had been the occaſion of this hazard, ſhe could not but acknowledge, that it was impoſſible a young man of ſpirit could otherwiſe have anſwered the unprovoked ferocity of Vavaſour.

Of him ſhe thought with terror; and knowing that he was capable of any impropriety in the humour he was now in, ſhe gave immediate orders, that if he came ſhe ſhould be denied.

All the circumſtances of the preceding evening, which the fear that had beſet her during the latter part of it had for a while driven from her recollection, now returned to it; and the repeated intelligence ſhe had received throughout the day of Willoughby's marriage, all the particulars with which it had been related, the happy looks of Miſs Fitz-Hayman, the proud triumph that ſat on the features of her mother, and the forced friendſhip with which Lady Molyneux ſeemed to have connected herſelf with perſons who were ſo lately the objects of her averſion, all con-

firmed the reports that were in circulation, ſo as to put their truth beyond a doubt.

In a few days ſhe was to hear of their actually being married: to liſten again to the detail of their nuptial ſplendor, perhaps to witneſs them: ſhe was to be ſurrounded by a thouſand impertinent people who would enquire and talk to her about the duel; and, with an heart ſo oppreſſed, muſt attend to them with patience, and anſwer them with civility. The whole proſpect before her was too unpleaſant; ſhe fancied it impoſſible to be endured; and reſolved to attempt, though at the hazard of appearing ungrateful, perhaps of diſobliging her beſt and almoſt her only friend, to ſolicit leave to go down to Jeſſy, at leaſt till the public converſation ſhould have been turned to ſome other topic, and the public curioſity no longer excited by the marriage of Miſs Fitz-Hayman, or the rencontre of Vavaſour and Thorold.

The natural ſoftneſs of her heart made her, among all theſe ſources of peculiar uneaſineſs, really and tenderly intereſted for Montague Thorold: and ſhe waited the return of Lady Horatia with as much ſolicitude as ſhe could have

have felt if a beloved brother had been in ſuch a ſituation: perhaps ſhe would have felt more for nobody but Willoughby himſelf. It was, therefore, a great relief to her haraſſed ſpirits, when ſhe heard, that while Captain Thorold had been in Park-ſtreet, the bullet had been extracted; that no bone had been injured by it, and that he was in as good a way as could be expected; his ſurgeon declaring, that from the nature of the wound, and the good conſtitution of his patient, he thought him in no danger, and ſhould probably, at the end of a fortnight, diſmiſs him with his arm in a ſling.

The ſatisfaction Celeſtina expreſſed on this account, was not however increaſed, when Lady Horatia added, that far from complaining of his ſufferings, he exulted and rejoiced in them; flattering himſelf that ſhe for whom he could willingly have riſked an hundred lives if he had poſſeſſed them, would feel ſome pity for him; and knowing how much power, in ſuch a heart as hers, that ſentiment had to produce others ſtill more favourable.

Lady

Lady Horatia then went on to ſay very ſeriouſly to Celeſtina, that ſhe ought no longer to trifle with ſuch a man, but reſolve immediately to give him her hand: not only as the reward of his merit, but to preclude the dangerous pretenſions of Vavaſour: "to whoſe perſeverance," ſaid ſhe, "no refuſal, no repulſe ſeems to put an end."

"Deareſt Madam," ſaid Celeſtina, "*did* I ever trifle with Mr. Thorold—ſurely I never meant it—ſo far from it, I have an hundred times regretted that your partiality towards him, and the influence you have and ought to have over me, have combined to keep him in an error, which all my candid dealing with him has not had the power to refute. I have told him, whenever he has urged the ſubject, that he is in poſſeſſion of my eſteem and of my friendſhip, but that for my love I have it not to beſtow."

"But he is content, my dear, with your eſteem, with your friendſhip; and knows that, in ſuch a heart as yours, love will follow his attachment to you; eſpecially as you *now* ſurely cannot alledge that any other perſon poſſeſſes it."

Celeſtina

Celeſtina, too conſcious of all theſe circumſtances that ought long ſince to have induced her to withdraw it from Willoughby, yet equally conſcious that ſhe could never feel for another that degree of affection of which ſhe had been ſenſible for him, was ſilent a moment or two, and then ſaid, "Dear Lady Horatia, why muſt I marry at all? while you afford me your protection can I be happier; and ſhould I be unhappy enough to loſe it, ſhould I not be more likely to meet content even with my ſmall and humble fortune, if I remained ſingle, than if I gave my hand where I have no power to beſtow my heart."

"I am amazed," replied Lady Horatia, "that with ſuch very good ſenſe as you poſſeſs, you would accuſtom yourſelf to cheriſh theſe childiſh and girliſh notions: what is this love, without feeling all the violence of which you ſuppoſe it impoſſible to be happy?"

"Dear Madam," cried Celeſtina, interrupting her, "have I not heard you ſay, that you once was ſenſible of it yourſelf, and that having been compelled to quit the man of your choice, you conſidered ſuch a neceſſity

as

as a heavy affliction, and that it rendered moſt of the occurrences of your ſubſequent life indifferent to you?"

"Yes, you have heard me ſay ſo—I merely acknowledged a folly, a weakneſs, which I pretended not to defend in myſelf, and certainly not to encourage in you.—What has been the life of this man, whom I called, in the romantic ſimplicity of ſixteen, my firſt love? When my father parted us, and I was compelled by his authority to give my hand to General Howard, he was a younger brother, with very little fortune. In a twelvemonth afterwards, the death of his elder brother and an uncle gave him a very large fortune; and he quitted the navy, where he had, for ſo young a man, highly diſtinguiſhed himſelf, and with his profeſſion he ſeemed to reſign his virtues. He married a woman towards whom he profeſſed himſelf indifferent; and whoſe only recommendation was a fortune nearly as large as his own. To her he behaved with neglect, which ſhe repaid with ſcorn and infidelity. They ſeemed to agree in nothing but mutual extravagance; till at length they parted, and he now lives in France

France the greateſt part of the year; at other times wanders about the world, to gratify his taſte for variety, and fly from thoſe corroſive reflections which muſt purſue him who has ruined his health and his fortune by debauchery. Can I, when I conſider all this, help deſpiſing myſelf for the pain I felt at being ſeparated from ſuch a man; and ought I not rather to rejoice at what once appeared an inſupportable misfortune?"

"Ah, Madam," ſaid Celeſtina, "it is well if by theſe reflections, you have been enabled to conquer thoſe remains of uſeleſs regret which might otherwiſe have embittered your life: but give me leave to aſk, ſince there is now no danger of renewing them; give me leave to aſk whether you ſincerely believe that this gentleman, had he married you, would have paſſed a life as blameable? You have told me that he was paſſionately attached to you: you now ſay, that to the lady he married he was indifferent: ſurely to that may be imputed all his errors.—His mind became unhinged when he loſt her to whom it was devoted, and he aggravated himſelf the cruelty of his deſtiny. To you he

he might have been an excellent huſband, becauſe he loved you; but loſing the poſſibility of being happy, he loſt the wiſh to be reſpectable; and ſince he could not live with you, cared not with whom or how he lived?"

"There may be ſome truth," ſaid Lady Horatia, "in your remarks; but to be tolerably eaſy, Celeſtina, in this world, you muſt learn to be more of an Optimiſt; and to believe, that whatever happens, could not, nor ought not to have been otherwiſe. Thus the interference of Lady Caſtlenorth, whatever might have been her motives, has ſaved you from a marriage that might have been a hideous crime; thus (not to enumerate other inſtances that muſt occur to your recollection); the wild brutality of Vavaſour, and even the wound of Montague, will all contribute finally to good, and produce that happineſs for you with him, which I do not believe you would have found with any other perſon."

To this doctrine Celeſtina could not agree. But the fear and fatigue ſhe had within the laſt twenty-four hours undergone, diſqualified her for

for any farther diſcuſſion of the ſubject at preſent, or for the attempt ſhe meant to make to prevail on Lady Horatia to allow her to go down to Jeſſy for a few weeks; her eyes were indeed ſo heavy, her complexion ſo pale in conſequence of her long agitation, that now the immediate fears for Montague Thorold's life were over, Lady Horatia adviſed her to take ſome repoſe; a propoſal which ſhe gladly accepted; and in deſpite of the variety of uneaſineſſes ſhe ſtill laboured under, exhauſted nature obtained for her a few hours reſpite in ſleep: though ſhe was, in her previous contemplations, ſo far from aſſenting heartily to the reſigned philoſophy of Lady Horatia, that ſhe thought with anguiſh of the fate of Willoughby, who might, ſhe feared, by the ſame diſappointments in the early part of his life, become quite unlike what he once was; and from his cruel neglect of her ſince he had been in London, ſhe already fancied ſhe ſaw that this change had begun.

But could ſhe for one moment have ſeen the real ſtate of that mind whoſe virtues ſhe believed to be tarniſhed, ſhe would have found it as worthy as ever of her tenderneſs, and entitled

entitled to all her pity. Tormented by an affection which he could not indulge for one woman, and entangled by a ſeries of perverſe events in an engagement with another; embarraſſed in his circumſtances, and diſcontented with himſelf; his whole life paſſed in a continual tumult of contending paſſions; and whatever means he took to calm and mitigate them ſeemed only to irritate his ſufferings.—Thus, when he left his own lodgings on the day of his interview with Miſs Fitz-Hayman and his meeting Celeſtina, he went to the hotel where Vavaſour uſually lived when he was in town; and where it happened that a party of their mutual acquaintance that day dined: this prevented his having any converſation with Vavaſour, which, though it might have contributed but little to relieve his vexation as to Montague Thorold, would have eaſed his heart by unburthening it to his friend; and Vavaſour drank ſo much, that there was afterwards no hopes of his hearing him rationally. With him he was prevailed upon, at a late hour, to go to Ranelagh;—where he ſaw Celeſtina again with the very man to whom he had been ſo repeatedly told

ſhe

ſhe had engaged herſelf; and there, though Celeſtina happened not to ſee them together, he was compelled to take ſeveral turns with Lady Caſtlenorth, her daughter, and his ſiſter; thus confirming, by his appearance in public with the two former, what it was indeed too late to retract, though he had already moſt bitterly repented it.

The quarrel between Vavaſour and Montague Thorold, of which his ſuddenly quitting the place where he met Celeſtina was partly the occaſion (for had he ſtaid, he might have prevented it), added to the conviction he now had that Thorold was very ſoon to be her huſband; and increaſed his vexation, in deſpite of all that reaſon could ſay to counteract the effect of it. That reaſon repeatedly aſked him—if Celeſtina had really been brought up and acknowledged as his ſiſter, and had with ſo ſmall a fortune been addreſſed by Thorold, and herſelf approved him, whether he could in ſuch a caſe have made any reaſonable objection? He was compelled to anſwer no! yet his heart revolted againſt the aſſent which common ſenſe urged him to give to a marriage which differed in nothing from what would

would then have been the caſe, but in early prejudice. He never could learn to conſider Celeſtina as related to him by blood; nor did all the pains he had taken to procure the truth convince him of it; though he dared not act as if he wholly diſbelieved it. Yet ſo perverſe is an heart under the influence of ſuch a paſſion as he felt, that while he had relinquiſhed her, and agreed to marry another, leſt that relationſhip ſhould really exiſt, he deteſted Thorold for having, as he believed, poſſeſſed himſelf of thoſe affections, which, otherwiſe than as her brother, he had owned he dared not claim.

When he left Celeſtina under the care of Mr. Howard at Ranelagh the preceding evening, he had gone, as he promiſed, in ſearch of Vavaſour; but not finding him any where about the room, or in the avenues to the Rotunda, he had gone to his lodgings, and waited there till near four in the morning.—He then left orders with his ſervant to ſend for him the moment his maſter came; but Vavaſour, inſtead of returning to his lodgings at all that evening, ſlept ſomewhere elſe; and only called there in a hackney-coach at half

half paſt five o'clock to take his piſtols; and his ſervant being ordered to attend him, with the ſurgeon, there was no poſſibility of his man giving Willoughby notice; and of courſe he could do nothing to ſtop a rencontre of which he did not hear till after it was over.

Vavaſour, who then came to him, was not ſober: and Willoughby ſaw, with more concern than ſurpriſe, that the habits his friend had acquired ſince his laſt abſence, were becoming inveterate, and were ruining alike his conſtitution, his fortune, and his underſtanding. Though he himſelf deteſted Montague Thorold, and curſed the hour when he had put Celeſtina under the protection of his father, and by that means thrown him in her way; he was too generous, even to an enemy, not to feel that Vavaſour had behaved with unwarrantable brutality; and notwithſtanding his long friendſhip for him, he felt too, that had he been as ſucceſsful as he believed Thorold to be, all that friendſhip would have been cancelled.

He was vexed, however, at the converſation which this fooliſh buſineſs muſt occaſion; and

and in which he knew the name of Celeſtina muſt be joined with that of Montague Thorold: and when Vavaſour ſpoke with ſome triumph of his having chaſtiſed the young pedant, Willoughby, with a peeviſhneſs very unuſual with him, ſaid, he heartily wiſhed he had let it alone.

From the little converſation he had with Lady Caſtlenorth the evening before, he found ſhe expected him to wait on them the next day. Reluctantly, and with an aching heart, he had then given a ſort of promiſe, and with ſtill more regret he recollected it. The ſun now never roſe for him but to bring him a renewal of miſery; and his dejection never left him, but to give place to paroxyſms of paſſion and fits of fruitleſs deſpair.

As the hour approached when he knew he was expected at the houſe of his uncle, his unwillingneſs to go increaſed. Farnham, who now anxiouſly watched all his looks, ſaw a deeper gloom come upon him: he ſaw him take out ſeveral letters, read them, replace them, then ſnatch up a pen, write a line or two, and hurry a-croſs the room as if undecided what to do. At length he wrote a few

a few lines, ſealed the note, and put it in his pocket. Farnham had heard a great deal of the duel that had happened the evening before, and knew it was about Miſs de Mornay, and that a gentleman had been wounded dangerouſly. He had heard the converſation between his maſter and Vavaſour, and ſuppoſed, from their manner, that they parted in anger. This circumſtance put it in his head, which was rather an honeſt than a clear one, that ſome other affair of honour, in which his maſter was concerned, was ſtill in agitation; and he ſo thoroughly perſuaded himſelf of this, that he determined to obſerve narrowly every thing that happened, and to take all poſſible precautions againſt his maſter's having ſuch an accident befal him as had happened to Mr. Montague Thorold.

For this purpoſe he attached himſelf very cloſely to the hole in the door between the dining room and the bed-chamber; and when he was ſummoned by a furious ring, to attend him, he was under the neceſſity of firſt ſlipping ſoftly down ſtairs, and then running up to aſk his commands.

Willoughby

Willoughby gave him two notes, and aſked if the groom was within. On hearing he was not: "Then go yourſelf," ſaid he, "with theſe two notes: no anſwer is required to either: return as ſoon as you can."—Farnham promiſing to be expeditious, left him; and reading the directions, found one to be, to Miſs de Mornay, the other to Mr. Vavaſour. This, with all he knew of his maſter's former attachment and embarraſſing doubts about Celeſtina, and all that had happened that evening before, and that morning, convinced him beyond a doubt, that another duel would happen, which he imagined it to be his peculiar duty to prevent.—He was not very fertile in expedients; but it occurred to him that the beſt way would be to carry both theſe letters, and at the ſame time communicate his fears, to Sir Philip and Lady Molyneux.

Sir Philip was not at home; but Lady Molyneux, on hearing he wanted to ſpeak to her, ordered him up.

He opened his buſineſs with great gravity; detailed all the cauſe he had for apprehenſion from

from his maſter's behaviour, and produced the two notes.

Lady Molyneux affected to agree with him as to the juſtice of his fears, and to commend his prudence and fidelity; ſhe then told him ſhe thought it would be the beſt way to open the letters, which, as ſhe happened to have a ſeal with the Willoughby arms, the ſame as her brother's, ſhe could eaſily re-ſeal; and ſend, if they contained nothing of what they ſuſpected; and if they did, that it would be proper to deſtroy them.

Poor Farnham, trembling as he ſpoke, aſſented to all this, only entreating her to take care that his maſter might never know it. This ſhe readily promiſed; and, taking all the blame upon herſelf, bade him retire while ſhe opened the letters, and come up again when ſhe rang.

She then read them.—That to Vavaſour was merely to put off an appointment for the evening, which Willoughby found himſelf unable to attend.—That to Celeſtina ran thus:

"I ſhould have ſent to you, Madam, immediately on my arrival in London: but ill-

neſs for ſome days prevented my being able even to write, and in that interval I heard that you were on the point of putting yourſelf into the protection of one who might deem ſuch an addreſs improper, and render it needleſs.

"That you have come to this reſolution without conſulting any of thoſe who were once honoured with your friendſhip I can now no longer doubt. I, however, feel it in ſome meaſure incumbent upon me to offer you every ſervice in my power; to ſay, that as ſoon as my own affairs are ſettled, I ſhall have the honour of troubling you on pecuniary matters; and if, in the mean time, you have any wiſh to ſee me as your friend, I will obey your ſummons: but leave it wholly to yourſelf.—I ſhall conſider your ſilence as an acknowledgment that ſuch an interview will be painful to you; and ſubmit to offer, at a diſtance, thoſe ſincere wiſhes for your happineſs, which muſt ever be felt by,

Dear Madam,

Your obedient, and moſt humble ſervant,

GEORGE WILLOUGHBY.

Bond Street,
May 17th, 1789.

This

This letter, cold and unlike his former ſtyle to Celeſtina as it was, his ſiſter immediately reſolved to ſuppreſs. Her hatred to Celeſtina was increaſed to a degree of inveterate malignity of which it was difficult to conceive her haughty *indolence* was capable; and this aroſe chiefly from her admiration ſhe every where ſaw her beauty excited, which was a point in which ſhe could not bear to be excelled. Convinced as ſhe internally was, that Celeſtina was an orphan ſtranger, brought upon her mother's charity, ſhe choſe rather to leave the report of their relationſhip uncontradicted, than to ſee her united to her brother, and put on a footing with herſelf, to which that equivocal relationſhip could give her no claim: and ſince her ſuppreſſion of her letter to Willoughby, which an interview now would explain, ſhe was doubly ſolicitous to prevent it—Her pride could not bear that her brother ſhould become the humble and reduced country gentleman that he muſt ſubmit to be if he married a woman without fortune; and her avarice repreſented the poſſibility of his being, in ſuch a caſe, a burthen on his affluent rela-

tions. All theſe conſiderations determined her to ſtifle it, and the ſentence with which the letter concluded, aſſured her ſhe might do it with impunity. She therefore called up Farnham, on whoſe ſimplicity it was very eaſy to impoſe, and told him that the letter to Mr. Vavaſour was very immaterial, and that he might carry that; but that the other, to Miſs de Mornay, was of a nature to involve his maſter in great difficulties, and that therefore ſhe would deſtroy it. She then put it in the fire; and bade him carry the other, which ſhe had carefully re-ſealed. This Farnham immediately did; but being unwilling to be guilty of a greater falſehood than there ſeemed to be occaſion for, he actually went to Park-ſtreet that he might tell his maſter he had been there.

On his return, Willoughby queſtioned him who he ſaw at Lady Horatia's.—For this queſtion the poor fellow was not prepared.—However he anſwered—"I ſaw John, Sir, my Lady's own footman."

"Well—and was Miſs de Mornay at home?"

"No,

"No, Sir," replied Farnham, who had now acquired courage; "but you know you bade me not wait for an anſwer."

"Well, but had you not the ſenſe to aſk where ſhe was?"

"No, Sir; to be ſure I did not think of that: but, however, I fancy ſhe was viſiting, Sir, the wounded gentleman in Oxford-ſtreet."

Willoughby knew that Montague Thorold lodged there, and that it muſt be him alone who was deſcribed as the wounded gentleman.

"And why do you think ſo, Sir," ſaid he, fiercely, as if poor Farnham had been acceſſary to it—"and what the devil have you to do to think about it?"

"Lord, Sir," cried Farnham, "only becauſe as I came along I ſaw my lady's coach at the door where I knew young Mr. Thorold lodges, and juſt nodded to Sam, who was upon the box."

"Curſed fool!" exclaimed Willoughby—"could you not have aſked whether ſhe was there or no: yet why ſhould I deſire to know;" added he, riſing and walking about with his hands clenched together—"what is it to me?

and why do I torment myſelf?—Go, Sir, and fetch my powdering gown and my things to dreſs." Poor Farnham, convinced that Lady Molyneux was right in what ſhe had done, yet rendered doubly timid by the conſciouſneſs of having committed a ſort of fraud on his maſter, haſtily obeyed.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ſituation of Celeſtina was rendered infinitely more uneaſy to her by the tranſactions of the laſt two or three days; and her ſpirits could no longer ſupport her—The certainty of meeting Willoughby wherever ſhe went, and of meeting him only to be more and more convinced that he had ceaſed to feel any degree of affection for her, made the thoughts of continuing her preſent mode of life, which had any charms in her opinion, quite inſupportable to her. The converſation about the duel—the queſtions ſhe ſhould be aſked, and the impertinence ſhe muſt attend to, increaſed the averſion with which ſhe thought of appearing again in public; and ſhe determined, at any hazard, to propoſe to Lady Horatia, that ſhe might go into the

country, and there wait, wherever ſhe pleaſed, till ſhe ſhould herſelf quit London.

She took, therefore, the firſt moment they were alone together, to prefer and urge this requeſt: and after making ſome objections, which, however, the altered looks and depreſſed ſpirits of Celeſtina very forcibly combated, Lady Horatia conſented to her going; but as the houſe of Jeſſy was too near Alveſtone, where it was ſuppoſed Willoughby and his bride were immediately to go after their marriage—it was ſettled that ſhe ſhould, with a maid to attend her, go to Cheltenham, and wait there till Lady Horatia could leave London, which ſhe propoſed doing in a fortnight or three weeks at fartheſt. This plan being once arranged, Celeſtina was impatient till it was executed; and ſo effectually ſet about the little preparations ſhe had to make, that the next day ſhe left London—and for the firſt time ſince her quitting the Hebrides, enjoyed the calm ſolitude ſhe loved.

Wretched in the mean time was the ſtate of Willoughby; he went to dine at Lord Caſtlenorth's as he had been obliged to promiſe—where a large company were aſſembled, as if

to

to receive him for the firſt time, as the heir and acknowledged ſon-in-law of Lord Caſtlenorth. He had, however, no power to conceal under the common forms of life, the miſery of his internal feelings; his countenance refuſed to wear the forced ſmile of complaiſance; his emotion when the duel was talked of, and the name of Celeſtina was introduced, was evident enough to all but thoſe who did not chuſe to ſee it.

Lord Caſtlenorth was, indeed, never very much celebrated for diſcernment; but his Lady highly piqued herſelf on her ſagacity —on the facility with which ſhe read characters, and penetrated the views of thoſe with whom ſhe converſed—her blindneſs therefore was evidently wilful—and that of her daughter, unleſs her love or her vanity intercepted her right, was equally ſtrange—certain it was, that they either could not, or would not, attend to the reluctant melancholy of Willoughby, under which he with difficulty concealed the bitter agonies of deſpair; and they appeared perfectly ſatisfied with him and with themſelves.

There was one face, however, in the circle,

that, though it wore looks of feſtivity, yet was now and then ſeen to ſurvey Willoughby with indignant ſcorn; and then, as if checked for indulging it, to reſume the ſmile of approbation and complacency. Captain Cavanaugh indeed did not very frequently addreſs himſelf to him; but converſed chiefly with the Ladies. But whenever he did ſpeak to him, Willoughby himſelf, who had till now very little noticed him, could not help remarking that there was ſomething peculiar in his manner.

When the Gentlemen were left together, Lord Caſtlenorth, who could not drink, and whoſe health obliged him to retire early, called to his nephew, and bade him take his place. This Willoughby, who had been all day meditating how he might make an early eſcape, was compelled to do, though he obſerved, "that as Captain Cavanaugh uſually took that ſeat when his Lordſhip retired, he wiſhed him then to aſſume it."—Lord Caſtlenorth, however, perſiſted; and Willoughby, willing to get rid of an irkſome taſk as ſoon as poſſible, made the wine circulate ſo quickly, that, as he was never in habits of drinking, he

he ſoon began to find himſelf forgetting his dejection in a kind of bewildering ſtupor: any thing ſeemed better to him than the taſk of entertaining Miſs Fitz-Hayman for the reſt of the evening; and as he felt he by degrees ceaſed to think of her, he found ſome ſatisfaction in drinking, and was very ſoon completely intoxicated.

He was no longer capable of judging for himſelf, or he would not have gone up ſtairs in ſuch a ſituation—he had juſt recollection enough left to ſtay, without committing any great extravagance, while tea was ſerved; and then gladly followed a ſervant who whiſpered to him that Lord Caſtlenorth deſired the favour of ſeeing him in his own apartment.

Thither he ſtaggered with very little conſciouſneſs; and being ſeated where his uncle ſat oppoſite to him, in a great chair, while ſeveral parchments lay open on a table, he heard, but without the leaſt comprehenſion of what was ſaid, a long harrangue—on fortune and family, heraldry and genealogy, titles and ſucceſſions;—the whole of which concluded, by his informing him that the money was ready to pay off all the incumbrances on his

his eſtate, which was to be immediately done; that the ſettlements were in hand, and to be finiſhed in a week; and that, that day fortnight was fixed for the marriage. Willoughby, between the verboſe confuſion of his uncle's mode of delivery, and his own incapacity of attention, heard it all, but underſtood nothing; he was not, however, ſo unconſcious of pain and ſickneſs. Mrs. Calder, who for the greater part of this converſation had ſat reading a treatiſe on bilious concretions, on the oppoſite ſide of the room, with her ſpectacles on, now finding Lord Caſtlenorth had done, and that Willoughby looked very likely to ſink out of his chair, very wiſely ended this converſation, by ſending up Farnham to his maſter, who had him conveyed home in a chair.

The next morning he was awakened to a perfect recollection of all that had paſſed the evening before; and became too certain, that the means he had taken to obtain a temporary releaſe from his fetters, had ſerved only to rivet them more cloſely. Alas! he remembered too—with poignant anguiſh remembered, that ſo many hours had elapſed ſince he had

had written to Celeſtina; and that it was now too certain ſhe would not anſwer his letter, and wholly declined ſeeing him.

Though he had ſo often determined never to meet her again; ſo often perſuaded himſelf not to wiſh it; this cruel conviction of her total eſtrangement from him, ſeemed to fall as heavily as if he had never dreamed of their ſeparation—ſhe might, however, be out of town; ſhe might be engaged; ſomething might have prevented her writing. To this ſlender hope he clung for ſome hours of the morning; but it inſenſibly became fainter as his impatience increaſed, and at length he ordered Farnham to find the coachman of Lady Horatia, with whom he was acquainted, and try to diſcover any particulars he could.

Farnham, dreading leſt his maſter ſhould diſcover the impoſition he had ventured to practiſe, dared not diſobey him—he ſat out therefore for the ſtables, where, at that time in the morning, he was ſure of finding his acquaintance; he found him indeed very buſy in cleaning, with the aid of a poſtillion and a helper, two of his horſes, which had been, "poor things!" he ſaid, "the firſt ſtage to Cheltenham,

ham, with Miſs de Mornay and Rebecca the maid, that my Lady ſent with her."—Farnham made him repeat this intelligence; to which he added, "Why, my Lady and all of us be going down to Glouceſterſhire, in about a fortnight; that is, as ſoon as young Mr. Thorold is well enough to be removed, which, the Doctor as tends him ſays, will be in that time or leſs. My Lady takes his illneſs ſadly to heart, and ſo does Miſs—and went out of town ſadly down in the mouth; but, howſoever, 'tis well 'twas no worſe, you know; and as he is like to do well—why there's no great harm—and Miſs will be married all one."

The minuteſt article of this account was remembered by Farnham, and punctually related by him to his maſter—who now thoroughly convinced that all hope was at an end of Celeſtina's retaining for him any affection; and a certainty ſo dreadful; the aſſurance of his being irrevocably engaged, and having gone into Glouceſterſhire, there to wait the recovery of Montague Thorold; the aſſurance that he ſhould never ſee her more—all contributed, with his exceſs of the evening before,

fore, to inflame his blood—and by four o'clock he was in an high fever.

His indiſpoſition was increaſed by a viſit from Vavaſour, who laughed at the vexation and diſguſt he expreſſed at what had happened in regard to Montague Thorold; but grew graver when he heard that, far from its having put an end to his pretenſions to Celeſtina, it had ſerved only to haſten their marriage.—The wild and ill-founded projects of Vavaſour to prevent this, and to ſucceed himſelf, which to Willoughby would have been equally hateful, were but little calculated to appeaſe his agitation, and quiet his ſpirits; before Vavaſour went away, he became delirious—and Farnham, in a terrible fright, went for Lady Molyneux and a phyſician—Lady Molyneux was juſt ſtepping into her coach, when the affrighted face of Farnham appeared before her—ſhe chid him for the needleſs alarm he had given her; and ſaid, that ſhe ſuppoſed it was nothing but a little return of the fever her brother was ſubject to—"I cannot," ſaid ſhe, "call now; but as I come home this evening, I will ſee him."—The phyſician, for whom Farnham then went, directly

directly attended; and found his patient, though not in ſo high a fever as he had ſeen him before, ill enough to require his immediat aſſiſtance—which he ordered with ſo happy an effect, that in a few hours the delirium entirely ſubſided, and Willoughby, though extremely languid, was at night almoſt free from his fever.—Lady Molyneux who called on him, ſoon after midnight, for a few moments, again blamed Farnham for his officious apprehenſions; and being well convinced that Willoughby would be glad of any excuſe to keep back the preparations which were now going on, ſhe endeavoured to perſuade him that his illneſs was very trifling; and taking occaſion to talk over what happened at Ranelagh, told her brother, laughingly,—that ſhe hoped he was now convinced of the attachment between young Thorold and Miſs de Mornay—adding, "his brother, Captain Thorold, who is really an elegant and faſhionable man, tells me they are to be married the moment Montague is able to leave London."

"Well, well," cried Willoughby, peeviſhly—"I know it; and I do not deſire to hear any more about it.—I thank you for calling

on

on me; but it is very late, and my phyſician deſires I will keep myſelf quiet."

Lady Molyneux then withdrew, and poor Willoughby, to whom ſhe had adminiſtered a poiſon inſtead of a cordial, tried to find that repoſe which he ſo greatly wanted: but to him his eſtranged, his loſt Celeſtina, on one hand, and on the other his intended bride, ſeemed to cry—"ſleep no more."

Farnham, who ſat up by him to adminiſter the medicines he was to take, heard him ſigh the greateſt part of the night without ceaſing; and whenever he thought he might venture, aſked him how he did.—"Pr'ythee, Farnham," ſaid he, after two or three of theſe queſtions, "do not aſk me how I do—how ſhould a man do, who is in a ſituation to envy every body but the felon juſt going to be hanged—you know, that I am at this moment the moſt miſerable fellow upon earth."

"I am ſure I am very ſorry to hear it," anſwered his ſervant: but if I might be ſo bold as to ſpeak, I ſhould ſay that I cannot think what cauſe you can have to be miſerable—nor....."

He was going on, when Willoughby, eagerly

ly catching aſide the curtain, ſaid, "What cauſe! —Have I not loſt an angel—and am I not, have I not condemned myſelf to marry——a woman I cannot love—no, never; never, by Heaven."

"To be ſure, Sir," ſaid Farnham, "to be croſſed in love, as I may ſay, is very bad—as I have heard tell—but in this here matter—all things conſidered, I hope your honour's mind will be ſettled about it; and as for the two ladies, to be ſure beauty is all fancy—Miſs Celeſtina, for certain, is a fine young lady, and ſo good and gentle to ſervants, that it was always a pleaſure to me to hear her ſpeak to me, and to wait upon her; but then, for certain, Miſs Fitz-Hayman, though ſhe is higher and more ſtately, as ſhe ought to be, being as ſhe is a lady of title and quality—is a fine young lady too, and a very majeſtic grand perſon—and then her great riches——"Curſe on her riches," exclaimed Willoughby. —"Aye, Sir;" ſaid Farnham, who was not a little flattered by his confidence, and was now got into one of his proſing humours—"Aye Sir, it is very well for young gentlemen to cry curſe on this, and that, and t'other—but as for riches—what can they do without them? Nobody

Nobody is not reſpected the leaſt in the world, if they don't make a ſhew, and a figure, and the like of that—and can it be done without money?—No—nor not without a pretty deal on't—and, for my part, I own—I don't love to ſee *my* maſter not able to vie with the beſt Lord of the land—as to be ſure he ought."

"Thou art a fool, Farnham," cried Willoughby—"Do have done with thy Lords of the land, and give me twenty drops more of the opiate"—"Yes, Sir," ſaid Farnham; and prepared to obey him—but while he was counting out the drops, he could not forbear going on—"One, two—there are other people, Sir,—three, four—about my Lord's houſe, who, it's my notion—five, ſix, ſeven—are not ſo apt to cry, curſe money—eight, nine, ten—there is Captain Cavanaugh—eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen"—"Captain Cavanaugh," interrupts Willoughby—"What of Captain Cavanaugh?" "Nay, Sir,—only the Captain—as far as I can find—do'nt hate money, nor cry, curſe it and damn it—he has been long enough living about the world, to know that nothing can be had without it, and—that is all, Sir."

"But

"But that ſeems to me not to be all, Sir—pray, tell me what Captain Cavanaugh has to do with what we were talking of—with Miſs Fitz-Hayman?"

"Lord, nothing, Sir, I am ſure, that I know of—only, if the young Lady was not engaged, and in love with you, perhaps——the Captain, Sir, is reckoned, by the women, a very handſome man, Sir—and Miſs Fitz-Hayman may think ſo, as well as another." "Why he is married—you booby—what ſtuff have you got into your head; and who has been talking to you of him and Miſs Fitz-Hayman; let him be reckoned as handſome as he will by the woman—he can be nothing to Miſs Fitz-Hayman—for I know he has been married ſome years."

"Aye, Sir, I dare ſay that may be—but there is ſuch a thing as being un-married again;—not that I ever heard, I am ſure, much about the Captain; only Juſtina was laughing one day, and ſaying, in her broken Engliſh—ſo that I can't ſay I quite right underſtand her—that if my Lord ſhould die, and the Captain ſhould ever be able to get rid of his wife—ſhe ſhould not be much ſurpriſed if he and

my

my Lady was to make a match of it; for that never was ſuch a favourite as the Captain."

"I ſhould not be much ſurpriſed at that myſelf," anſwered Willoughby, "for I believe the Captain *has* a good deal of intereſt there —ſo, then, he has been trying to get rid of his wife?"

"Juſtina told me, Sir, one day, as a great ſecret, that my Lord had helped him to money, to try at it.—But, Sir, if Juſtina ſhould know I ever mentioned it, I ſhould never be able to get a word out of her again." "I promiſe thee, ſhe never ſhall—ſo tell me, Farnham, all thou haſt heard from her about Lady Caſtlenorth and the Captain."

"Why, Sir, it was not much—but only Juſtina was laughing t'other day about my Lady's having ſuch a great friendſhip for him, and there's no ſtopping her tongue when ſhe begins—ſo ſhe told me—Lord, Sir! a great many things that were odd enough to be ſure —but only Ladies of quality, I reckon, don't much care what people ſays of them.—She ſaid, that my Lady knew well enough, that my Lord could not hold it long—and that ſhe was providing herſelf with a handſome young

young huſband, and making ſure of him, as ſhe thought, before the old one hobbled off—but let her take care, ſaid Juſtina, that ſhe marries her daughter firſt, or I know what will happen.—The Captain knows well enough, that a young woman is better than an old one; and beſides, that ſuch a great fortune as my young lady will have, is better, twenty to one, than her mother's jointure."

This ſpeech at once opened Willoughby's eyes, as to Lady Caſtlenorth's motives for the extreme haſte and earneſtneſs ſhe had ſhewn to conclude her daughter's marriage; feeling as he did, in regard to Miſs Fitz-Hayman, he was ſenſible neither of jealouſy or mortification at the idea of any preference ſhe might entertain for Cavanaugh; but a hope, that, from this circumſtance, ſomething might happen to break off the connection for ever between him and his couſin involuntarily aroſe in his mind.—In any event, it ought to be attended to; he bade Farnham therefore go the next day, and ſee if he could ſet Juſtina goſſipping again—"I have a notion, Farnham," ſaid he, "that you are very much in the good graces of the little Neapolitan."

"Oh,

"Oh, no, Sir; finer fellows than I am have all the chance there—and for my part, Sir, I don't much fancy her, though ſhe is lively and ſmart, and when I get her by herſelf will tell the ſecrets of all the family."

"Which thou loveſt to hear; therefore get her by herſelf as ſoon as thou canſt, and make her tell thee all ſhe knows."

Willoughby then again tried to compoſe himſelf—and by the help of the medicines he had taken, obtained four or five hours ſleep.—He was a great deal better in the morning; as he breakfaſted, a note was brought him from Lady Caſtlenorth informing him that his uncle had been ſeized in the night with a violent return of that aſthmatic complaint which ſo frequently had rendered his ſtay in England impoſſible: that the ſpring, though far advanced, was ſo cold and wet, that there was no chance of his being better while he remained there now; and that therefore he had, by the advice of his phyſicians, and by his own inclination, determined to ſet out that very day for the continent. She added, "You will come to us, of courſe, inſtantly, and if you cannot go with us, ſettle when you will follow

us;

us; but your uncle wiſhes you to accompany us."

This intelligence was to Willoughby like a reprieve from what to him was worſe than death; ſince the longer he conſidered of his marriage, the more diſhonourable now, and the more certainly miſerable hereafter, it appeared to him. He wrote an haſty note, ſaying how ill he had been the whole night, and how impoſſible he feared it would be for him to ſee his uncle that day; but that, if his phyſician, whom he every moment expected, gave him leave to go out, he would certainly wait upon him.

This anſwer had not been diſpatched above an hour, and his medical friend had juſt left him, with a ſtrict injunction not to ſtir out that day, when Lady Caſtlenorth and Mrs. Calder entered his room.

"So, my dear Sir," cried the former—"what is to be done! Lord Caſtlenorth will be wretched to leave you behind—and my poor girl too!—What is this ſudden fever—you really look ill—I cannot imagine what is to be done—For my Lord to ſtay, he thinks it death."

Willoughby

Willoughby muttered ſomething which he meant ſhould expreſs concern at his uncles's illneſs; but Mrs. Calder fortunately precluded the neceſſity of his being very diſtinct in his hypocriſy, by ſtepping up to him, and taking his hand, "Come, come," ſaid ſhe, "let me feel your pulſe." She then gravely, counting its vibrations, as ſhe held her ſtop-watch, ſaid, "Why, really now, here is much leſs fever than I expected from your appearance—let us ſee your tongue.—Humph—'tis white to be ſure—Where are your medicines—I ſhould think if you were well wrapped up and put into a chair, you might go to your uncle without any danger—on ſuch an emergency, you know a little may be hazarded."

"No," ſaid Lady Caſtlenorth, "by no means; nothing muſt be hazarded—And after all, my Lord may make himſelf eaſy, as I dare ſay you will be able to overtake us before we get to Paris; where, if my Lord is better, and finds that relief he generally does from a change of air, we will ſtop till you join us: I think you will be perfectly reſtored in a week: but, however, I will go myſelf to Dr. B——, and hear what he ſays."

" Oh, I can tell you," interrupted Mrs. Calder, " that he'll be well, perfectly well, in leſs than a week.—I have been taſting his medicines, and underſtand clearly from them what Dr. B—— thinks of his fever—It was a mere ephemeris—of that be aſſured. . . ."

" Well," ſaid Lady Caſtlenorth, " my dear Willoughby, what ſhall we ſay?"

Willoughby was ready to anſwer—" Nothing more, good Madam:" but ſighing from a ſenſe of pain and reſtraint, he only replied, " that he could only ſay that he was very ſorry for his uncle's illneſs—and—"

" That you will haſten after us?—that, I think, I may venture to aſſure your uncle.—He was ſettling this morning that you ſhould be married in the Engliſh ambaſſador's chapel at Paris; and I really don't ſee myſelf that, upon the whole, theſe unlucky illneſſes of my Lord's and of your's need impede the affair a ſingle hour; all the difference will be, that you will be married at Paris, inſtead of at London, and we will paſs the reſt of the year in Italy inſtead of at Caſtlenorth."

" But the dear young Lady," cried Mrs. Calder,

Calder, "our ſweet and lovely child, how will ſhe bear even this tranſient ſeparation!"

"Indeed, I don't know," ſaid Lady Caſtlenorth, affecting to be quite ſympathetic—"but ſhe ſhall come, and bring the letter my Lord will have directed to be written with his laſt directions about the deeds and carriages; which our dear George muſt bring with him: and" added ſhe, ſmiling, "I fancy, upon the footing they are now, there will be no great indecorum in her coming to his lodgings."

Willoughby found immediately his fever returning, and that he ſhould have a terrible head-ach: he put up his hand to his temples—"I am obliged to your Ladyſhip," ſaid h in a languid voice; "and I wiſh this moſt oppreſſive head-ach of mine would——"

"What it aches now, does it?" ſaid Mrs Calder, "I wiſh Dr. B—— was here, I am ſure I could give him a hint or two on this caſe which might be of uſe to him."

"Let us go to him," interrupted Lady Caſtlenorth, "and talk to him about this ugly fever; and when we have found him, it will be time to return to my Lord, and to ſend

my daughter hither; for we think to ſleep at Rocheſter to-night."

Willoughby now bleſſing her for her haſte, made his compliments in a low voice; and ſtill complaining of his head—the Ladies departed.

They were no ſooner gone, than he tried to diſcover by what means he might beſt avoid receiving the favour of the viſit Lady Caſtlenorth had promiſed him from her daughter. He was aſhamed of the part he was acting, however ill and reluctantly he performed it. For the firſt time in his life his conduct was contrary to his ſenſe of honour, and, he was conſcious, altogether unworthy of him; and while he had thus betrayed himſelf, he was become the dupe of Lady Caſtlenorth, and perhaps was meant to be the dupe of Miſs Fitz-Hayman and their mutual favourite.—His pride, as well as his rectitude, revolted from the idea of carrying on this odious farce, which he now wondered what demon had tempted him, in the moment of paſſion and deſpair, to begin—and which he, however late, thought he ſhould now act more honourably in ending at once, than in ſuffering

it

it to proceed another day—He was, however, by no means able to determine, how he ſhould do this; and what he had moſt immediately to conſider was, how he ſhould eſcape the enquiry and adieu of the heireſs, which he might now every moment expect.

He at length determined to go to bed—and ſending again for his phyſician, who was very much his friend, acknowledge the truth to him, and get an abſolute prohibition againſt his ſeeing any body—He told Farnham, therefore, that he again felt himſelf extremely ill; and bade him immediately run for Dr. B——. Fortunately he met him in the next ſtreet; and in leſs than ten minutes he had received Willoughby's confeſſion, that all his illneſs, both before and ſince his return from abroad, had been owing to diſtreſs of mind, which he could now no longer hope would abate, by the neceſſity he had thought of putting himſelf under to conceal it—In ſhort, he owned that his diſlike to Miſs Fitz-Hayman, as a wife, was unconquerable; and that as he was determined at all events to break the treaty off, however far it had gone, and therefore entreated his friend to find ſome rea-

ſon for his evading an interview ſo uſeleſs and ſo irkſome, when it was impoſſible for him to continue acting a moment longer the part he had ſo raſhly undertaken, and yet did not mean, and eſpecially in the preſent condition of his uncle's health, abruptly and rudely to end it; but to ſoften, at leaſt to him, a diſappointment which he had thus rendered doubly heavy.

Dr. B—— entered at once into his meaning, —and, ſmiling, ſaid, "It is a little unuſual, my friend, for me to contrive an illneſs to ſeparate a lady from her lover, though I have been often aſked to make pretences for bringing them together.—However, the fact is, that you really are unfit to entertain the lady, for your fever is conſiderably increaſed ſince I ſaw you in the morning; and we ſee very plainly that any agitation is hazardous while you continue in this irritable ſtate:—I will therefore wait here and ſee Miſs Fitz-Hayman myſelf; and ſo contrive as to bring you off this time, and for the future you muſt manage it yourſelf."

"I am ſure you deſpiſe me, Doctor,"—cried Willoughby, "for the part I have acted in this curſed affair."

"No,"

"No," anſwered he, "not exactly ſo—But I own I think you wrong, inaſmuch as any kind of diſſimulation is unworthy of you; and above all, that which goes to rob a young woman of her heart under falſe pretences."

"But I hope I have not done that—for upon my honour, I ſhould never forgive myſelf, if I had."

It looks very like it, though, my friend, from your own account of the matter—And if it is ſo———

"You think I ought, at all events, to marry her?"

"Indeed I do."

"Alas, my dear Sir," ſaid Willoughby, "it is ſurely better for me—even more honourable, to decline her hand now, than to accept it and make her miſerable."

"I don't believe you could make any woman miſerable," anſwered Dr. B——, "becauſe you have good nature, honour, and generoſity—but, my dear Sir, I did not mean to play the caſuiſt in ſuch an affair—and here—if I am not miſtaken, is the lady herſelf at the door."

"Dear Doctor," cried Willoughby, "have

the goodneſs to go down directly." He immediately obeyed—and returning in a few moments, ſaid, "Well, I have ſent away the diſconſolate fair one—broken hearted—for fear of loſing her love."

"Don't rally me, my friend,"—anſwered Willoughby,—"But tell me, did my couſin appear very much concerned?"

"She endeavoured at leaſt to appear ſo."

"Do you think, then, it was merely endeavour?"

"Would you not be mortified, now, if I ſaid it ſeemed ſo to me?"

"No, upon my honour—I might perhaps be mortified to find that I was believed to be an eaſy ſubject of impoſition—but for the reſt—nothing would be a greater relief to me, than to be well aſſured that the partiality my couſin ſhewed for me was either never real, or, having been ſo, exiſts no longer."

"I don't know her enough," replied Dr. B——, "nor have I been long enough talking to her now to be a very good judge.—The honeſteſt of them, my friend, are not eaſily underſtood—and I am much miſtaken if your fair relation comes under that deſcription.—

tion.—I mean, when I ſay honeſteſt—the moſt candid—the moſt ſincere."

"Well! but what do you judge, from her behaviour, juſt now, are Miſs Fitz-Hayman's ſentiments towards me?"

"She would have me believe, I think, that they are thoſe of great attachment and trembling apprehenſion for your health—But ſomehow, it was, I fancied, a ſort of concern that had more ſtage effect for its object, than real concern ever thinks about—and I do believe, that if you *do* prove a perjured ſwain after all, the heireſs of Caſtlenorth will not add to the ſorrowful catalogue of damſels who have died for love."

Willoughby, glad to hear this, now readily promiſed a ready acquieſcence with his friend's orders, which were to keep his mind as quiet as he could, and to ſee nobody till he had quite conquered his remaining indiſpoſition; and the Doctor then took his leave.

In leſs than two hours, a large pacquet came to him from Lord Caſtlenorth—which Willoughby ſent word down to the man who brought it, that he was then too ill to open—On Farnham's delivering this meſſage, the

ſervant ſaid, that no anſwer then was required, for that his lord and lady, their daughter, Mrs. Calder, and Captain Cavanaugh, had all departed, with the ſervants who were immediately about them, the very moment he came away, and were then, in two poſt coaches and four, on their way to Rocheſter.

Willoughby felt for a moment as much relieved by this intelligence, as if half his troubles had been removed by their departure.—Too ſoon, however, this temporary reſpite ended, by his recollecting how much he muſt yet encounter before he could feel himſelf free; and that whatever freedom he might regain, Celeſtina would be another's.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VII.

IN the mean time Celeſtina was alone at Cheltenham, indulging that regret which aroſe from the certain loſs of Willoughby's friendſhip, and the aſſurance that ſhe ſhould ſee him no more.—Every day ſhe expected to ſee in the newſpapers, or to hear from Lady Horatia, that he was married—and though ſhe tried to reaſon herſelf into a calm acquieſcence with what was unavoidable, ſhe never opened a paper or a letter without trembling.

But her own unhappineſs prevented her not from feeling for the unhappineſs of her friends. The letter ſhe had received from Emily Cathcart had made a great impreſſion upon her—though ſhe knew not how it would be proper to act to anſwer the views of the writer.—At length

length ſhe determined to write to Mrs. Elphinſtone, and encloſe the letter itſelf—and this ſhe did a few days after ſhe was ſettled at Cheltenham.

Almoſt every poſt brought her accounts of the amendment of Montague Thorold, from Lady Horatia, who viſited him conſtantly—and in almoſt every letter ſhe expreſſed, either plainly or by implication, her expectations that Celeſtina would attend to the wiſhes of all her friends, and give him her hand immediately on his recovery.—This repeated importunity from a perſon to whoſe wiſhes, and for whoſe opinion ſhe felt ſo much deference to be due, was infinitely painful to her; but how to eſcape from it ſhe knew not.—If ſhe quitted Lady Horatia ſhe had no proper protection—no home to receive her—and though her little income had hitherto more than ſufficed to ſupport her while with ſuch a friend, and though ſhe had received about an hundred pounds from Cathcart, paid her by the directions of Willoughby while he was abroad, which yet remained almoſt untouched, yet on ſuch a ſum, and on the intereſt of fifteen hundred pounds,

ſhe

ſhe could not, with any degree of prudence, adopt the plan on which her imagination had lately dwelt with peculiar pleaſure—that of ſetting out alone, or with only a female ſervant, and travelling through France. She fancied that there ſhe might be enabled, though ſhe had yet no clue to guide her, to find ſome traces of her family.—An invincible inclination, which ſhe ſometimes took for the inſpiration of heaven, had been for ſome weeks gaining on her imagination—and every thing ſeemed to encourage it; but reaſon and prudence, both of which were perhaps decidedly in favour of her accepting the proper eſtabliſhment offered her, by a man who had not only given ſo many proofs of his ſincere and tender affection for her, but who was the ſon of one of her beſt friends, and avowedly recommended to her by another—a man too whom ſhe preferred to every other perſon except Willoughby, and whom ſhe would have choſen had Willoughby never been in queſtion.

For her it was very certain that he was in queſtion no longer; he was in fact dead to her—and no probability remained of his ever feeling

feeling for her even the regret that the loſs of an agreeable acquaintance might have given him.—But ſtill her heart and her imagination had been ſo long accuſtomed to conſider him as their firſt object, that ſhe found it impoſſible for her to transfer to another the ſame attachment; and without being ſenſible of love ſhe could not promiſe it—ſhe deſired nothing but to be permitted to live ſingle; and be miſtreſs of her time and herſelf—and not to be importuned to undertake duties which her heart told her ſhe could not conſcientiouſly fulfil.

But ſhe foreſaw too evidently, that while ſhe remained in her preſent ſituation, and Lady Horatia continued ſo eager for the match, her life muſt paſs in a continual conflict between her wiſh to gratify her friend, and her diſinclination to marriage. At her time of life, profeſſions of a reſolution to remain ſingle were merely laughed at, and never believed; and Montague Thorold had never hitherto conſidered her gentle refuſals and friendly admonitions to deſiſt, but as being in reality as much encouragement as ſhe could give him, while her ſituation in regard

to

to Willoughby remained ſo awkwardly undecided—that while he might renounce the name of lover, he might ſtill aſſume that of a near relation, and have the power of controuling or at leaſt of directing her.

Now that it was decided, beyond a doubt, that he neither meant to avail himſelf of either the one or the other, ſhe ſaw that ſhe had nothing to urge in ſupport of her refuſal which would be liſtened to; and while her mind dwelt on all the friendly but ſtill irkſome controverſy in which ſhe muſt of neceſſity be engaged when Lady Horatia and Thorold came down, it of courſe adverted to the means of relief, which could, ſhe thought, be obtained only by her quitting England—and for her doing ſo, her natural deſire to diſcover her parents was, ſhe thought, a ſufficient excuſe.

In her preſent ſolitude ſhe found ſo much to ſoothe and conſole her, that ſhe longed for nothing ſo much as the power of enjoying it, and at the ſame time wandering through various countries, and particularly through that which ſhe had been taught to conſider as her own. The longer ſhe thought of this plan, the more agree-

agreeable it became to her imagination; and ſhe paſſed many hours every day in reading travels through France, Italy, and Switzerland, ſtill humouring this viſionary idea till it had acquired the force of a *preſentiment*; a perſuaſion that could ſhe go to the South of France ſhe ſhould find her family.

Of this ſhe continually thought: of this ſhe continually dreamed; and though one great motive that would have urged her to attempt it, the poſſibility of being reſtored to Willoughby was at an end, ſhe ſtill determined to execute this plan before the ſummer elapſed.

She had indeed nothing but her gratitude and attachment to Lady Horatia to detain her in England—ſhe could not go to Jeſſy, becauſe it was ſo near Alveſtone; nor enjoy the friendly and inſtructive converſation of Mr. Thorold, becauſe of the unfortunate partiality of his ſon.—The ſole remaining friend of her childhood, Lady Molyneux, was not merely eſtranged from her, but had invariably treated her with negligence, ſcorn, and contempt.—To England therefore ſhe had at leaſt no friends who attached her—the whole world was her country; and with that reſtleſſneſs

to

to which the unhappy are ſubject, ſhe fancied that in any part of it ſhe ſhould find more ſatisfaction than in her preſent ſituation.

By her wandering continually alone in the pleaſant country that ſurrounded the town where ſhe reſided, at a ſeaſon too when the face of nature was every day growing more lovely, her talent for poetry, which ſometimes remained for whole months unexerciſed, was again called forth; but whatever were the objects really before her, whatever were preſented to her mind by books, Willoughby was ever the principal figure in the landſcape.—If ſhe ſat on the green hill, as ſhe often did for hours together, loſt in mournful yet not unpleaſing reverie, it was only to recollect ſcenes that were paſſed; which the ſame ſounds ſhe had then heard, the ſimple ſheep-bell, the early ſong of birds; the ſame ſcenes of freſh turf and wild flowers, brought again moſt forcibly to her recollection.

If in her reading, ſhe was by the traveller's lively deſcription of the countries he had paſſed through, to fancy herſelf there, ſhe reverted inſtantly to the delight ſhe ſhould have

felt

felt could ſhe in a progreſs through ſuch romantic ſcenes have been the companion of Willoughby; and it was in this diſpoſition of mind, that after peruſing an account of a cottage and its inhabitants overwhelmed by the fall of an avalanche, a great body of ſnow from the mountain above, ſhe compoſed the following little lyric poem.

THE PEASANT OF THE ALPS.

WHERE cliffs ariſe by Winter crown'd,
And through dark groves of pine around,
Down the deep chaſms, the ſnow-fed torrents foam,
Within ſome hollow, ſhelter'd from the ſtorms,
The PEASANT of the ALPS his cottage forms,
And builds his humble, happy home.

Unenvied is the rich domain,
That far beneath him on the plain,
Waves its wide harveſts and its olive groves,
More dear to him his hut, with plantain thatch'd,
Where long his unambitious heart attach'd,
Finds all he wiſhes, all he loves.

There

There dwells the miſtreſs of his heart,
And *love*, who teaches every art,
Has bid him dreſs the ſpot with fondeſt care;
When borrowing from the vale its fertile ſoil,
He climbs the precipice with patient toil,
To plant her favorite flow'rets there.

With native ſhrubs, an hardy race,
There the green myrtle finds a place,
And roſes there, the dewy leaves decline;
While from the craggs abrupt and tangled ſteeps,
With bloom and fruit the Alpine berry peeps,
And bluſhing, mingles with the vine.

His garden's ſimple produce ſtored,
Prepar'd for him by hands adored,
Is all the little luxury he knows;
And by the ſame dear hands are ſoftly ſpread,
The Chamois' velvet ſpoil that forms the bed,
Where in her arms he finds repoſe.

But abſent from the calm abode,
Dark thunder gathers round his road,
Wild raves the wind, the arrowy lightnings flaſh,
Returning quick the murmuring rocks among,
His faint heart trembling as he winds along;
Alarm'd!——he liſtens to the craſh

Of rifted ice!—Oh, man of woe!
O'er his dear cot—a maſs of ſnow,
By the ſtorm ſever'd from the cliff above,
Has fallen——and buried in its marble breaſt,
All that for him—loſt wretch—the world poſſeſt,
His home, his happineſs, his love!

Aghaſt

Aghaſt the heart-ſtruck mourner ſtands,
Glaz'd are his eyes—convuls'd his hands,
O'erwhelming anguiſh checks his labouring breath;
Cruſh'd by deſpair's intolerable weight,
Frantic he ſeeks the mountain's giddieſt height,
And headlong ſeeks relief in death.

A fate too ſimilar is mine,
But I—in lingering pain repine,
And ſtill my loſt felicity deplore;
Cold, cold to me is that dear breaſt become,
Where this poor heart had fondly fix'd its home,
And love and happineſs are mine no more.

While Celeſtina was thus, with more tenderneſs than diſcretion, cheriſhing the memory of the friend ſhe had loſt, Willoughby was very differently occupied from what her imagination ſuggeſted.—Inſtead of being the gay and fortunate lover, on the eve of marrying one of the greateſt heireſſes in England, he was ſuffering in his perſonal health, from the anxiety of a mind at war with itſelf—and certain of nothing but that for him the world no longer contained any happineſs.—The intelligence, however vague, and like the common goſſiping ſtories ſo uſual among ſervants, that he had received from Farnham, had made a great

a great impreſſion, which what he afterwards gathered from the ſame quarter had increaſed. Juſtina had told Farnham, as a ſecret however of the firſt importance, that Captain Cavanaugh had been of late in the habit of being admitted to her young lady's dreſſing-room after Lady Caſtlenorth and the family were retired, however late the hour might be—that her young lady was obliged to entruſt her with theſe viſits, that they might be more ſecurely concealed from the reſt of the family; but that ſometimes ſhe had been diſmiſſed to bed, and ſometimes ordered to wait till he retired.—That on ſome of thoſe occaſions ſhe obſerved her young lady had been crying, by the redneſs of her eyes; and that then the Captain had always left her with the air of a man much offended.—That ſhe had ſometimes heard them talk in voices as if they were arguing upon ſomething, but could never diſtinctly underſtand what their converſation was about.—"They were in ſad fright always," ſaid Juſtina, "That Miladi hear them.—Miladi knows not at all what goes on in this houſe."—"And my lady, I ſuppoſe,"

ſaid

ſaid Farnham, " would be in a horrible paſſion if ſhe heard of it?" " Oh, for me", replied ſhe, , " I could not ſtay if ſhe did find it out."—" But why," enquired Farnham, " why, if your young lady likes the Captain ſo as to have him keep company with her in this manner, what does ſhe mean by marrying my maſter?" Juſtina then, with an arch look, anſwered, " Oh, my good friend, the Captain has one wife already; and why ſhould not my young lady have one huſband?—The Captain will be her Ceciſbeo—cavalier ſervante."—" I don't underſtand your French out-of-the-way names," replied Farnham; " but I am ſure, that if your lady marries my maſter only to play ſuch pranks as ſome other fine ladies do, ſhe will get into a bad ſcrape—for he is not a man to be quiet when ſuch ſort of doings are a-going on, that I can tell her—and if ſhe don't love him better than any other man, I think ſhe had much better ſay ſo."—" Oh, ſilly man,"—anſwered Juſtina—" as if my young lady could not have a regard for both of them!"—" Aye, aye," replied Farnham, " that may do well enough in your country—but it will never do here."—

Juſtina

Juſtina now, afraid that Farnham's zeal for his maſter would perhaps urge him to reveal the dangerous ſecret with which ſhe had thus entruſted him, began to ſoften the harſheſt features of it; by ſaying, that ſhe believed there was no harm at all in the friendſhip between her young lady and Captain Cavanaugh—that to be ſure, the Captain was a ſweet handſome man, and very agreeable—and therefore her young lady liked to talk with him, which ſhe never could do when her mother was by; as ſhe never ſuffered him to ſpeak hardly to any body elſe—and that it was natural enough for her lady to like the Captain, and have a regard for him, becauſe ſhe had known him ſo long.—She ended her converſation with exacting from Farnham a promiſe that he would never mention a ſyllable to any body of what ſhe had told him; a promiſe which he kept, however, only till he could reveal it all to his maſter.

Willoughby had, after receiving this information, no longer a doubt as to breaking off inſtantly his propoſed alliance; but how, without plunging a dagger in the heart of his uncle,

uncle, to do this, required ſome conſideration.—Lord Caſtlenorth had ſent him full directions as to paying off all the incumbrances upon his eſtate, and depoſited the money at a banker's, where he had alſo left a large ſum for his own uſe; and expecting him to join the family at Paris, if he did not overtake them ſooner; and was now pleaſing himſelf with the idea, that in a very few days the favourite project of his life would be completed; and that in adopting the ſon of his ſiſter, and uniting him with his daughter, he ſhould tranſmit his name and his honours to poſterity with little variation from lineal deſcent—It was this hope, that ſeemed to have ſuſtained his feeble exiſtence to its preſent period, in ſpite of the numerous infirmities he laboured under, and even of the preſcriptions and nurſing of Mrs. Calder—And though it was impoſſible for Willoughby either to love or eſteem ſuch a man as Lord Caſtlenorth, yet he felt for him ſome regard, as his mother's brother, and ſome pity not only for his real but his imaginary ſufferings, which he knew muſt be dreadfully increaſed, and perhaps

haps become fatal, from ſo heavy a diſappointment of all his expectations.

He heſitated, then, how to act; whether to write or go to him—or whether he ſhould not rather addreſs himſelf to Lady Caſtlenorth or her daughter; and for two days after their departure, had been unable to reſolve on any thing, when a porter, who immediately diſappeared, gave to the ſervant of the houſe a letter for him.—It was evidently written in a foreign hand, and in a foreign idiom—though pains ſeemed to have been taken to diſguiſe both——The contents were theſe:

"SIR,

"One who is and will always be a ſtranger to you, takes the liberty to approach you with this advice ſo important to you—and fearing it may be ſoon too late——

"You are, Sir, on the point of being married, as the report goes, to the daughter of Lord Caſtlenorth, Miſs Fitz-Hayman, your relation—I have cauſe to know that her heart is belonging to another perſon, and only chagrin and inquietude will be the effect, if you execute this marriage, whatever may have

ſeemed to the contrary.—If there is any doubt of the truth of this, a little obſervation, or making enquiry among thoſe near her, will explain what I would ſay: and if there is queſtion of the perſon ſhe has a great friendſhip for, you have only to think of thoſe who are always with her. A word they ſay to the wiſe is enough for them to underſtand—I have the honour to be,

"With profound reſpect,

"Sir,

"Your devoted ſervant,

"Unknown."

Willoughby had no ſooner read this letter, than it ſtruck him that it was written either by Cavanaugh himſelf, or by ſome perſon employed by him—and his motive evidently was to prevent a marriage he now ſaw ſo nearly concluded, and which would deſtroy all his hopes of ſecuring to himſelf this opulent heireſs—rather than her mother, whoſe laviſh fondneſs for him had enabled him—by ſome means or other—it was probable they were not very juſtifiable means, to releaſe himſelf

himſelf from his former engagements—engagements which, with far other views, ſhe had aſſiſted him to diſſolve.

Many concurring circumſtances ſtrengthened the perſuaſion that this letter was fabricated, if not written, by Cavanaugh.—It ſeemed to be the tranſlation of a letter firſt written in French, and Willoughby had heard that Cavanaugh could not write Engliſh with facility from long diſuſe.—It was certainly Cavanaugh's intereſt, by any means, to ſtop the marriage between him and Miſs Fitz-Hayman, which perhaps no means could have done more effectually; ſince from the tears ſhe had frequently been obſerved by Juſtina to ſhed in their long conferences, it was probable his arguments had failed of their effect.

If Willoughby had before felt ſomething like antipathy towards Miſs Fitz-Hayman, which he never could wholly conquer, he now found it amounting to abhorrence and deteſtation.—The love ſhe had ſhewn towards him muſt either have been the effect of art or of vice—and both were to him equally odious. That ſhe could hope to impoſe upon him by

the one, or think him a proper object for the indulgence of the other, were ideas equally hateful and equally humiliating; and under the firſt impulſe of indignation, he was tempted to write to her, and, incloſing the letter from his anonymous correſpondent, add to it all the circumſtances Farnham had learned of Juſtina, as reaſons why he renounced her with contempt.

But after a little reflection, his manly and generous ſpirit inſpired him with far other deſigns.—It was poſſible, that his couſin, whom he now conſidered with as much diſlike, but with more compaſſion, might yet be ſaved from the artifices of a villain—and he thought himſelf bound to attempt it by every exertion, except the ſacrifice of himſelf in marriage. It was poſſible that his uncle, though he could not make that ſacrifice to gratify him, might yet be in ſome degree preſerved from the dreadful ſhock which his daughter's conduct muſt give him, were it deſcribed to him in the horrid light he himſelf now ſaw it in; or revealed to him by any one leſs cautious than himſelf. Diſtreſſing, therefore, as the ſcenes muſt be that he ſhould have

have to go through, when inſtead of joining the family, to complete his marriage, he ſhould meet them with thoſe charges which put an end to it for ever; he determined to follow them immediately; and writing to Cathcart ſuch inſtructions as were moſt requiſite, as to the management of his affairs, and without hinting how different the purpoſe of his journey was from what it was ſuppoſed to be, he departed as ſoon as his phyſician diſmiſſed him, for the Continent; which was in ſomething more than a week after the Caſtlenorths had left London.

Every body concluded that he was gone to his bride,; and every body's conjectures remained uncontradicted—Lady Horatia, in her letters to Celeſtina, told her, that Lord Caſtlenorth's illneſs having obliged him to quit England, on a very ſhort notice, Willoughby and Miſs Fitz-Hayman had been privately warned the day before they ſet out; that ſome buſineſs, as to his eſtates, detained him afterwards five or ſix days in London; but that he was now gone to the Caſtlenorth family at Paris, and was to proceed with them to paſs the ſummer in Italy. The ſame account found its way into the

public prints, and was received without any doubt.—Celeſtina ſhed many tears over the firſt information ſhe received, and then accuſing herſelf of folly, tried to dry them, and to detach her mind from thinking of Willoughby—but this no effort enabled her to do; and though all anxiety was now loſt in the moſt painful certainty, ſhe ſunk from fruitleſs ſolicitude into hopeleſs dejection.

In ſuch a frame of mind Lady Horatia found her—when after a ſeparation of about three weeks, ſhe rejoined her at Cheltenham. With her arrived Montague Thorold, quite recovered of his wound, deriving from it, and from his thus being allowed to attend Celeſtina, more hope than ever; while his love ſeemed to have increaſed, if to increaſe were poſſible; and while his ſufferings and his merit certainly rendered him intereſting to Celeſtina, and combined to entitle him to her friendſhip, her pity, and eſteem; ſhe felt, and felt with regret, that, decided as ſhe believed her fate now to be in regard to Willoughby—friendſhip, eſteem, and pity, were yet all ſhe could give to Montague Thorold.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VIII.

WILLOUGHBY, with every ſenſation that could render ſuch a journey unpleaſant, proceeded to Paris, where he learned that his uncle impatiently waited for him;—had he gone immediately to him, he muſt have cruſh'd at once, all the expectations his appearance raiſed: and the ſhock muſt have been too great and too cruel. He determined at firſt, therefore, to write to Lady Caſtlenorth—yet after ſome reflection, doubted whether it would not be better to give the letter he had received to Miſs Fitz-Hayman; and leave it to her to find the means of diſmiſſing him, without his being compelled to aſſign the true reaſon. It was ſtill poſſible that the charges againſt her might be unfounded or exaggerated.

It was poſſible, that were they neither, he might reſcue her from the abyſs to which ſhe ſeemed to be devoting herſelf.—But, from the pride and violence of her temper, and from that imperious ſpirit, which had never yet borne to be told of an error, he not only felt great uneaſineſs from the idea of the ſcene that was before him, but doubted whether the perſon for whoſe ſake he was willing to encounter it, would not baffle all his endeavours to reſcue her from evil, or conceal her errors by clamour and reſentment.

After ſome deliberation, however, as it was neceſſary to fix on ſomething, he wrote a ſhort note to Miſs Fitz-Hayman, deſiring ſhe would favour him with a few moment's converſation; and entreating her, for reaſons he would then explain to her, not to inform Lord or Lady Caſtlenorth of his arrival at Paris, till after he had ſeen her.

This note he ſent by Farnham to Juſtina, to be delivered to her miſtreſs; and received in a ſhort time an anſwer, that ſhe ſhould be alone that evening at ten o'clock, and that Juſtina ſhould conduct him to her, in her own dreſſing room.

He

He found her ſitting alone; and, under the appearance of receiving him with pleaſure, there was, he thought, a lurking apprehenſion of the occaſion of this myſterious viſit.—He felt himſelf extremely diſtreſſed how to open ſuch a converſation; but the conſciouſneſs of rectitude, and ſome degree of indignant reſentment, immediately reſtored that calmneſs and reſolution, which on his firſt entrance he feared he might fail of commanding.

He began by apologizing for the liberty he had taken in thus ſoliciting an interview with her, before he ſaw the other parts of the family. "But, I am perſuaded, Madam," continued he, advancing towards her, with the letter open in his hand, "that whatever foundation there may be for the aſſertion which this letter contains, it will be leſs uneaſy to you to read it yourſelf—than to have any appeal made on it to Lord and Lady Caſtlenorth."—She took the letter with an air of mingled aſtoniſhment and indignation; but Willoughby ſaw it tremble in her hand—"a letter, Sir, in which mention is made of me! —I am really quite at a loſs to know what there can be in it, that I ſhould, in your

opinion, wiſh to have it concealed"—" It is not long, Madam," " ſaid Willoughby, fixing his eyes on her face; " and if you will have the goodneſs to read it"—" Oh, certainly, Sir" —She ran her eyes over it, and as he attentively watched her countenance, he ſaw pride ſtruggling to conquer fear and ſhame, and with ſome degree of ſucceſs; for having read it, ſhe paufed a moment, and then aſſuming an air of haughty reſentment, ſhe threw the letter on the table that was between her and Willoughby—and ſaid, contemptuouſly, " I know not whether moſt to deſpiſe the Author of ſuch a letter, or the man who—if indeed he is not included in both deſcriptions—can poorly make it a pretence for inſulting a perſon, who has already been too much his victim "—" Pardon me, Madam," ſaid Willoughby, " for interrupting you; but I muſt take leave to ſay, that I am included in neither—a moment's reflection will convince you that I am incapable of the latter; and had the former been my object, I ſhould not have choſen this method of ſhewing this extraordinary billet to you; nor thus put it in your power to detect the author, without any hazard

zard to yourſelf of having his charges believed. Miſs Fitz-Hayman, I will be very ingenuous with you:—the perſon here alluded to, is Captain Cavanaugh—I know it: I know that the partiality, whether real or affected, with which you have appeared to favour me, has been ſuperſeded by his more eminent merit; and, though I am very willing to relinquiſh all proſpect of an honour of which I am unworthy—I cannot feel much ſatisfaction, in reflecting on the idea you ſeemed to have entertained of my facility or blindneſs;—nor, indeed, can I, without regret, ſee you likely to——"

"Say, rather, Sir," interrupted Miſs Fitz-Hayman—"Say, rather, that you rejoice in having found, or made, an excuſe to break through the promiſes you have given—from which, however, Sir, you would have been releaſed without degrading yourſelf by this poor and unmanly artifice.—The daughter of Lord Caſtlenorth need not, ſurely, ſolicit the hand of any man." Pride and anger now choaked her utterance; and Willoughby, taking advantage of her want of words, again ſeized the opportunity to ſpeak; he took her hand, which

which ſhe would have ſnatched from him, but he continued to detain it, while in the gentleſt accents of friendly remonſtrance, he ſaid, "Come, come, my dear couſin—if I am not your lover—at leaſt, I can never be your enemy.—For Heaven's ſake be not your own; confide in me, and believe that I will rather take the blame and inconvenience of our ſeparation on myſelf than ſuffer you to incur either with your father—you cannot ſuppoſe, I truſt you do not even wiſh, I ſhould proceed farther in forming the alliance that brought me hither, knowing what I know."

"And what do you know, Sir; and from whom have you obtained this knowledge?"

"From ſources, which render it impoſſible that I ſhould be miſtaken—Captain Cavanaugh."

He was proceeding; but, either from the tone in which he ſpoke or ſome other circumſtance which at that moment ſtruck her; ſhe was ſuddenly impreſſed with a fear that he had been calling Cavanaugh himſelf to an account; who, as it happened, had not that day dined with them.—This idea threw her inſtantly off her guard—ſhe turned pale, and aſked in

an

an altered and tremulous tone—" what he meant by theſe ſources of information?"

Willoughby ſaw immediately what ſhe believed; and the truth of the information he had received from Juſtina was evident beyond a doubt. Her fears for her own reputation, or of the anger of her father, ſhe could conquer; but the moment ſhe apprehended that the life of Cavanaugh either had been, or might be hazarded, her fortitude failed her. It was now the moment to purſue the truth, which Willoughby, by ſoothing her, while he kept the idea of her lover's danger in view, at length with great difficulty, obtained, by her half indignant, half contrite avowal—that Cavanaugh had been a too ſucceſsful candidate for her heart—and that her father and her mother's eager wiſhes, together with ſome other motives, which Willoughby diſcerned, through the confuſion and agitation with which ſhe attempted to palliate or conceal them, had prompted her to affect for him a paſſion ſhe had not felt ſince ſhe had been in the habits of liſtening to Cavanaugh.

Willoughby looked back with terror to the danger he had eſcaped—and with infinite pity, mingled

mingled with leſs gentle emotions, caſt his eyes again on his couſin; he found her ſo deeply entangled by the art of Cavanaugh, that to ſave her from him, was no longer in his power; but it was poſſible perhaps to take upon himſelf the anger and indignation of Lord and Lady Caſtlenorth, and give her time to arrange her own plans, by immediately withdrawing in ſilence; though, how any comfortable arrangement could be made for her, with a man who was underſtood to be already married, he knew not; nor how Lady Caſtlenorth would bear ſo cruel a blow, as the preference thus given to her daughter by a man whom ſhe certainly had intended as ſucceſſor to her preſent huſband, whenever his infirmities ſhould releaſe her. When the firſt tumult of thoſe paſſions, which fear, ſhame, and love, had excited in the boſom of Miſs Fitz-Hayman, ſubſided, by the kind and conſiderate arguments of Willoughby, ſhe became able to talk with ſome degree of calmneſs on the ſubject; and he found that from the laſt renewal of their acquaintance with Captain Cavanaugh, this deſign had been certainly entertained by Lady Caſtlenorth; but that, on his

his part, no other advantage had been taken of her extreme partiality towards him, than to obtain, by her means, money to enable him to proſecute a divorce from his wife—a young woman whom he had married ſome years before for the ſake of ſome fortune, and a great deal of beauty, which ſhe then poſſeſſed.—Having in two or three years diſſipated the former, he left her to make what advantage ſhe could of the latter; and had never troubled himſelf about her ſince, till his reception in the family of Lord Caſtlenorth opened to him proſpects of carrying off the rich heireſs—and made him deſirous of obtaining a diſſolution of his marriage, for which his wife's ill conduct, though entirely owing to his deſertion of her, gave him a very good pretence. Much of this Willoughby learned from various little circumſtances which eſcaped Miſs Fitz-Hayman in this long converſation; for her repreſentation of him was, that of the moſt amiable and unfortunate of men; married early in life to a woman inſenſible of his merit; and now rendered unhappy by a paſſion for another object, whom he had long ſeen on the point of being

being given to a rival, who ſaw her with very different eyes.

Willoughby could not, without aſtoniſhment, obſerve the blind infatuation of a woman, poſſeſſed of rather a good underſtanding: but he found that the art of Cavanaugh, to the ſucceſs of which his very handſome figure had undoubtedly contributed, had ſo completely attained the government of Miſs Fitz-Hayman's mind, that ſhe no longer ſaw but with his eyes; and that while, to prevent any ſuſpicion on the part of her mother, ſhe had been ſuffered to affect a degree of affection for Willoughby, which had long ſince ceaſed—Cavanaugh truſted to his reluctance to delay a marriage, which it was eaſy to ſee he dreaded; and hoped that the divorce would be obtained before that reluctance would be conquered—he found, however, that Willoughby ſuddenly agreed to haſten it; and then it was that, in his conference with her, after the reſt of the family were in bed, he urged her to find delays; and to procraſtinate, herſelf, a period, to the arrival of which Willoughby no longer ſeemed averſe.—Her tears, and the alarm in which Juſtina had obſerved her, were the effects

of

of the earneſtneſs and impetuoſity with which Cavanaugh now preſſed the neceſſity of her doing this; and the alternative he ſometimes offered her, of declaring to Willoughby himſelf, the footing upon which he was with her.—Her father's illneſs, fortunately for her, intervened; and now Cavanaugh was every hour in hopes that he ſhould be ſet free from his matrimonial engagements—and poſſeſs himſelf of the prize ſo long the object of his ambition, and the end of all his deſigns.

Miſs Fitz-Hayman and Willoughby now were to diſcuſs the means by which, with the leaſt prejudice to her, their intended union could then be broken off.—The lady, though ſhe did not ingenuouſly own it, had many reaſons for accepting, unconditionally, her couſin's generous offer, to take the whole burthen of their diſpleaſure upon himſelf.—She knew, not only the extravagant and furious paſſions which any ſuſpicion of its real cauſe would excite in her mother, but ſhe was aware of the increaſing fondneſs of her father for his nephew; and apprehended, that if he appeared the injured and forſaken perſon, that fondneſs might urge him to make him

him amends, by giving him a part of the great ſums and eſtates that were in his own power—and this, rich as ſhe would ſtill have been, ſhe had not any diſpoſition to promote.

After ſome debate, then, in what way Willoughby ſhould excuſe himſelf, and his rejection (on account of their falſehood) of ſome method which Miſs Fitz-Hayman propoſed; he at length determined to write to Lady Caſtlenorth, ſtating ſimply, that he had changed his mind, and found it impoſſible to fulfil his engagements: and leave it to her to break it to her Lord as ſhe thought proper; for he imagined any letter from himſelf might be a ſtill ſeverer ſhock, unleſs he could aſſign better reaſons than any it was poſſible for him to offer.

This point being ſettled, Miſs Fitz-Hayman retired to recover herſelf from the effects of the ſcene ſhe had paſſed through; and to ſtudy her part in thoſe that were to come.—Willoughby returned, unſeen by all but Juſtina, to his hotel; where he compoſed a ſhort note to the purport they had agreed upon: and early the next morning he ſet out on horſe-

horſeback for Lyons, from whence he intended to proceed, along the coaſt of the Mediterranean, to the Pyrenees, and to paſs ſome weeks among thoſe mountains which he had never yet ſeen.

The recent and extraordinary events that had befallen him, gave his mind ſufficient ſubject for contemplation, during the firſt part of his journey.—It was now very certain that he was for ever releaſed, and that by means which left him nothing to reproach himſelf with, from his engagement with Miſs Fitz-Hayman, and of courſe from that promiſe to his mother, in conſequence of which thoſe engagements were made.—One great objection, then, to his union with Celeſtina was thus removed; and never did her image more tenderly occupy his thoughts than at this moment: but, alas! it was no longer cheriſhed with delight. The myſtery that clouded her birth, and which he deſpaired of ever removing, empoiſoned the pleaſure with which he would have thought of her; and with yet greater bitterneſs, he adverted to the probability there was that ſhe was now the wife of another.

Very

Very certain that he ſhould now never find that happineſs of which her loſs had deprived him, the leſſer evils—evils from which, a few years before, he would have ſhrunk with diſmay, ſeemed to have loſt their effect.—It was almoſt impoſſible for him, without injuſtice to others and uneaſineſs to himſelf, to keep ſuch a place as Alveſtone, in the preſent ſhattered ſtate of his fortune; and reſolving to diſembarraſs himſelf from the neceſſity of returning to England, for ſome years, he wrote from Lyons, to Cathcart, giving him directions to put the eſtate to ſale: and at the ſame time informed the banker, in whoſe hands Lord Caſtlenorth had left money for the diſcharge of all his incumbrances, that he ſhould not avail himſelf of it; but that it muſt be replaced to his uncle's account.

Having thus looſened almoſt every tie that connected him with England, from which he did not wiſh even to hear, leſt the information of Celeſtina's marriage ſhould reach him,

"The World was all before him where to chuſe;"

and

and his utmoſt hope was, to obtain, by change of place, ſo much tranquillity of mind, as to allow him to feel ſome ſatisfaction in the variety of the ſcenes it offered.

He journeyed from Lyons to Avignon; and then proceeded along the coaſt, by Bezieres and Mirepoix, into Rouſſillon: intereſted by the grandeur and beauty of theſe remains of Roman antiquity which he ſaw in his way; ſtill more charmed by the ſublime views, which, in this romantic line of country, every where offered themſelves to his ſight; and hearing, and *but* hearing, at a diſtance, the tumults, with which a noble ſtruggle for freedom at this time (the ſummer of 1789) agitated the capital, and many of the great towns of France, till, among the wild and ſtupendous ſcenes which he at length reached, even this faint murmur died away.

In one of the cottages ſcattered at the foot of Montlouis, he found a young mountaineer, acquainted with all the paſſes of the Pyrenees: he was there only for a few days, on his way back from Perpignan to his home, in the Vallée de Louron, and on Willoughby propoſing

poſing it to him, he moſt willingly undertook to be his guide through the mountains.

Willoughby had left his horſes at Perpignan, and his preſent equipage conſiſted only of Farnham, carrying a light portmanteau, and a ſort of havreſac for proviſions, which he took himſelf, ſtrapped over his ſhoulders.

On the morning of his departure from the foot of Montlouis, he travelled towards the ſouth-eaſt, always aſcending, and was ſoon in the very heart of the Pyrenees. In ſcenes which had hardly ever been traverſed but by the ſhepherds and goat-herds, and where no veſtiges of man were ſeen, but here and there a ſolitary cabin, ſerving them for ſhelter, during a few weeks of ſummer, built of the rough branches of pine or cheſnut, covered with turf, and lined with moſs.—In theſe huts, which were now ſome of them inhabited, Willoughby found a wild, but ſimple and benevolent people; always ready to ſupply him with ſuch food as their flocks, among thoſe deſert regions, afforded to themſelves; and in one of them, on a temporary bed, made of the ſkins of their ſheep, whom accident had deſtroyed, after a deep ſigh, which was

was drawn from him by the memory of Celeſtina, and with which every day concluded, he obtained a few hours of refreſhing ſleep, and with the dawn of the next day purſued his journey towards the ſummit of the mountain.

Amid theſe paths that wound among the almoſt perpendicular points of the cliffs, he often ſat down; ſurveying with awe and admiration the ſtupendous works of the Divine Architect, before whoſe ſimpleſt creation, the laboured productions of the moſt intelligent of his creatures ſink into inſignificance.—Huge maſſes of grey marble, or a dark granite, frowned above his head; whoſe crevices, here and there, afforded a ſcanty ſuſiſtence to the lichen and moſs campion; while the deſolate barrenneſs of other parts, added to that threatening aſpect with which they ſeemed to hang over the wandering traveller, and to bid him to fear, leſt even the light ſteps of the Izard (the Chamois of the Pyrenees), or the wild goats, who now and then appeared ſuſpended amid the craggy fiſſures, ſhould diſunite them from the mountain itſelf,

ſelf, and bury him beneath their thundering ruins.

Daſhing down amongſt theſe immenſe piles of ſtone, the cataracts, formed by the melting of the ſnows, and the ice of the Glaciers, in the boſom of the mountains, fell roaring into dark and abyſs-like chaſms, whither the eye feared to follow them—yet, frequently, amidſt the wildeſt horrors of theſe great objects, was ſeen ſome little green receſs, ſhaded by immenſe pines, cedars, or mountain-aſh; and the ſhort turf beneath them appeared ſpangled with the Soldinella and fringed * pink, or bluſhing with the ſcented wreaths of the Daphne Cneorum—while through the cracks and hollows of the ſurrounding wall of rock, were filtered ſmall and clear ſtreams, that crept away among the tufts of juniper, roſemary, and the Rhododendron of the Alps †, that clothed the leſs abrupt declivity; where, uninterrupted by intervening crags, the mountain ſhelving gradually to its baſe, opened a

* Dianthus ſuperbus.

† Rhododendron Alpina; dwarf roſebay. This plant ſupplies firing to the ſhepherds of the Pyrenees.

boſom

boſom more ſmiling and fertile; through which the collected waters, no longer foaming from their fall, found their way towards the Mediterranean ſea; their banks feathered with woods of cork trees, cheſnuts, and evergreen oaks; and the eye, carried beyond them, was loſt in the wide and luxuriant plains of Languedoc.

Never did ſuch a ſpot offer itſelf to the eyes of Willoughby, but the figure of Celeſtina was inſtantly preſent to his imagination—he ſaw her ſitting by him, enjoying the beautiful and romantic ſcenery; he heard her, in thoſe accents which had long ſuch power to enchant him, expatiate on its charms, with all that exquiſite taſte and feeling he knew her poſſeſſed of; and remembered a charming deſcription given by Rouſſeau, in his Julie, of a ſpot of this ſort among the rocks of Meillerie.—" Il ſembloit que ce lieu déſert, dût être l'aſyle de deux amants; échappés ſeuls au bouleverſement de la nature*."

* It ſeemed that this deſart ſpot was deſigned as an aſylum for two lovers, who had eſcaped the general wreck of nature.

For a moment or two he indulged ſuch a delicious reverie, till the ſudden recollection of the truth cruelly deſtroyed it.—Celeſtina was not, never could be his—never could ſhare with him the ſimple and ſublime delight offered by the ſuperb ſpectacle of nature—" with all her great works about her." Whether he was among the rude mountains that ſhe has raiſed as a barrier, to divide two powerful nations; or gratified with the more mild beauties of his native country, never could ſhe ſhare in his ſatisfaction, or heighten his enjoyment—but her hours and her talents were all deſtined to make the happineſs of Montague Thorold.—At that idea he ſtarted up, and hardly conſcious of the rugged precipices beneath him, renewed his wandering reſearches; and ſought, by activity of body, to chaſe the fearful phantoms of loſt happineſs that haunted his mind.

He had now paſſed three weeks among the Pyrenees; had traverſed ſeveral Glaciers, and deſcended on the Spaniſh ſide, and looked over part of Catalonia.—Again he took his way to their ſummits; again croſſed deep vallies

vallies of ice, and wandered over regions where winter reigns in all its rigour, though under a ſky of the deepeſt blue, illuminated by the ardent ſun of July; a ſky ſo clear, that not even a fleeting ſummer cloud, for a moment, diverſifies its radiance.—One of the talleſt of theſe ſtupendous points is, Le pic du midi de Bagnieres, which ſeems to be the ſovereign of the inferior points around it:—from its tall head he deſcended to Bagniers; and there meaning to cloſe his reſearches, he reſted ſome days, and then, by another route, returned towards the country of Rouſſillon, from whence he had firſt begun his journey.

But when he arrived there, he had nothing to do but to form ſome ſcheme of farther progreſs; and therefore, pleaſed as he was with the variety and novelty offered him by this long chain of immenſe mountains, he determined to lengthen his ſtay amongſt them.—His guide, who had by this time acquired an affection for him, delighted to carry him to every place that he thought might offer either novelty or amuſement—and he now converſed with the ſmuggler, who conveyed, at the extremeſt peril, prohibited articles of commerce

between France and Spain; now joined the ſolitary hunter of the Izard, or ſmaller Chamois; and now ſhared the more dangerous toils of thoſe who ſought the bear, the wild boar, or the wolf, among the deep woods that clothed the ſides of the mountains.

It was in an excurſion with an hunter of the Izards, that, Farnham having been left behind at the cabin of a ſhepherd where Willoughby intended to paſs the night, he and Gaſton, his guide, were, by an accident, ſeparated; and he found himſelf alone—on one of the moſt ſavage ſpots of the whole chain—above him aroſe a point covered by eternal ſnow; beyond which a Glacier ſpread its deſolate and frozen ſurface for ſome miles, ſurrounded every way by ſharp and barren rocks: on one ſide, fed by this magazine of ice and ſnow, a broad and thundering torrent threw itſelf; falling, with deafening noiſe, into a rocky cauldron, ſo far below that the eye could not fathom it. —A dark, and apparently inacceſſible wood of firs was on the other ſide, where no tree or plant could find its abode, that was not equally able to endure theſe verity of thoſe cold winds, that, paſſing over theſe immenſe magazines of ice,

ice, carry with them froſt and deſolation, even into the rich vineyards and luxuriant paſtures of Gaſcony and Languedoc, and there aſſume the name of the Bize-wind.

Willoughby had lingered ſo long among theſe mountains, that it was now the ſecond week of Auguſt.—The evenings were, of courſe, ſomewhat ſhortening; and the ſun was viſible only by reflection from the ſnowy point above him, when he found himſelf loſt on a place where he knew not his way to any human habitation, or was likely to hear the ſound of a human voice.—Little accuſtomed, however, to fear of any kind, he ſat himſelf down on a piece of broken rock, to conſider if, by any of thoſe remarks which Gaſton had taught him to make, he could find his way before night-fall to rejoin his ſervant and his guide, or to find at leaſt ſome place of ſhelter.

Theſe obſervations, however, were impeded by the clouds that ſeemed to ariſe from the extenſive plains below him, and to gather round the baſe of the mountains.—They increaſed every moment, and at length ſurrounded him like waves; ſo that he no longer diſtinguiſhed the objects beneath him, while

immenſe volumes of white vapour were poured like a ſea between him and the neighbouring precipices.—He heard louder than ever, but he no longer ſaw, the torrent that threw itſelf down within a few yards of him; and had apprehenſion ever been, under any circumſtances, troubleſome to him, he now might well have feared that, loſt in this chaos of miſt, he ſhould at leaſt remain all night where he was, and perhaps never regain his companions at all.

Life, however, had ſo few charms for him at this moment, that his indifference for it, added to his natural courage, when only himſelf was in queſtion, made him perfectly calm and collected—though the thick clouds of miſt continued to gather and darken round the ſpot where he was now compelled to remain.

For a few moments the ſighing of the wind which bore this floating vapour, the increaſed hollow murmurs of the ruſhing waters of the cataract, were interrupted only by the ſcreaming vulture, and the deep hoarſe raven, who ſeemed by their cries, as they ſailed above the grey abyſs of miſt, to be warning their companions

panions of ſome approaching danger: thunder was in fact gathered in the boſom of theſe clouds, and Willoughby, as he ſat on his ſolitary rock, heard it muttering at his feet; and after ſome tremendous burſts, which appeared to ſhake the mountains to their foundations, accompanied by blue and vivid lightning, a violent wind aroſe, and diſperſing the foggy clouds, drove them, with the ſtorm generated in their boſom, to the country beneath.

The laſt rays of the departed ſun were now reflected from the ſummits of ſnow, the air became perfectly ſerene, and Willoughby ſaw diſtinctly every object around him. He obſerved, at ſome diſtance to the left, a croſs, in an elevated ſituation, but far below the extremeſt point of the cliffs; and he recollected, that the day before Gaſton had ſhewn him that croſs, and had told him that near it was the reſidence of a ſhepherd; and not far from it a convent, near the foot of the mountain.—Towards this, therefore, he now endeavoured to find his way; and by the help of a ſtick, with an iron fixed at the end of it,

and by his own activity, he at length paſſed difficulties that to many people would have ſeemed inſurmountable; and, attended only by a terrier which had followed him from England, and which had been the faithful companion of all his wanderings, he reached the pointed rock where the croſs was erected.

It was now, however, ſo late, that he began to deſpair of finding the hut which Gaſton had told him was ſituated ſomething lower down. The moon, indeed, was riſing in majeſtic beauty behind him; but her light, he feared, would hardly be ſufficient to guide him among the woods and crags with which he was ſurrounded, to an object, perhaps, entirely concealed within them, and with which he was wholly unacquainted.—He ſat down, however, till ſhe ſhould afford him more benefit, and to conſider what he ſhould do—when, amidſt the ſilence of the night, the ſound of a human voice, in ſlow cadence, accompanied by ſome muſical inſtrument, was borne on the faint breeze that aroſe from the low-lands.—He liſtened—it was not the illuſion of fancy, as he had for a moment

ment ſuppoſed; and he involuntarily exclaimed—

"O, it came o'er mine ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
"That breathes upon a bank of violets—
"Stealing and giving odour*."

His dog, too, gave evident ſigns of hearing ſomething unuſual—ran from his maſter to the brink of the precipice—then returned jumping towards him, and ſeemed rejoiced that they were once more within reach of a human habitation.—His ſagacity aſſiſted his maſter to follow the ſound; and deſcending the mountain, by an entangled and almoſt overgrown ſheep-path, that led from one pointed rock to another, he at length entered one of thoſe woods of larch, pine, and cheſnut, that fill many of the hollow boſoms of the Pyrenees; and though the trees rendered it entirely dark, the muſic, which ſtill continued at ſhort intervals to float in the air, led him on, till, in a ſmall glade, overſhadowed by rocks clothed with bruſh-wood, he ſaw

* Shakeſpeare.

a ſmall cabin, or rather cottage, where he had no doubt of finding an aſylum for the night: his terrier now run gaily before him, and was preſently ſaluted by the loud barking of one of thoſe dogs which guard the Pyrenean flocks—but on meeting, the animals courteouſly ſaluted each other, and the ſhepherd's dog ſeemed glad to ſhew the ſtrangers to his maſter.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VIII. *Continued.*

THE moon, though not yet riſen above the trees, which on every ſide ſhaded the rocks ſurrounding this ſolitary glen, yet afforded general light enough for Willoughby to perceive a groupe of peaſants aſſembled round the door of a cottage, ſuperior in ſize to any of the cabins of the ſhepherds which he had yet viſited.—As he approached, the ſounds which had guided him towards it ceaſed; and a man advanced to meet him, whoſe air and manner were very different from the native mountaineers whom he had been accuſtomed to ſee, though his dreſs was nearly the ſame. Willoughby accoſted him in French, told him he was a ſtranger who had loſt his guide, and deſired to be permitted to remain in his cottage till the morning enabled

enabled him to find his companions.—The man to whom he ſpoke hardly allowed him to finiſh the ſentence, before, in language unadulterated with the Patois which is ſpoken in that country, and is a coarſe mixture of Spaniſh and French, he expreſſed the utmoſt ſolicitude for his accommodation—and leading him to the door of the cottage, preſented him to his wife, to an old man her father, and to ſeveral young people whom his muſic had aſſembled round the cabin—and who were inhabitants of a little groupe of cottages diſperſed at ſhort intervals among the woods on this part of the Vallée de Luron

Every individual of this ſimple party was eager to ſhew civility and attention to the ſtranger.—" Louiſon," ſaid he who appeared to be the maſter of the houſe, and who had met Willoughby—" Louiſon, go and prepare what our cottage affords, to refreſh this gentleman, who may well have occaſion for it, after ſuch fatigue as he has gone through." Willoughby owned he was almoſt exhauſted—and in a moment milk, bread, and ſuch other ſimple food as they themſelves lived upon, were before him.

With

With the ſame hoſpitable ſimplicity, Louiſon went again, at her huſband's requeſt, to prepare him a bed, which one of the younger brothers of his hoſt relinquiſhed to him; ſaying he could find a lodging that night at a neighbouring cottage.—Le Laurier, which he found was the name of his hoſt, then preſſed him to retire to his bed—but Willoughby, refreſhed by what he had eaten, found his curioſity ſo ſtrongly excited, by the manners and language of this man, that it became more powerful than fatigue—and he could not help expreſſing a wiſh, to know how a man, who poſſeſſed ſuch muſical talents, and whoſe converſation was certainly not that of a mountaineer, ſhould be found inhabiting a ſequeſtered nook, in the boſom of the Pyrenees.

"I inhabit it, Sir," replied Le Laurier, "becauſe I was born in it; but it is true, that I have alſo ſeen a great deal of other parts of the world—and that it is not yet a month ſince I quitted the capital of France, to return hither, after a very long abſence."—"Long, indeed," ſaid his wife, who had now rejoined them—"Alas! ſo long"—and ſhe ſighed

ſighed deeply—"that I never expected, Sir, to have ſeen him again."

"Let me hear," ſaid Willoughby, "not only what you have to relate of yourſelf, but what is now paſſing at Paris, which you ſay you have ſo lately left—I have been ſo long wandering among theſe mountains, that I am wholly ignorant of the conſequences of that fermentation which was evident there among all ranks of men when I paſſed through it?"

"And I was in the midſt of it all, Sir," replied Le Laurier—"for my maſter, the Chevalier de Bellegarde, was among the priſoners who were releaſed from the caſtle of Mount St. Michell—but our hiſtory is too long for this evening:"—he gave, however, a brief detail to Willoughby, of what had paſſed at Paris the preceding July—and then, gaily turning the converſation, ſaid—"Well, Sir, but here am I, after all this, returned to my cottage in the Pyrenees, and here is Louiſon and my family—we are all happy together—and what is yet better, my dear maſter is reſtored to his home here below us."—"And where is his home?" "Oh, Sir, the Chateau

of

of Rochemorte, where his family have lived ſince the beginning of the world, I believe, is juſt down in the valley—have you never ſeen it?—to-morrow, pleaſe Heaven, you ſhall,—and you ſhall ſee my maſter—who is now indeed the Count of Bellegarde—for his father and brother are dead—you ſhall ſee him, Sir; and ſee how a man enjoys liberty that has been a priſoner ſo many years—Not, indeed, that he is ſo happy as ſome people would be, becauſe of the misfortunes in the beginning of his life—which always hang upon his mind—but now, I hope, in time, he will get over them.—For my part, I think it folly to lament what we cannot help, or regret what cannot be recalled—and I wiſh the Chevalier was of my diſpoſition."

"'Tis a very fortunate one, at leaſt for yourſelf," replied Willoughby—"and has undoubtedly helped you gaily through the world." "No, Sir, not gaily—but tolerably amidſt the ſevereſt of thoſe misfortunes, which I ſhared with the Chevalier, I had always a perſuaſion that I ſhould reviſit my cottage and my Louiſon."—"Ah, thank Heaven, your perſuaſion was a juſt one, my friend,"

friend," replied his wife—and now that we may not part with melancholy impreſſions on our minds, let us have a little more muſic."

Le Laurier then began to play on the inſtrument Willoughby had before heard, and which was ſomething between a lute and a Spaniſh guitar—he touched it with uncommon taſte, and ſang a ſimple ruſtic air; the cadence was ſolemn and pathetic, and at every cloſe, the female part of his auditory joined their voices in uniſon.—Willoughby had now time to obſerve the groupe before him by the clear light of the moon, which caſt a mild and unclouded radiance around them—The ſcene was ſimple and affecting—Le Laurier, a fine manly figure, ſat on a ſeat of turf by the ſide of his door—His wife, a very handſome woman, ſtood leaning againſt the ſide of it, her head inclined towards him; a girl, twelve or thirteen years old, who was his eldeſt daughter, leaned on the turf, and looked up towards him, with a ſort of innocent and affectionate admiration; while a boy of ſeven, the youngeſt of his children, had fallen aſleep as he ſat at her feet, and reſted his head on her

her lap;—two or three young peaſants were behind, liſtening to the muſic, and gazing at the ſtranger; and, in a chair, before the door, the venerable father of the family ſat, contemplating the felicity ſo lately reſtored to them all, by the return of Le Laurier—with the mild reſignation of repoſing age.

A thouſand fragrant ſmells floated in the air, after the rain; and the lighteſt wind whiſpered among the woods by which they were every way ſurrounded.—Not a ſound interrupted the plaintive paſtoral air, which the performer now began to play, while his wife and daughter alternately ſung a ſtanza. —It was a kind of romance in Patois—but Willoughby underſtood it to be the complaint of a mountain ſhepherd, whoſe miſtreſs had forſaken him for a richer eſtabliſhment.—There was nothing new in it, but it was the language of nature, and brought forcibly to the mind of Willoughby his own miſfortunes.

* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

The ſoothing melancholy which every object around him ſeemed to breathe; the light of the moon trembling among the waving branches, of which Celeſtina had ſo often remarked the effect when they were wandering together; the ſimple cadence of ruſtic muſic, even the happineſs which he ſaw on the countenances of his hoſt and family, combined to raiſe in his mind regret and languor.—Never could he now hope to enjoy ſuch a ſcene with Celeſtina; never was he likely to taſte the delight of being reſtored to all he loved —Oh, no!—Celeſtina was the wife of another—and the world had no happineſs for him.—As he indulged theſe melancholy thoughts, he ſat almoſt motionleſs, and appeared to be attending to the muſic of Le Laurier—but on a ſudden they quite overcame him, and ſtriking his hands together, he ſtarted up, and walked ſuddenly away from the little aſſembly.

His hoſt immediately ceaſed to play, and following him, enquired, with unaffected ſolicitude, if he was ill.—Willoughby, immediately recovering himſelf, thanked him for his kindneſs; and aſſured him, that his emotion was occaſioned merely by the ſong he had heard, which had brought ſome unpleaſing recollections to his mind.—The man, inſtead of attempting to conſole him by common-place ſpeeches, ſaid, he would then leave him a moment; and hoped he would ſoon rejoin them, and allow them to wiſh him a good-night.—Willoughby walked on a little farther towards the wood—he looked up to the moon—"Even at this moment," ſaid he, "perhaps the eyes of Celeſtina are fixed on thee, mild and beautiful planet. Thoſe fine and expreſſive eyes, which I have ſeen fill with tears of admiration and delight as they have contemplated the beauty of the univerſe, and the wiſdom of its Creator—Ah, Celeſtina! —our hearts were made for each other—but yours—yours is perhaps changed, and to me is loſt as well as your perſon."—He dared not truſt himſelf with this train of thought; but turning, walked ſlowly back towards the cottage

cottage door, where only Le Laurier, and his Louiſon, now waited to ſhew him to his bed. As he walked ſilently along, the bells of a convent below ſeemed to be calling its inhabitants to their evening prayers; and from an higher part of the mountain, which aroſe very ſuddenly beyond the woods, a ſmall bell anſwered, and was re-echoed among the rocks. —On his reaching Le Laurier, he required what theſe ſounds meant—"The bells, below," ſaid he, "are thoſe of the convent of St. Benoit, about half a mile below us; and the ſmaller one is that of Father Anthony, a hermit, who inhabits one of the rocks above —he has lived there many years."

"And where is the caſtle of Rochemorte?" enquired Willoughby.

"It is almoſt cloſe to the convent," replied Le Laurier—"and if you wiſh to ſee them both, I will wait upon you thither to-morrow."

Willoughby now repeated his acknowledgments for the courteſy he had received; and retired to his ruſtic bed—where fatigue, in deſpite of the depreſſion of ſpirits, which his laſt

laſt reverie had brought upon him, gave him up to repoſe; and he, for a while, enjoyed that

"Sweet forgetfulneſs of human care,"

without which the wretched would loſe the power of enduring their wretchedneſs; and the happy, that of enjoying their good fortune.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IX.

BY the break of day, the following morning, Willoughby had left his ruſtic couch, and joining his hoſt and his family, partook of their ſimple meal. He felt ſome concern, on reflecting on the panic poor Farnham muſt have been in, when the guide returned without him to the place of rendezvous, the preceding evening.—He expreſſed his uneaſineſs on this head to Le Laurier, who ſaid, he knew the place deſcribed, perfectly; and would immediately ſend thither the ſon of a neighbouring ſhepherd, who was then employed about his cottage, and bring his ſervant and the guide to him: in the mean time, he propoſed to ſhew Willoughby the chateau of his maſter; a propoſal which his gueſt readily accepted.

Louiſon

Louiſon, however, on their being about to depart, had, in her very expreſſive face, a look of concern; and, in her manner, an appearance of inquietude, for which Willoughby wiſhed to account —He was not long left in ſuſpence: ſhe took her huſband's hand, and ſaid, "My friend, you will not leave me long."—"No, ſimpleton," replied he—and then turning to Willoughby, he gaily exclaimed—"Here is a woman who is afraid of truſting her huſband to go half a mile!"

"Ah, Monſieur,"—ſaid Louiſon—"you would not blame me, if you knew how he once left me—he went away only for a few days, and he ſtaid near three years."

"But not voluntarily, indeed," anſwered Le Laurier—"I met my maſter, my dear maſter, who had been ſo kind to me—in priſon—in diſtreſs—in a ſtate of mind bordering on inſanity—and I could not leave him."

"I do not blame you for that, my friend," ſaid Louiſon; "but I own I am afraid of its happening again."

"How happen again!—the Chevalier—

or

or rather the Count, my maſter, is not now as he was then!"

"Ah, no!—But you have owned yourſelf, that he is reſtleſs and unhappy; and though he appears at times delighted with being reſtored to his liberty, his eſtate, and his daughter, yet, that at times his mind is unſettled, and his ſchemes wild and uncertain—and if he ſhould take it into his head to travel again!"

"You fear that I may be tempted to travel with him."

"Yes," ſaid his wife—"indeed I do."—Le Laurier then tried to laugh away her apprehenſions, and they left her; while Willoughby felt this dialogue give new force to the curioſity he had to ſee the Count de Bellegarde.

As their way was down through the woody ſide of the mountain, they ſoon reached the domain of the chateau; in which, the firſt object that ſtruck Willoughby, in a ſpot which had once been cleared of trees, but where the underwood, and a ſmaller growth of wood, again almoſt concealed it, was a pavilion, which had once been magnificent, but was now in ruins.—It was built of various coloured-marbles,

bles, found in the Pyrenees; was of Grecian architecture, and ſeemed to have been a work of taſte. The pillars of the portico, though broken, yet ſupported its roof; and behind it were three apartments, that had once been richly furniſhed: one, as a banquetting-room; the other two as rooms for the *Sieſta**, which is uſually taken here as in Spain.—The canopies of yellow damaſk, were fallen, and the hangings of the rooms devoured by the moths, and decayed by the damps from the windows; which, having never been glazed, the ſhutters had long ſince dropped down.—There was ſomething particularly melancholy to the mind of Willoughby in contemplating this building, once the ſeat of gaiety, ſplendor, and luxurious repoſe, thus deſerted—and he enquired of Le Laurier, if the preſent Count never intended to repair it.—"Sir," replied he, "My Lord, the Count, has hardly had time to think about that yet, for he has been ſo little a while at his caſtle that every thing

* *Sieſta*—repoſing for an hour or two after dinner, during the extreme heat; as was uſual in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the Weſt Indies.

there remains as it was—ruinous enough.—But, as for this pavilion, I queſtion if ever it will be put in order, though my Lord has ſuch an odd ſort of a liking to it, that the moment almoſt he got home, he came down to look at it.—It was quite late in the evening; but it was not dark—and he looked in at the window, for that night I could not open the door, the key was loſt—and the locks were all ruſty—and by what he ſaid, I am ſure there is ſome ſtory belongs to this place.—The people of the caſtle, indeed, always had a notion of its being haunted ever ſince the death of my lord's ſiſter, whoſe heart they ſay was broke by her father's ill uſage.—Certain it is, that the old Count cauſed this place to be ſhut up, and took away the fine glaſſes and pictures that were in it once—but what you ſee now he left to fall to pieces.—There uſed to be large trees all around it; and all manner of flowers; and the ſtream, that now almoſt ſtagnates among thoſe reeds and ruſhes, and with difficulty finds its way to the moat of the caſtle, was then brought into a bath, behind the banquetting-houſe, and into a baſon, which

which is now grown over with weeds and graſs, ſo that it can hardly be traced.

Willoughby left this deſolate ſpot with a ſigh, and as his companion led him through the obſcure paths of the woods that ſurrounded it, he enquired whether the caſtle itſelf had equally ſuffered from time.—"Oh, yes, Sir," replied Le Laurier, "from time, and from war, too.—It was formerly a place of great ſtrength, and of great importance, as a paſs into France, from the Spaniſh ſide of the Pyrenees; and held out a long ſiege when the famous Count of Bellegarde, my Lord's anceſtor, defended it for Henry the Fourth, *our* king; againſt the army of the League."—"Perhaps?" ſaid Willoughby, "your Lord may not like the intruſion of a ſtranger into his retirement?"—"Oh," replied his conductor, "we may not happen to meet him; or, if we ſhould, it will be a ſufficient introduction and recommendation, for you, Sir, that you are an Engliſhman, for he loves the Engliſh.

Encouraged by this aſſurance, Willoughby proceeded, and in a few moments, the woods aſcending a little, as they reached the extreme

baſe of the mountain, opened into what could only be called a plain, when oppoſed to the ſurrounding hills, for the ground was rugged and uneven, ſcattered with maſſes of ruined buildings, that had formerly been part of the outward fortifications, but of which ſome were fallen into the foſſe, and others overgrown with alder, aſh, and arbeal. The gate of the caſtle, and all beyond the moat, however, was yet entire, as were the walls within its circumference, bearing every where the marks of great antiquity, but of ſuch ponderous ſtrength, as time alone had not been able to deſtroy.—Where breaches had been made by cannon, the walls had been repaired; but this work being of leſs durability than the original ſtructure, had gone to decay; and the depredations of war were ſtill very viſible. The whole was compoſed of grey ſtone; the towers, at each end, roſe in frowning grandeur, above the reſt of the building; and having only loops, and no windows, impreſſed ideas of darkneſs and impriſonment, while the moſs and wall-flowers filled the interſtices of the broken ſtones; and an infinite number of birds made their neſts among the ſhattered

tered cornices, and half-fallen battlements, filling the air with their ſhrill cries.

Over the moat, which was broad and deep, but now only half-full of water, which was almoſt hidden by aquatic plants, ſheltering ſeveral ſorts of water-fowls, that now lived there unmoleſted; a draw-bridge, with maſſive chains, led to the gate of the firſt court, under an high arched gate-way, defended by a double port-cullis: this court was where the caſtle guard were uſed to parade—It was ſpacious, and the buildings that ſurrounded it were gloomily magnificent; but now, no warlike footſteps wore away the graſs which grew over the pavement; no martial muſic echoed among the arches and colonades—one ſolitary figure alone, appeared ſlowly walking with his arms croſſed, on the terrace that led to the ſecond court.—"There is my Lord, the Count," ſaid Le Laurier. "Speak to him, then," replied Willoughby—"and apologize for my intruſion." Le Laurier advanced, with his hat in his hand, and at the ſame moment the Count, who then firſt perceived him and Willoughby, came towards them.—His

military air, and dignified figure, were tempered by the mild and courteous manner with which he moved forward to receive the ſtranger whom Le Laurier announced to him. He was greatly above the common height, thin, and a little bent, as if from depreſſion of ſpirit—but his face, pale, ſallow, and emaciated as it was, was marked with ſuch peculiar expreſſion, that all the adventures of his life ſeemed to have been written there.—When he ſpoke, his dark eyes were full of fire and vivacity, yet at times they were wild; and at others, heavy and glazed—his brows were a little contracted, and hollowneſs about his temples and cheeks, and the ſtrong muſcular lines of his whole face, ſeemed to bear the harſh impreſſions of the hand of adverſity, rather than of time: for though his hair was grey, and he looked much older than he really was, Willoughby did not think him above four or five-and-forty: at his breaſt was the croſs of the order of St. Eſprit; and his dreſs, that of a captain of cavalry, was not modern, and apparently neglected—his whole appearance inſtantly announced him to be a man of high rank.

If

If Willoughby was pleaſed with his manner and addreſs, he ſeemed equally, or even more gratified by the curioſity expreſſed by an Engliſhman to viſit him. "You ſee me here, Sir," ſaid he, "releaſed only a few weeks ago from a long impriſonment, wondering at my freedom, and a ſtranger in my own houſe. To thoſe only, who have been the victims of deſpotiſm, it would be eaſy to comprehend my ſenſations on ſuch a ſudden emancipation; and the triumph with which I reflect that I owe it to the ſame noble efforts which have given liberty to France—to my country."

"Ah!" continued he, pauſing—and loſing at once all the vivacity with which he had, a moment before, ſpoken—"ah! what ſenſations of concern are mingled with this exultation—I regain my freedom—but where ſhall I regain my happineſs?"

He now fell into a deep muſing, which laſted only a moment—while Willoughby walked by his ſide, on the terrace—then ſuddenly awaking from it, he cried—"But it is too ſoon to trouble you with this ſort of converſation—we ſhall have time enough—for I

flatter myſelf, Sir, with a hope of your ſtaying with me, as long as you remain in this country—you muſt have no other home.—If you knew the pleaſure I have in converſing with the Engliſh!"—he pauſed again, as if forgetting what he meant to ſay—and then added—"I will introduce you to my daughter—to my little Anzoletta—for I have ſaved her—that one little gem is reſtored to me in all its luſtre amid the wreck of every thing elſe that was dear to me—we will find her now." He then entered through another arched way, the ſecond court of the caſtle, and Willoughby accompanied him in ſilence, while Le Laurier, with his hat in his hand, followed as the Count bade him.

They entered an immenſe hall; barbarouſly magnificent; it was roofed with beams of oak, and the ſides covered with ſtandards, and trophies of armour, the periſhable parts of which were dropping to pieces.—The narrow Gothic windows were filled, not with glaſs, that admitted the light, but with glaſs, painted with the atchievements of the family; mingled with the heads of ſaints and martyrs, whoſe names are now no where to be found, but in

in the archives of the neighbouring convent. But, in contemplating the innumerable coats of arms that were blazoned on the windows, and on the banner that hung in faded majeſty, between them, Willoughby could not help recollecting what food they would afford for the favourite ſpeculations of his uncle—and his thoughts dwelt a moment on the ſcene that might have paſſed in conſequence of his abſence, in the family of Caſtle-north.

Theſe reflections, however, he had neither inclination nor time to indulge—for the Count aſcending a broad, but ſteep ſtair-caſe of ſtone, that led out of the hall, and wound within one of the turrets, entered a gallery, and at the end of it was his daughter's apartment, the door of which was open, and Willoughby was immediately introduced to a young perſon, who ſat before a frame, working on a piece of embroidery: a woman between fifty and ſixty, who ſeemed to be a kind of governeſs, was with her.

Willoughby was pleaſed by the graceful ſimplicity of her figure, and the beauty of

her face—but when ſhe ſpoke, in anſwer to the compliment he made her, this pleaſure was converted into amazement—he fancied he heard the voice of Celeſtina!

So ſtrikingly did its tones reſemble thoſe to which his heart had been always tremblingly reſponſive, that had he not ſeen who ſpoke, he ſhould not have doubted of its being Celeſtina herſelf.—He ſtarted—and felt the blood ruſh into his cheeks—nor could he immediately recollect himſelf enough to reply to what Anzoletta ſaid; and again call forth thoſe ſounds, to which, the ſecond time ſhe ſpoke, he liſtened with increaſed aſtoniſhment, and more painful delight; for, not only the ſimilarity of her voice, to that of Celeſtina, was more evident, but he ſaw a reſemblance to her in the air and manner of Anzoletta, that aſſiſted the deluſion.

Anzoletta ſeemed to be about the age of Celeſtina, but her figure was leſs: her hair and eyes were much darker, nor had ſhe that dazzling and radiant complexion which made it always difficult to believe of Celeſtina, that ſhe was a native of the South of Europe—the features of Anzoletta were, perhaps, more regular,

regular, and were not turned like Celeſtina—ſo that the reſemblance conſiſted in that ſort of air of family, which we ſometimes obſerve among relations—a kind of flying likeneſs, which we now detect, and now loſe.

The Count ſeemed highly gratified by the notice Willoughby took of his daughter—to whom he now ſpoke, and bade her prepare herſelf for dinner, for that his gueſt was to remain with them—He then led Willoughby back to the room where he uſually ſat himſelf; and as they went, he ſaid—"Is not my Anzoletta charming?"—"She is indeed," replied Willoughby.—"Perhaps," added the Count, "perhaps you would not believe that ſhe is the child of the daughter of a man of inferior rank, one of my father's vaſſals."—"Is ſhe not *your* daughter, my Lord?" enquired Willoughby.—"Yes," replied the Count, "ſhe is my legitimate daughter; and as ſuch, I glory to acknowledge her—but her mother was *roturiere*—and, to my marrying her, ſhe owed all her misfortunes; and I many of mine.—But if ever you think it worth while to hear the incidents of a life, that

that has, I think, been marked with ſome ſingular occurrences, I ſhall have a melancholy pleaſure in relating them.

" Nothing would oblige me ſo much," ſaid Willoughby, whoſe curioſity had been every inſtant increaſing—eſpecially ſince he had ſeen Anzoletta.—" May I, till I can be ſo gratified, enquire where is the mother of your lovely daughter?" " Yes," replied the Count; " and you will hear a freſh inſtance of the barbarous policy which deſpotiſm encourages and protects. Her mother! ſhe was compelled by my father, the laſt Count of Bellegarde, to enter into a convent of Carmelites, at Bayonne, and there to take the vows. She was my wife, by the laws of God and man—but I was abſent with my regiment—I was unable to protect her—and the power of the governor of the province, and of an enraged and tyrannic father, were united to tear her from me.—Would to heaven, we had been the only victims—but there was yet another!—another, who is gone whence there is no return."——Here he fell into one of thoſe fits of ſilent muſing, to which Willoughby had, even

even during their ſhort acquaintance, obſerved him to be ſubject.—It laſted, however, only a moment, and then recovering from it, he claſped his hands eagerly together, and cried, with energy—"But, for my wife—my Jaquelina—thanks to the generous, the glorious ſpirit of my country—I ſhall retrieve her—ſhe yet lives—I have ſeen her through the iron bars of her cloiſter—I have ſpoke to her!—I have, in my boſom, a handkerchief which ſhe gave me, bathed in her tears!—She told me where to find our child—our little Anzoletta—and I go to Paris to demand and obtain her liberty: to claim her as my wife, and to be enabled to bring her hither, to a huſband, who, changed as ſhe is, by confinement and affliction, ſtill adores her—to a daughter, whoſe early excellence promiſes to reward us both for many, many years of ſeparation and ſorrow."

The eyes of the Count were filled with tears, as he ceaſed ſpeaking; and Willoughby, —whoſe heart was as tender as it was manly, was deeply affected.—"Heaven grant you all your wiſhes, Sir!" cried he—"and that your

your private happineſs may be one of the innumerable bleſſings attending on public felicity."—The Count wrung his hands—and cried, with yet increaſed vivacity, "It will—it will, my friend!"—There was in his manner a ſomething bordering on wildneſs, as he continued this diſcourſe, which Willoughby remarked with ſome concern—he was not, therefore, ſorry, when it was interrupted by the entrance of Le Laurier, who told him, that the meſſenger he had diſpatched, had found his ſervant and the guide; and, relieving them from their fears for his ſafety, which had been cruelly ſevere upon poor Farnham, had brought them both to the caſtle, whither his wife had directed them.

Willoughby had been under a good deal of concern for Farnham, who, he knew, muſt have been dreadfully alarmed for the ſafety of his maſter; his ſervant's arrival, therefore, was particularly welcome, and he was glad to change his clothes; for which purpoſe, he now begged leave to retire—The Count ordered Le Laurier to ſhew them to an apartment, and to take care he had every accommodation

modation he desired.—Willoughby, as he marched gravely along, through the long galleries, and across the gloomy hall, fancied himself a knight of romance; and that some of the stories of enchanted castles, and wandering adventures, of which he had been so fond in his early youth, were here realized.

CHAP.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER a repaſt, rather hoſpitable than ſplendid, during which the looks of paternal admiration and tenderneſs with which the Count obſerved every action of Anzoletta, and her innocent and agreeable vivacity, rendered them both more attractive to Willoughby: Monſieur de Bellegarde, finding that Willoughby rather wiſhed to liſten to the hiſtory he had promiſed, than to take any repoſe, during the heat of the day, propoſed retiring to the north gallery, and there beginning this intereſting account. Willoughby moſt readily agreed to the plan—and the Count, diſmiſſing his daughter and her governeſs, led him thither

This

This room extended far on the north ſide of the building—and looked over the moat to a wood of fir and cypreſs, fringing the abrupt aſcent of the mountain, which roſe almoſt perpendicularly from the plain. As this acclivity commanded the caſtle, two ſtrong redoubts were built on it, where, in hoſtile time, parties were ſtationed to keep the enemy from poſſeſſing poſts, whence the caſtle might be annoyed. In the port-holes of theſe fortreſſes, now faſt approaching to decay, the cannon yet remained, though ruſty and uſeleſs—and the ſtrong buttreſſes, and circular towers, mantled with ivy, were ſeen to aſpire above the dark trees, on every ſide encompaſſing them—while, a little to the weſt, from a fractured rock of yellow granite, which ſtarted out amid the trees, a boiling and rapid ſtream ruſhed with violence, and pouring down among the wood, was ſeen only at intervals, as the trees either crowded over it, or, receding, left its foaming current to flaſh in the rays of the ſun.

It was altogether one of the moſt ſublimely beautiful landſcapes Willoughby had ever ſeen;

ſeen; and he contemplated the ſcenery with penſive pleaſure, while the maſter of it thus addreſſed him:

Perhaps you are ſo well read in the hiſtory of France, as to make it unneceſſary for me to remark—that my family is ancient and illuſtrious.—My father, the Count of Bellegarde, was educated with every prejudice that could make him tenacious of his rank, and anxious to ſupport it.—He was married early by my grandfather to the heireſs of the houſe of D'Ermenonville; and his eldeſt ſon, the only iſſue of that marriage, inherited from his mother the great property of that family.

But ambition, of which my father poſſeſſed a great ſhare, both from his temper and his education, ſaved him not entirely from the influence of ſofter paſſions.—During the life of his firſt wife, an indigent relation of his own, was received into the family of one of his ſiſters, as a dependant—ſhe was beautiful and intereſting, and my father being releaſed, by death, from an engagement, in which his heart had never any ſhare, married her—and thought

thought himſelf overpaid, by the felicity of his ſecond marriage, for the little ſatisfaction he had found in the firſt.

But though he had in one inſtance, ſuffered his inclinations to conquer that aſpiring temper, which under leſs powerful influence, would have led him to ſeek for a ſecond great heireſs, he ſeemed determined to apply himſelf with more aſſiduity to the attainment of power and honour, by other means—He had ſome capacity for buſineſs; was daring in forming ſchemes, and obſtinate in adhering to them—proud, vindictive, and violent; with ſuch a portion of national pride, as made him hold every other nation but his own in the utmoſt contempt—and, whenever they ſeemed likely to diſpute the ſuperiority of France, he was tempted to wiſh, like Caligula, that the people ſo preſumptuous, had but one neck, that he might deſtroy them at a blow.

With this diſpoſition, you will eaſily imagine, the inveteracy with which he regarded the Engliſh.—He held a high poſt in the war-department of France, in 1755, when thoſe hoſtilities commenced, in which, for a ſeries of years, the Engliſh had almoſt always the

the advantage—events that added to national hatred, or a kind of perſonal and peculiar malignity—for of many of the operations in which his country failed of ſucceſs, the Count of Bellegarde was the projector.

By a long courſe of defeat, however, his maſter, Louis the Fifteenth, and his co-adjutors, grew weary of his influence; and, in 1759, after the loſs of Quebec, he was ſuddenly diſmiſſed in diſgrace.

Nor was this mortification the only one he was at that period fated to ſuſtain.—A violent and infectious fever at the ſame time deprived him of his wife—and, wounded thus deeply, by public and domeſtic misfortune, he took the ſudden reſolution of quitting the world, and retiring to this caſtle, with my brother, my ſiſter, and myſelf.

Hither, then, he came—leaving, at Paris, his eldeſt ſon, who had been ſome time in poſſeſſion of his mother's fortune, and had lived entirely independent of his father, and on no very friendly terms with him. To the young, gay, and diſſipated D'Ermenonville (for he took the name of his mother) the auſterity of a ſtateſman, and converſation

of

of a politician, were alike repulſive; and he had no feelings about him that diſpoſed him to ſubmit to the authority of a parent, from whom he had nothing to expect—for it was well underſtood, that of all the Count de Bellegarde either poſſeſſed from his anceſtors, or acquired from his political advantages, D'Ermenonville would inherit only that ſhare of which, by its being entailed, his father could not deprive him.

The error of which the Count thought he had been guilty, in allowing to this eldeſt ſon early independence, and boundleſs expence, made him determine to adopt, in regard to me and my brother, a conduct altogether contrary.—On his retirement from the world, my brother, who was the eldeſt of the two, and called the Baron de Rochemorte, was near fifteen, and I was only fourteen months younger—yet, though at that age, we ſhould have been either purſuing our ſtudies, or with the army, in which we had both commiſſions, my father took us away with him: and, with a governor whom he engaged, becauſe he was the moſt rigid pedant he could find, he fixed us both in what we then thought

thought the deſolate ſolitude of Rochemorte —a place which he had fixed upon for his own reſidence; not only becauſe it was ſo far from the ſcene of his former elevation; but becauſe it was the only one of his capital houſes that was not entailed on D'Ermenonville.

The gloomy ſolitude in which he lived—the power of life and death which he poſſeſſed in his domain, and the proneneſs of his mind to ſuperſtition, which was encouraged by the Monks of the neighbouring convent (who ſoon found the advantage of having ſo liberal a benefactor), at once darkened and ſoured a temper, never very good. Accuſtomed to dictate and command, he could not now diveſt himſelf of the habit: and his vaſſals, and his ſons, being the only perſons over whom he could now exert it, were the victims of his harſh and imperious ſpirit—for in them he delighted to diſcover, or to fancy faults, only for the ſatisfaction of impoſing puniſhment.

It may be eaſily imagined, that to two lads of our ages, and who had from temper and conſtitution a keen reliſh for pleaſures of every

every kind, the life we led was inſupportable. The mild and ſoft-tempered Genevieve, our ſiſter, who was then not more than twelve years old, though from her ſex and diſpoſition, more accuſtomed to, and able to endure ſolitude and confinement, began to feel the weight of thoſe chains, of which, however, ſhe did not complain; but endeavoured, by her ſoothing ſweetneſs, to make ours ſit more eaſy.—She was my father's favourite, and her influence had, for ſome time, the power to aſſuage the harſhneſs of his temper—but, by degrees, even that failed of its effect, and his mortified pride, his loſt happineſs, and his gloomy notions of religion, combined to increaſe this ferocity, and irritate his aſperity, till, at length, his children, though the children of a woman he ſo fondly loved, ſeemed to afford him nothing but objects of anger and tyranny, and he was left alone to the influence of Father Ignatius, a Jeſuit, whom he took into his houſe as the director of his conſcience; and whoſe purpoſe, it ſeemed to be, to eſtrange him from his family entirely.

There

There is a point, beyond which, the endurance of the moſt patient ſufferer, cannot go—Genevieve, indeed, was not yet arrived at this point, but the Baron and I had long ſince paſſed it, and determined to break the fetters, which, in their preſent form, we did not think even paternal authority had a right to impoſe. The Baron, therefore, wrote to D'Ermenonville, repreſenting our ſituation, and entreating his aſſiſtance to deliver us from it.

The Marquis D'Ermenonville had, perhaps, no great affection for us; he could not be totally indifferent to the repreſentation of the Baron; and felt, perhaps, ſome pleaſure, in being able to thwart his father, where it ſeemed to be a ſort of duty to act in oppoſition to him. For this purpoſe he immediately, and by a way which we had pointed out to him, ſent us a conſiderable ſupply of money, and directed us both to quit the caſtle in the night, and find our way to Perpignan, where his ſervant and horſes ſhould attend to conduct us to Paris.—He urged, not only the cruelty the Count de Bellegarde was guilty of, in

in thus obliging us to waſte the beſt of our days in a deſart; but the appearance it muſt have to the world, that when a war was carrying on, two young men, enliſted in their country's ſervice, ſubmitted to be confined, like Monks, in a cloiſter.—This remark would have been enough to have fired us with ambition and military ardor; but to the incitements of honour, he added the allurements of pleaſure—and every ſcruple that remained (for I had ſtill ſome as to leaving my father without his permiſſion) gave way before their united influence.

I could not, however, with equal ſucceſs, conquer the regret I felt at leaving my beloved Genevieve, to whom, from our earlieſt infancy, I had been particularly attached.—She would, we were well aſſured, be compelled to encounter all the fury and indignation of the Count, when our departure ſhould be known; and when we ſaw her tremble with the mere apprehenſion of it, we would very fain have obviated every difficulty that ſeemed to forbid our taking her with us: but, child as ſhe was, ſhe anſwered with firmneſs and reſolution, of which her gentle tem-

per ſeemed little capable; "No, my dear brothers," ſaid ſhe, "it is fit you ſhould go—but that I ſhould ſtay—no point of honour, no military duty calls *me*; and I will not deſert my father—he is unhappy—and has need of me—he muſt not be deprived at once of all his children—and, if he treats me with rigour, the conſciouſneſs of not having deſerved it, will enable me to ſuſtain it with patience."

It was neceſſary, however, that ſhe ſhould appear wholly ignorant of our flight—and we dreaded that her reſolution would give way, when ſhe was charged with having been acquainted with it; inſomuch, that we ſhould now have repented having made her a party in our ſecret, could we have borne the thoughts of leaving, abruptly and unkindly, a ſiſter, whom we both ſo fondly loved.

At length, the hour came for this cruel parting.—My father, who ſince his reſidence here, had affected all the ſtate of a feudal baron, and even many of the precautions of a beſieged chief, though he had no enemies to apprehend, but the wolves and bears of the Pyrenees; not only had the draw-bridge taken

taken up every night, but had a ſort of guard parade, at ſtated hours, the courts of the caſtle. Our deſire of liberty, however, ſurmounted all the difficulties by which our eſcape ſeemed to be impeded; and, by means of our ſiſter, and our own reſolution, we deſcended in ſafety, from one of the lower windows; croſſed the moat, which was then full, in our drawers, by ſwimming; and dreſſing ourſelves on the oppoſite bank, we proceeded on foot to Perpignan; and with hearts exulting in our ſucceſs, and the joy it gave us allayed only by our apprehenſions for Genevieve.

Our tutor had taken a fancy to wine, and we took care liberally to ſupply him—in conſequence of which, and of the increaſe of pleaſure he found, from this eaſy indulgence of his favourite paſſion, he had inſenſibly abated of his former ſtrictneſs; ſuffered us every evening to go to the apartment of Genevieve; and frequently took, in our abſence, ſuch plentiful potations, that he was in bed, and aſleep, before we returned to our apartments, which were within his. Thus, we

were not miſſed till the morning; and, as we left no traces on our way, and had not even entruſted a ſervant with our ſecret, the purſuit that was then made for us, was quite ineffectual. We arrived ſafely at Perpignan; in ſpirits too elevated to be affected with the fatigue of our long walk.—We found that D'Ermenonville had punctually adhered to his promiſe; and, on his horſes, and attended by his ſervants, we proceeded gaily to Paris.

D'Ermenonville received us with more cordial friendſhip than I believed to be in his nature—he furniſhed us with money to equip us for joining our reſpective regiments, as became the ſons of the Count of Bellegarde—and aſſured us of his continued aſſiſtance, till my father could be brought to reaſon—it is not, therefore, wonderful, that his friendſhip made us blind to his faults; and, that we ſaw not the diſſolute libertine, in the kind and generous brother.—In fact, he had many virtues; and it was to him we owed our ſupport after the peace of 1763 reſtored us to the pleaſures of Paris. Then, however, the Count of Bellegarde, though he reſiſted every argument

ment which could be brought by the other parts of our family, to induce him to receive, and forgive us; yet was ſo far averſe to our owing any farther obligation to D'Ermenonville, whom he held in abhorrence, and no longer acknowledged as his ſon, that he agreed to make us each an handſome allowance.

Peace being made, my brother, the Baron de Rochemorte, went into Germany, where, during the war, he had formed ſome attachments; and I was for ſeveral years in garriſon with my regiment, hearing nothing of my family but what I learned from the letters my ſiſter contrived, by ſtealth, to ſend me. After our elopement, ſhe had been, for ſome years, more rigorouſly confined—and had ſuffered inconceivable harſhneſs and cruelty from her father—but at the end of ſix years, though his temper was far from being ſoftened by age, the death of the Jeſuit, who had been his confeſſor, ſeemed to have procured ſome little alleviation to her ſufferings. A younger, and leſs-auſtere director, of the ſame order, had ſucceeded to the government of his conſcience; and Genevieve now in-

formed me that, accuſtomed as ſhe had been, almoſt from her infancy, to confinement, the moderate ſeverity of that in which ſhe now lived, was comparatively eaſy to her—that her father admitted of her ſervices with more pleaſure than he uſed to do; ſpoke to her with greater kindneſs; ſometimes allowed her to walk out, and had promiſed that the daughter of one of his vaſſals, for whom ſhe had conceived a friendſhip, ſhould be allowed to reſide with her at the caſtle, as her companion: ſhe always added her vexation, that the execution of this promiſe was, ſhe knew not why, always delayed from time to time; though her old governeſs was become quite uſeleſs as a companion—but her greateſt uneaſineſs ſeemed to ariſe from our long, and as ſhe began to fear, endleſs ſeparation.

This regret ſhe repeatedly dwelt upon, with ſo much pathetic tenderneſs, that I at length determined to go in ſecret, and in diſguiſe, to Rochemorte, and embrace once more this beloved ſiſter; for whom, long as we had been parted, I ſtill felt the warmeſt affection.—I was at Paris when I made this reſolution, where, a ſhort time before, I had formed

formed an intimate acquaintance with a young Engliſhman, the ſecond ſon of a nobleman—he was two or three years younger than I was; in perſon, remarkably handſome; and in manners, the moſt engaging man I ever met with.—Our acquaintance ſoon became the ſincereſt friendſhip—and as he communicated to me every intereſting circumſtance that befel him—ſo my ſituation in regard to my father, and my increaſing deſire to ſee my ſiſter, were no ſecrets to him.—He entered into all my ſolicitude, and encouraged me to indulge the inclination I had to viſit Rochemorte in diſguiſe, for the pleaſure of ſeeing Genevieve.

A letter I at that period received from her, determined me to heſitate no longer.—She intimated, that her ſituation was become extremely unpleaſant, from the extraordinary behaviour of the Spaniſh Jeſuit, who had ſucceeded old Ignatius—that this man ſeemed to have deſigns of the moſt improper nature, in regard to her; and, that it was he, who had hitherto oppoſed her having Jacquelina, the young perſon to whom ſhe was attached, with her; becauſe he foreſaw, he ſhould then have leſs frequent opportunities of entertain-

ing her alone: finding, however, the Count diſpoſed to indulge her, and being unable to form any longer pretences to prevent it, he had at laſt told her, that he would immediately influence the Count to oblige her, if ſhe would conſent to aſk for the addition of another member to the family, and receive, as if at her own deſire, a ſiſter of his, who muſt be a ſuperintendant over both her and her friend, and replace the ſuperannuated governeſs, who was no longer capable of her charge.—To this, my poor Genevieve told me ſhe had conſented, rather than not have the company of Jacquelina, to cheer her ſolitude—that Jacquelina was conſequently arrived, and the other expected every day—but that, notwithſtanding ſhe now had a companion, the Jeſuit continued to find but too many opportunities to entertain her with converſation which ſhe could not miſunderſtand.

My blood boiled with indignation, while I read this letter, and I inſtantly communicated the contents of it to my friend, Ormond.—"It is not poſſible," ſaid he, "that you can heſitate, my dear Chevalier, how to act—let us

ſet

ſet out inſtantly for Rochemorte—you ſee a friend ready, not only to attend you, but to loſe his life in your ſervice." We departed the next day, followed only by two ſervants, and arriving at Perpignan, began to conſult on the means of meeting Genevieve, without the knowledge of my father, or the inhabitants of the caſtle—and the propereſt expedient that occurred to us was, to diſguiſe ourſelves and our ſervants, as hunters, and to watch, in that dreſs, till chance ſhould throw my ſiſter in our way.

I ſometimes thought of going openly to my father, and making one effort to awaken his paternal feelings; to obtain my own pardon, and my ſiſter's liberty; but after conſulting with Ormond, we agreed, that it was better to endeavour to ſee her firſt; for a failure in the ſucceſs of this ſcheme would probably occaſion her to be ſo cloſely confined, that we might never have an opportunity of ſeeing her at all.

Equipped, therefore, as Izard hunters, we reached this caſtle—and wandered about a whole day in its neighbourhood without any

ſucceſs—the weather was ſo intenſely warm, for it was now autumn, that I believed my ſiſter came out only early in the morning, or late in the evening—and that the beſt probability of meeting her, was at thoſe hours—to take up our abode near the caſtle, therefore, was material, and I recollected the banqueting-houſe in the wood, which had then, I imagined, been long neglected, and where our reſidence could not be ſuſpected. But, on entering, I was ſurpriſed to find it newly fitted up, and ſumptuouſly furniſhed with every article that could contribute to luxury and repoſe—this had been done by the Jeſuit's directions, and here he now and then made little entertainments for ſome favourite fathers of the convent and their female penitents, which Apicius or Marc Antony might have beheld with envy.

Dread of the Count's power and ſeverity, effectually ſecured every part of his domain from the intruſion of any of the neighbouring peaſants. The pavilion, therefore, furniſhed as it was, was never locked—and, as I imagined nobody had ſo good a right to it as myſelf, I took

took up my abode in it without much apprehenſion of being diſlodged.—My friend occupied the other room, and our ſervants found a lodging in the deſerted cabin of a ſhepherd, on the other ſide of the caſtle; from whence they were ordered to watch for the appearance of the ladies we deſired to ſee; and immediately, on perceiving them, to acquaint us.

The whole of the ſecond day paſſed as the firſt had done; we wandered about the woods that ſkirt the caſtle—but all about it appeared the deſolate abode of ſullen deſpotiſm.—At night, when we had no longer any thing to fear from the obſervation of thoſe who might belong to it, we approached its walls more nearly, and watched the lights at the windows, hoping that Genevieve might paſs with a candle; though even then it would have been very difficult, if not impoſſible, to have apprized her of our being ſo near.

If my friend had been eager for the expedition, he was now more earneſt for its ſucceſs.—The wild and mountainous country, around a caſtle ſuch as is deſcribed as the habitation of enchanters, and monſters of fable,

was

was exactly ſuited to inflame his ardent and romantic imagination—and when, to theſe circumſtances, was added our purpoſe, to ſave a young woman from the harſh ſeverity of a father, and the wicked hypocriſy of a Jeſuit, he became an abſolute enthuſiaſt; and vowed, like a true knight errant, never to leave the ſpot till our adventure was ſucceſsfully accompliſhed.

The ſecond night, however, we were ſlowly retiring to our pavilion, and had almoſt reached it, when we fancied that among the trees, on one ſide of us, which were then cut into alleys, we heard female voices talking low and plaintively.—The evening was ſo profoundly ſtill that we heard every leaf that quivered in the ſcarcely-perceptible air; and theſe voices we now loſt, now heard more diſtinctly—till at length I was ſure that one of them was the voice of Genevieve, though it was ſo long ſince I had heard it. I would have flown into her arms—but Ormond, for once more conſiderate than I was, withheld me, by repreſenting to me, that if the perſon with her ſhould be the Jeſuit's ſiſter, we ſhould be ruined by our raſhneſs. Inſtead, therefore, of

ſhewing

ſhewing ourſelves abruptly, we glided along on the other ſide of a treillage of beech, which entirely concealed us, and, liſtening attentively, heard diſtinctly, that it was to her friend Jacquelina, that my ſiſter addreſſed herſelf.

I knew not whether my voice or the ſight of me could alarm her leaſt; but at length determined to walk from the banqueting-houſe, and meet her. We both, therefore, proceeded ſlowly down the walk in which ſhe was, leaning on the arm of Jacquelina; but neither of them immediately perceived us—and I had time (for though it was evening, every object was yet diſtinct) to obſerve the wonderful alteration that time had made in the perſon of my ſiſter.

I had left her, a beautiful girl, of twelve years old; her fine hair hanging looſe over her face and neck; and her features, though then lovely and expreſſive, not yet formed.—She was now in her nineteenth year—with the figure of a nymph, and a countenance beaming with ſenſibility and ſweetneſs—with a ſenſibility that ſeemed to have no object, and with ſweetneſs that had ſomething of patient acquieſcence infinitely intereſting. Her companion

panion was ſo beautiful a woman, that at any other time, I ſhould have been immediately ſtruck with her charms; but at this moment, I had no eyes but for Genevieve—and Ormond, whoſe heart had been prepared for any impreſſion, was ſo faſcinated, that forgetting my injunctions of ſilence, he exclaimed, "Heavens! Chevalier—you never told me that your ſiſter was an angel!"

At this exclamation, though not uttered in a loud voice, Genevieve, whoſe eyes were before fixed on the ground, raiſed them, when ſeeing two men approach, ſhe was extremely alarmed, and taking Jacquelina by the arm, ſhe cried, "Here are ſtrangers, my friend—let us haſten back to the caſtle."

"No," cried I—"No, Genevieve, it is no ſtranger, but your brother, who comes to defend and protect you." "My brother! my dear brother!" ſaid ſhe—"what, both! is it poſſible; can you be both ſo good?"

I held her in my arms, for ſhe was unable to ſupport herſelf—while Ormond paſſionately exclaimed, "Oh, would to Heaven I were your brother! but accept me, loveliеſt of women,

women, as your friend; and be aſſured, that I will defend ſo glorious a title with my life."

She was ſoon ſo well recovered as to liſten to what I related to her, and her beautiful eyes were turned towards Ormond, full of ſuch expreſſions as charmed his very ſoul—while ſhe thanked him for having accompanied her dear Chevalier. From her converſation, and from that of her amiable companion, I learned, that my infatuated father, was not only entirely governed by his confeſſor, but had lately ſhewn ſo much attachment to the ſiſter whom he had introduced, that there was every reaſon to apprehend the conſequence of the increaſing influence of both. Genevieve, however, ſpoke of her father's failings, and even of his unreaſonable harſhneſs towards her, with reluctant ſweetneſs that was bewitchingly intereſting; and Ormond, in this ſhort converſation, was gone whole ages in love.—His eyes watched every turn of her countenance—his ears drank the ſoft ſounds of her plaintive voice.

I ſaw that the beauty, the ſimplicity of Genevieve, aided by the ſingularity of her ſituation,

tion, and the ſcene in which he ſaw her, had effected an inſtance of what has often been denied, and often ridiculed—love at firſt ſight. Neither Ormond, nor my ſiſter, nor I, were conſcious of the courſe of time: but Jacquelina at length reminded her that it would be hazardous to be longer abſent from the caſtle. She inſtantly recollected herſelf, and ſaid with a ſigh—My Chevalier—we muſt part—when ſhall we meet again?" It was agreed, that by the earlieſt dawn of the following morning we would wait for them in the wood, near the pavilion: we attended them as far as we dared, towards the approach to the caſtle, and then ſlowly and unwillingly bade them good-night.

Ormond ſtood watching my ſiſter as ſhe paſſed among the trees, and when he could ſee her no longer, he turned to me, and ſaid, with an energy peculiarly his own, "Bellegarde, I am in love with your ſiſter to diſtraction!" "I am ſorry for it, my friend," ſaid I; "and why ſorry," interrupted he—with an air of diſpleaſure; "becauſe," replied I, "this attachment, if it indeed becomes permanent, though very honourable to her, may

may be a ſource of miſery to you both.—My father has ſo great an antipathy to an Engliſhman and a Proteſtant, that were a man, who is both, to poſſeſs the world, I am convinced he would refuſe him his daughter."—" Refuſe," cried Ormond: " Do you think I would aſk him? or do you, Chevalier mean to leave your ſiſter—ſuch a ſiſter—here in his power?" —" I hardly know what I mean yet, my dear friend. Let us, however, do nothing raſhly, leſt we injure the objects we wiſh to ſerve."—Alas! at that time, I was cool and collected, and could argue with the romantic enthuſiaſm of my friend; but in a few days I was as madly in love with Jacquelina, as Ormond was with my ſiſter.

The impediments between us, were as great as thoſe between my friend and Genevieve—Jaquelina was of inferior birth, the daughter of one of my father's vaſſals; and to the ſullen pride of the Count of Bellegarde nothing could be ſo repugnant as ſuch an alliance. I was not yet of the age when ſons were allowed to diſpoſe of themſelves; and my allowance from my father would, I was well aſſured, be inſtantly withdrawn, if I offended him

him anew—All theſe conſiderations, however, weighed nothing againſt the violence of my paſſion—and determined as I was to marry Jacquelina, and to give Genevieve to my friend, the only difficulty ſeemed to be to find a Prieſt on whom we might depend; for, ſenſible of our affection as were the objects of our love, they refuſed to leave their home unleſs under the protection of their huſbands.

While I was ſtudying how to find and ſecure the fidelity of ſuch a man as we had occaſion for, Genevieve endured from the inſolence of the Jeſuit, and the encroaching authority of Mademoiſelle D'Aucheterre, his ſiſter, inſults which ſhe dared not avow to us in all their extent. But Jaquelina, when ſhe was alone with me, ſpake with leſs reſerve, and told me ſhe had no doubt but that it was the plan of D'Aucheterre, the Jeſuit, to marry his ſiſter to the Count: and that ſo entirely was he governed by him, that there was no doubt of his falling into the ſnare. This was very unpleaſant intelligence; but I forgot it when ſhe added, that ſhe dreaded every day leſt the walks Genevieve was now allowed to take ſhould be prohibited.

It

It was neceſſary immediately to hazard ſomething. I contrived to make an acquaintance with one of the younger Monks of the convent—he had never ſeen me as the Chevalier de Bellegarde, and believed, for ſome time, that I was an hunter, from Pau in Berne. At length, when I believed myſelf tolerably acquainted with him, I told him who I was, and with what view I had ſo long lingered about my father's abode, from whence I had been many years exiled. From the manner of his receiving this intelligence, I believed I could truſt him—It was very hazardous; for the Fathers of the Convent were for the moſt part decidedly in the intereſt of the Jeſuit—But I offered to this Monk the means of gratifying ſome of thoſe paſſions which his poverty and mode of life afforded him little opportunity of indulging—and he agreed to do whatever I pleaſed.

The riſing ſun of the following morning ſaw my friend Ormond the enraptured huſband of the lovely Genevieve; and gave me, in Jacquelina, the only woman who ſeemed to be worthy to be her friend.—Trembling at every breath of air, at every whiſper

whiſper of the falling leaves, they hurried back to the caſtle—Where an unuſual degree of tranquillity ſeemed on that day to reign.—The Count ſpake kindly to his daughter—and ſhe, encouraged by the certainty of now belonging to the man ſhe loved, put a reſtraint upon herſelf, and behaved with more civility to D'Aucheterre and his ſiſter than ſhe could generally command. In the evening they met us as uſual; but our felicity was embittered by the apprehenſions for our ſafety that had taken poſſeſſion of Jacquelina.—"Though there is not a peaſant, or a ſhepherd, round the domains of the caſtle," ſaid ſhe, "that loves the Count well enough to do him any kindneſs on his own account, yet fear may have the influence which affection and gratitude have not. Some of them have been telling the ſervants that two ſtrangers have been ſeen for many days among the mountains, who call themſelves Izard hunters, though they have no dogs with them; that nobody knows where they ſleep, or how they live; and that they are ſuſpected to belong to a banditti who have for ſome time infeſted the Vallée d'Aran, about the ſource of the Garonne.

ronne. This whiſper," continued Jacquelina, "terrifies me. It was only to-day I heard it, and I have never had a tranquil moment ſince: I figure to myſelf that your lodging in the banquetting-houſe may be diſcovered: that you may be taken up—impriſoned—puniſhed." —I endeavoured to appeaſe the fears of my angelic wife, though I felt that they were too well founded. Ormond, intoxicated by love, and knowing leſs of the manners of the people than I did treated, them ſlightly—"Let them come," ſaid he, "are we not armed?" The following day, however, Genevieve and Jacquelina met us in increaſed alarm. The reports among the ſervants gained ground—the Jeſuit had heard of them, and had ſaid to Genevieve and her friend, that if ſuch men were lurking about the confines of the caſtle, their early and late walks would become very unſafe, and that he muſt ſpeak to the Count to forbid them.

To remain another night in the pavilion was not ſafe. Our little council deliberated what to do, and Love was the preſident. Under his auſpices, the timid Genevieve learned courage to propoſe what appeared a more

more hazardous meaſure than to remain where we were. "The eaſtern ſide of the caſtle," ſaid ſhe, "is never inhabited; the guard-room, and the rooms above and under it, have not been opened for many years;—in that quarter, you, my Chevalier, may recollect there was a conſiderable breach made in one of the ſieges, and the windows are diſmantled and broken ſtill—as nobody ever goes near that range of rooms, would there be much danger in your remaining in them till we can depart?"

"The danger," cried Ormond, "is no conſideration, but why ſhould we not depart immediately? why ſhould you and Jacquelina ever return to the caſtle?"

To this my ſiſter anſwered, that unleſs precautions were taken, ſuch as ſhe feared we had not thought of, our flight would undo us—"My father," ſaid ſhe, "by the death of that nobleman, who was the moſt powerful among his enemies, has obtained the government of Rouſſillon, and has even had offers of other advantages which may awaken his dormant and diſappointed ambition. Thus armed with powers to detect our flight, conſider what would

would be the conſequence of our being miſſing, if we are not ſure of getting out of his reach before he can exert that power. Secure, if poſſible, the means of an eſcape, and we will fly: in the mean time, you muſt think of your own ſafety till that can be done."

We were too much in love to raiſe any difficulties to a plan which brought us nearer the objects of our affections; and the remark Genevieve made as to the difficulty of our carrying her and Jacquelina with us, without ſome quicker means of conveyance than their delicate limbs afforded them, was perfectly juſt. How to procure ſuch conveyance was a matter that required more deliberation than the preſent moment afforded, and it was therefore agreed that at night, when all about the caſtle was quiet, Genevieve and Jacquelina ſhould be at one of the loweſt windows on the eaſtern ſide; and that we ſhould croſs the moat, and by their aid aſcend to that window, which we conſidered as a very eaſy undertaking.

As it was now late in the autumn, and there was no moon, it was dark enough for our purpoſe. We croſſed the moat with eaſe, and

and found our lovely conductreſſes waiting for us; with almoſt equal eaſe aſcended the broken wall, and I was thus in my father's houſe unknown to him, and took poſſeſſion of the paternal manſion of my anceſtors as if I had been a robber and an aſſaſſin.

Here, however, under ſuch circumſtances, I paſſed the moſt fortunate period of my life—Ah! ſhort and fleeting felicity—which never, never can return again!

We were not, however, ſo intoxicated with our preſent happineſs, as to neglect the means of its continuance; but nothing was ſo difficult as to carry them into execution. It was only of a night I could get out, for with ſuch a commiſſion I was unwilling to entruſt the daring and impetuous Ormond; and the application I made for horſes at two or three villages at hours ſo unreaſonable, raiſed ſuch ſuſpicion of my intention, that I twice narrowly eſcaped being ſeized by the peaſants as one of the banditti; and once, on my return to the caſtle, was watched and compelled, inſtead of entering it by the window, as uſual, to plunge into the woods, and conceal myſelf till the following evening: while my wife, my ſiſter,

ſiſter, and Ormond ſuffered the moſt cruel anxiety and were almoſt dead with apprehenſion.

After this unſucceſsful ſally, they entreated me not to venture out again, and we continued to live on ſome time longer in ſecurity. The immenſe extent of the caſtle made our abode in this uninhabited part of it attended with very little riſk; for the paſſages were all ſtone, and our footſteps could not be heard, even if we had not taken all precautions againſt noiſe. The appearance of complaiſance which Genevieve was compelled to aſſume towards D'Aucheterre, obtained for her any little favour ſhe choſe to aſk of him: and he allowed her frequently to dine in her own apartment, while his ſiſter was thus enabled to carry on, with more ſucceſs, her plan of operations againſt the heart of the Count, in which indeed ſhe had made a much greater progreſs than we apprehended. Thus we were ſupplied with food without raiſing any ſuſpicion, and were ſo well content with our confinement, ſince it was the impriſonment of love, that could we have been ſure of its continuance with ſafety to the objects of that love, we

ſhould never have regretted our loſs of liberty.

To this moment I am ignorant of the means by which we were diſcovered, though I can impute it only to the treachery of the Monk who married us. It was after midnight, near five weeks after our reſidence in the caſtle, that I was awaked by a loud ſhriek from Jacquelina, who at the ſame moment threw her arms about me.—I ſtarted up, and flew to a cutlaſs which I uſually placed in a chair near the bed; and with which I defended Jacquelina for ſome moments, till I was ſtunned by a blow which one of the ruffians who ſurrounded me aimed at the back of my head, and I recovered not my ſenſes till many hours afterwards, when I awoke in a kind of litter, in which two hideous figures guarded me, with their ſwords drawn. I was confined by heavy chains; and when I enquired why I was thus fettered like a malefactor, I was ſhewn a Lettre de Cachet, which directed me to be conveyed to the Baſtile—and thither I was now travelling. Oh, Sir, if you have ever loved! you may be enabled to judge what were my feelings!—Yet, who was ever ſo cruelly outraged—who

was

was ever torn from ſuch a woman, unleſs it was my unhappy friend, Ormond!—whoſe fate I had reaſon to fear was yet ſeverer than my own—becauſe I doubted whether my father, ſavage and inhuman as he was, could exerciſe on me exactly the ſame degree of cruelty, which he would feel himſelf diſpoſed to inflict on one who, in addition to his being the huſband of Genevieve, was an Engliſhman, and an heretic. The anxiety I felt for his fate, and for that of my ſiſter, and the dread of what might have befallen Jacquelina, whoſe ſhrieks, as they endeavoured to tear her from me, yet vibrated in my ears, made me inſenſible of my own ſufferings, notwithſtanding my wounds and the inconveniences of my confinement. But my guards were obſtinately ſilent, and neither threats nor entreaties could procure for me the leaſt intelligence of what was to be the fate of the beloved friends from whom they had divided me.

While any hope remained, I retained ſome degree of compoſure and recollection: but at length deſpair took poſſeſſion of me—I became delirious—Furious, frantic, I was only prevented by my chains from deſtroying, firſt

my keepers, and then myſelf.—I knew nothing of what happened for many days, during the diſorder of my ſenſes: when I recovered them, I was in a room in one of the towers of the Baſtile, ſo much weakened with the loſs of blood that they had taken from me during my frenzy, that I could not leave my bed. My head had been ſhaved, and I was under the regimen appointed for thoſe who are decidedly inſane.—Pardon me, if I here aſk your patience till to-morrow—the recollection of what I then ſuffered is too painful for me to dwell upon longer; and when I think that theſe ſufferings were inflicted by a father!——Here the Count put his hand on his heart, and ſighed deeply. Willoughby remarked in his eyes that unſettled expreſſion that ſtill bore teſtimony of the ſtate of mind into which the ſufferings he had been relating had thrown him; and extremely affected himſelf by the Count's narrative, he was glad, powerfully as his curioſity was excited, to delay hearing the melancholy cataſtrophe, for melancholy he feared it muſt be, till the next day.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the Count de Bellegarde and Willoughby met the next morning, the former ſeemed perfectly compoſed, but penſive and melancholy. It was early—he propoſed walking towards the convent; "and as we go," ſaid he, "I will conclude, as briefly as I can, my mournful hiſtory. I will not dwell upon the nature of my ſufferings in the Baſtile: of much of the time I paſſed there I have no perfect recollection; and for the reſt, ſuffice it to ſay that, by the orders of my inflexible father, I endured all the rigours of impriſonment in its moſt hideous form, for ſeveral months, during which I made ſome attempts to eſcape—Attempts, the failure of which only ſerved to convince me of the im-

poſſibility of effecting it; and in the impotency of rage, I curſed my exiſtence, and, I fear, reproached Heaven itſelf for permitting ſuch horrors on earth. The idea of Jacquelina, abandoned to the inhuman vengeance of a man capable of acting with ſuch malignity towards his own ſon; the thoughts of the miſery in which I had probably been the means of involving Ormond and Genevieve, hardly ſuffered me to attend to my own wretchedneſs, when I was capable of feeling it; but many weeks paſſed in wild ravings about *them*, and then for myſelf I felt nothing.

" I thus loſt ſome of thoſe miſerable days, of the courſe of which, when I was ſenſible, I marked on the wall of my priſon. I had now, though my reckoning was thus rendered defective, paſt near two years in my confinement, when my barbarous father, at the interceſſion of my brother the Baron, ſent a prieſt to offer me my releaſe on certain conditions: one of which was, that I ſhould immediately, on leaving my priſon, be conducted to my regiment, which was then in garriſon at Liſle, and give my parole that I would not quit it without the permiſſion of the commanding officer.

officer. Though I ſaw that this reſtriction was intended to prevent my gaining any intelligence of Jacquelina, of Ormond, or of my ſiſter, I gave the promiſe deſired, as being releaſed from my deteſted priſon always ſeemed a ſtep towards *them*; and two days afterwards the governor of the Baſtile delivered me to the perſons whom my father had ſent for me; and I was thus conducted, like a priſoner, to join the regiment, where the colonel, a friend of the Count's, took care to take the parole in the ſtrongeſt manner; and believing, perhaps, that under ſuch circumſtances I ſhould not feel myſelf bound in honour to keep it, he continued to have me watched ſo ſtrictly that I was ſtill in fact a priſoner.

" And thus, at the age of twenty-nine, was I treated; my ſoul revolting againſt the tyranny, without the means of eſcaping from it, and conſuming itſelf in vain projects, to ſee or to hear from the wife ſo adored—from friends ſo tenderly beloved.

" A few days, however, after my arrival at Liſle, my brothers, D'Ermenonville and the Baron De Rochemarte, came in diſguiſe to find me. They hardly knew me, ſo greatly was

I changed by deſpair and confinement; but without giving them time to expreſs their concern, I enquired for Jaquelina—for Ormond, for our ſiſter.

"Their countenances, particularly that of the Baron, told me that I had only tidings of ſorrow to expect; and knowing the ſtate in which my mind had been, he ſtudied a moment how to ſoften them; but the impatience of my fear would not give him time—"Tell me," cried I, "tell me where is Jacquelina, where is Genevieve, where is my friend Ormond? They are dead, I know they are; that inhuman man, who calls himſelf my father, has deſtroyed them all."

"No," replied the Baron, "Ormond lives, and is long ſince returned to England—Jacquelina lives; but lives not for you; ſhe has taken the veil.—As for our unfortunate ſiſter, ſhe is, perhaps, happier; ſhe has been dead ſome months."—This cruel intelligence—that of the three beings deareſt to me on earth I ſhould never again ſee either, was too much for me.—Again I loſt the ſenſe of my miſery in delirium; and it was many days before I could attend to the conſolation offered me by the

the Baron, or the lighter arguments by which D'Ermenonville attempted to wean me from reflections which it could anſwer, he ſaid, no purpoſe to indulge. The ſtate I then fell into was only another ſpecies of madneſs. I no longer raved or vented my fury in cries and execrations; but I became ſilent and ſullen: never ſpoke but to the Baron, who ſtill attended me with paternal pity, and got leave of the commandant to do ſo; and whatever I ſaid to him was only enquiries after ſome particulars relative to Jaquelina and my ſiſter, in which he could not ſatisfy me—all that he knew being from my father, or Madame de Bellegarde; for the ſiſter of the Jeſuit, D'Aucheterre had long ſince been raiſed to that title, and had brought the Count to Paris, where he was again admitted to ſuch a ſhare of power as had enabled him to execute more ſecurely their unnatural vengeance.

" As I was no longer capable of duty, and my malady ſeemed to be incurably fixed:—as Jacquelina had taken the vows, and was for ever out of my reach, the Baron obtained leave for me to go with him to a houſe he had in Normandy; where the patient pity with which he watched over me, gradually re-

ſtored me to my ſenſes! but I regained them only to feel with keener anguiſh all the horrors of my deſtiny. The Count de Bellegarde, now far advanced in life, and repenting, perhaps, whenever his new wife gave him leave to think, of his cruel treatment of his daughter, expreſſed ſome inclination to ſee and to forgive me; but I felt that it was *I* who had much to forgive; and, alas! I felt, too, that though he was my father I could not forgive him.

"The firſt moment in which I enjoyed both reaſon and liberty, I ſhould have uſed in flying to Perpignan, where, with difficulty, I learned that Jaquelina was confined; but I had promiſed the Baron, that I could not yet attempt it, and to him I held my word to be ſacred, whatever it coſt me to keep it: All my preſent ſatisfaction was in traverſing the ſea coaſt, near which my brother's houſe was ſituated, looking towards England, whence I every day expected to hear of Ormond, to whom I had written. Impatiently I waited month after month for an anſwer. I wrote again; but ſtill I heard nothing. At length I recollected the name of an Engliſh gentleman, with whom Ormond lived in habits of intimacy

intimacy while he was in France. I wrote to him, and my letter was immediately anſwered. He informed me, that Captain Ormond, who had returned to England about ten months before in a very bad ſtate of health, had been ordered very ſoon afterwards to America, with his regiment, which was ſent thither to quell the troubles which about that time broke out in the Engliſh colonies. Thus I had no longer any hope of ſeeing my dear friend, who was of a diſpoſition to have joined me in my attempt, however hazardous, for the recovery of Jacquelina, which I was at all events determined to try at.

"Wild and impoſſible as the project was, it had taken ſuch forcible hold of my imagination, that reaſon was no longer heard. I concealed my intentions, however, carefully from my brother—affected compoſure, I was far from feeling; and, as he began to believe me reconciled to my deſtiny, he no longer refuſed to talk of Jacquelina, when I calmly led the diſcourſe to that ſubject: and by degrees he told me all he knew, which was, indeed, little more than the name of the convent, where ſhe had taken the veil, at Perpignan.

"Having

"Having gained all the inſtruction I could I left a letter to the Baron, who had long ceaſed to inſiſt upon any parole; and telling him that being now well enough to return to my duty, I ſhould merely ſee Jaquelina, take an eternal adieu, and then rejoin my regiment. I ſat out alone in the night, and taking bye-roads, arrived at Perpignan.

"I found a brother of Jacquelina's who was ſettled there: he confirmed all I had heard of the compulſion that had been uſed by the Count to force my unhappy wife to take the veil. He had threatened the deſtruction of her whole family: he had impriſoned her father, and aſſured her that I was dead. If I ſhuddered at this relation, judge how my tenderneſs, my regret, my rage was increaſed when this brother of my Jaquelina went on to ſpeak of what he thought I had known. That ſhe became a mother during this inhuman perſecution; and that an infant daughter then exiſted. My ſiſter, too, had given birth to a daughter; and died in conſequence of the anguiſh of mind ſhe had ſuffered at having her child taken from her. "Where are theſe children?" cried I, in an agony it is impoſſible to deſcribe;—"Oh carry me inſtantly where I may

may claim them!" "Alas, Sir!" replied my wife's brother, "my ſiſter's child was taken by my mother, who, ill as ſhe could afford it, would never part with it to the Count, who, offered to provide for it; becauſe ſhe doubted what were his deſigns. She doubted, indeed, with reaſon, for the other baby was ſent away to Bayonne, as was then ſaid; but every thing relative to it was ſo ſecretly managed, that nobody knew for a long time what was become of it: and it was not till ſome time afterwards that my ſiſter, who from her tender affection for Mademoiſelle Bellegarde, was as anxious for it as for her own, perſuaded me to enquire about it; for we all dreaded to hear that the Count under the influence of the D'Aucheterres, had been very cruel indeed to it!

"Oh! Sir, reflect a moment on my feelings at this detail. In the ſame breath, I bade my informer go on with the account of all he knew of Ormond's child, and carry me to my own. The wildneſs of my impatience frightened him; he endeavoured to ſoothe me with aſſurances that my infant was living, and well, and then told me as gently as he could, that he had been guilty of a breach

breach of promiſe in naming it, for that the Count had made the whole family enter into an agreement never to let me know any thing about the child.—Irritated by this new inſtance of barbarity, I ſwore, in a tranſport of paſſion, that I would have my daughter reſtored to me, or periſh in the attempt; and that I would find the child of my murdered ſiſter if I traverſed the world."—"Alas! my dear Chevalier" ſaid my wife's brother, "there will be danger enough for you even in attempting to ſee your own daughter; for the Count has never ceaſed to have it watched: but for that of your ſiſter, you will certainly never recover it. All my reſearches, which I aſſure you were not indolently nor feebly made, traced it no farther than into the houſe of a certain Madame de Pellatier at Bayonne, a friend of the preſent Madame de Bellegarde, who undertook"———

"Madame de Pellatier!" cried Willoughby, "Oh! eternal Heaven, are you ſure—Merciful God!—are you ſure it was Madame de Pellatier?"

Amazed at the vehemence and ſingular manner of Willoughby, for which he could ſo little account—the Count looked at him a moment,

moment, and then ſaid—" Am I ſure? Yes, very ſure—Have you then any knowledge of Madame de Pellatier?"—" Oh! if I could tell you," cried Willoughby, in agitation that deprived him of his breath—" but I cannot—'tis impoſſible—yet thus much—Did you recover the daughter of your ſiſter—was ſhe ever reſtored to you?"——

" No, never," anſwered the Count, " all the intelligence I was long afterwards able to obtain was, that Madame de Pellatier had placed her in a convent at Hieres, but her name was changed, and before I could obtain, after my laſt return to France, even this information, the people who had received her were dead, and I could only gueſs from ſome memorandums kept in the convent, " that a child (whom I gueſſed to have been the ſame) was taken from thence by an Engliſh lady."——

" It is Celeſtina," cried Willoughby, in the wildeſt tranſport, " it is my own Celeſtina. She is mine again—without a doubt, without any impediment, mine!"—He was conſcious, that at that moment he was not in poſſeſſion of his ſenſes, ſo extravagant was his joy. The Count, accuſtomed as he had been to the impulſe of violent paſſions himſelf, was aſtoniſhed

niſhed at this phrenzy, becauſe he comprehended not what had produced it, nor could Willoughby, for ſome moments, command himſelf enough to explain it; till at length, from this paroxyſm of agonizing joy he ſunk at once with as deep dejection, for the probability had occurred to him; that, at the very moment when he was exulting in having ſo wonderfully and ſo unexpectedly diſcovered the birth of Celeſtina, and thus recovered all he had loſt—ſhe was, perhaps, married—and no longer intereſted for him—nor ſolicitous to enquire on his account, to whom ſhe belonged.

Then as every hour's delay might be fatal if this had not already happened, he determined to ſet out inſtantly for England. The wonder, however, with which he ſaw the Count ſurvey him recalled his wandering and bewildered ſenſes; and as well as he could, though very incoherently and inarticulately, he related his hiſtory to the Count.———

Monſieur de Bellegarde had not a doubt but that the Celeſtina of Willoughby was his niece; every circumſtance, as they became cool enough to compare them, anſwered exactly. Convinced of this, and becoming every inſtant more partial to his gueſt, the Count

now

now entered with the warmeſt intereſt into all his apprehenſions leſt he ſhould loſe her; and approved of his haſtening inſtantly back to England—Willoughby intreated him to return to the caſtle, that he might not waſte a moment—" for on the event of a moment, per haps," ſaid he, " my life depends." As they returned, however, the Count concluded his own hiſtory, and Willoughby, ſince Celeſtina was concerned in it, commanded that portion of attention which, perhaps, no other ſubject, however otherwiſe intereſting, could at that moment have commanded.

" I was not deterred," ſaid the Count de Bellegarde, " by any of the threats that my father had uttered; but I flew to the convent where Jacquelina was. It was gueſſed by my impatience and ardour who I was—and I was refuſed admittance to the grate. I then had recourſe to the diſguiſe of a female dreſs; and, in deſpite of all the menaces that had been thrown out againſt their family, I prevailed on one of her ſiſters to accompany me."

" I ſaw her!—but ſhe did not know me.—Her eyes were caſt down; ſhe was pale and thin—reſignation and patience ſeemed to have ſoftened

ſoftened the horrows of her deſtiny—but they gave to her faded beauty an intereſt ſo powerful, that I never loved her ſo ardently as that moment—I would have forced myſelf through the grate, which was one of thoſe that are ſo narrow as ſcarcely to admit an hand.—I threw myſelf againſt it—I ſpoke to her—ſhe then knew me, and caught hold of the bars to ſave herſelf from falling—I kiſſed her hand in the wildeſt tranſports—I beſought her to remember, that her vows were not—could not be binding, either in the ſight of God or man!—that ſhe was my wife; and that againſt the infamous tyranny that had divided us, all nature revolted." Thus I raved, while tears, ſuch as angels ſhed, fell from her lovely eyes—"Oh! Bellegarde," ſaid ſhe, when ſhe was able to ſpeak, "This is all vain and frantic rage!—learn, my dear, dear friend, to ſubmit, as I do, to a fate, which, cruel as it is, is inevitable—I am dead to you!—for from hence, no power, no force, can now releaſe me—ah! they told me you were no more—or never, never would I have taken thoſe vows, which my heart refuſed!—But it is done!—and this ſhort moment is the laſt we ſhall ever have!"—At this inſtant

inſtant the ſuperior of the convent, and ſeveral nuns appeared, and ſeverely reproaching her, forced her from the grate—" Inhuman," ſaid ſhe,—" even this laſt moment is denied me!—farewell, my dear Bellegarde—farewell for ever—believe I am dead; and transfer the tenderneſs you felt for your Jacquelina—to her little Anzoletta—in her I ſtill live." This ſentence was hardly articulate, amid the efforts her perſecutors made to force her away—when I loſt ſight of her, again I threw myſelf frantically againſt the grate that divided, I beat my head againſt it—fury and deſpair poſſeſſed me anew—and I became, for ſome days, again inſenſible—or ſenſible to nothing but the ſight of my little girl, whoſe innocent ſmiles appeaſed my rage, and made me recollect that there was yet a being in the world for whom I ought to live.

" Every calm interval was employed in projects, more wild, perhaps, than my wildeſt ravings; to force Jacquelina from her accurſed impriſonment. I talked about it continually to her brothers, and perſuaded myſelf that nothing was impoſſible to a man ſo injured, and ſo attached as I was. My father,

ther, however, was too powerful in a province, where he was governor, and in a community into which he had influence to get Jacquelina received, notwithſtanding her reſiſtance, and even her marriage. At this time, power did every thing in France, and nature and juſtice were ſilenced—thank God it is ſo no longer!"

In this ejaculation, Willoughby moſt ſincerely joined, and the Count proceeded:—

"My father, as I was about to obſerve, was too well ſerved to leave me any probability of ſucceſs in this mad project; far from being able to procure the liberty of my wife, I could not preſerve my own—but was, under pretence of my inſanity, carried away a priſoner from Perpignan; and the only favour the Baron could obtain for me was, that I might be confined in his houſe in Normandy.—Here I remainder only a ſhort time, ſunk again into the impotent fullenneſs of deſpair, when the regiment, to which I belonged, was ordered to America, and my father deſired I might go. I wiſhed for death—and had I had any motives to deſire life, my honour compelled me not to heſitate. For America then I embarked; and on my arrival, my firſt care was

to

to enquire for the Engliſh regiment, in which my friend Ormond had a company. I heard, from deſerters, that it had ſuffered greatly in the beginning of the war, and was ordered back to England. Even the mournful ſatisfaction which I had promiſed myſelf in embracing my friend, the huſband of my beloved unfortunate Genevieve, ſeemed thus to be denied me; and every circumſtance contributed to promote that deſperation, that impatience of life, which is the effect of incurable calamity.

" Before I left France, I had recommended my infant Anzoletta to the care of the Baron, in caſe of my death, and ſecured to her all the property that would be at my diſpoſal, on the death of my father. I thought, that were Jacquelina dead, I ſhould think of her with leſs painful regret, than I did now; languiſhing within the walls of a monaſtery; of my natural friends, only the Baron and D'Ermenonville, affected to feel any intereſt in my fate: the former was now deeply engaged in the duties of his profeſſion as a ſoldier: and for the latter, he was decidedly a diſciple of Epicurus—and made it a rule of his life to enjoy every

every poſſible pleaſure, and avoid every poſſible pain—of courſe, my loſs would be but ſlightly felt by either of my brothers—and my father—for ſo many years my perſecutor and tyrant, would rejoice at it. I continually ſought death as my only refuge againſt the evils he had inflicted upon me; and what was called bravery, was, in fact, deſpair.

"In one of the rencontres which our troops and the revolted Americans had with the Engliſh army, it was my chance to be ſtationed to defend a ſmall poſt on the borders of an immenſe wood, with a ſmall detachment of French. The engagement was warm between the main bodies; but the troops, under my command, were not called into the action. Impatient to be thus idle, I ſent one of my aid-de-camps to the general, repreſenting, that we were abſolutely uſeleſs where we were, and entreating his leave to advance; when he returned and told me, that the battle was over with diſputed ſucceſs; that the Engliſh had ſuffered greatly, particularly in their officers; while the Americans and French, hardly in a better condition, were making their retreat, which I was directed to cover with

with my freſh troops. I advanced, therefore, through the wood by the way I was directed; and after proceeding half a mile, I met a party of Indians, in the intereſt of the coloniſts, carrying with them an Engliſh officer, who was, they ſaid, mortally wounded. By his uniform, he appeared to be of rank—I approached him, and ſpoke to him in French. Judge of my ſenſations, when I ſaw in this dying priſoner my friend, my Ormond!—Not even the calls of duty were ſo preſſing a thoſe of friendſhip.—I even deliberated a moment, whether I ſhould not hazard every thing to attend him myſelf—but when I expreſſed this, though he could hardly ſpeak, he conjured me to go on, and merely to take him out of the hands of the Indians.—"I know I muſt die," ſaid the gallant fellow, "but I would die in your arms—if you can, without injury to your honour, grant me ſuch an indulgence." I ordered a guard to convey him, with the utmoſt care, to the neareſt French quarters; and then haſtening to obey the orders I had received, I had the happineſs, ſucceſsfully, to execute them; and having done ſo, hurried to my friend.

I found

" I found he had received every aſſiſtance which in the ſituation we then were, could be given him: he was eaſy, and though his wounds were mortal, his death was not likely to happen immediately.

" He thanked me, as ſoon as he again ſaw me, for my attention to him—and then eagerly aſked me after his wife—and his child—" but ſhe is dead," cried he—" my Genevieve is dead; I was but too certain of that before I left Europe."—My ſilence, my tears, confirmed the ſad truth. " Well, my dear Chevalier, cried he, clinging my hand, " I am following her faſt—I knew what you would tell me of my infant—of that dear pledge of my Genevieve's affection. Your inhuman father has eluded your ſearch, as he did mine. Oh! I could curſe him!—but I will not, becauſe he is your father. If ever your friendly ſolicitude for the offspring of your ſiſter, and your friend, ſhould enable you to diſcover her, give her theſe pictures—they are thoſe of her father—of his favourite ſiſter;—of her mother—ſee," added he—" this reſemblance of Genevive which ſhe gave me, when I received the dear avowal of her love; never till now

now has it left my boſom—and I conjure you, Bellegarde, never to part with it, till you place it on that of my daughter.

"My noble friend lingered a few days longer—not in great pain, however, and perfectly ſenſible—and then, in my arms, he reſigned his gallant ſpirit to his God.

"This loſs added ſtrength to the gloomy reſolution I had before made to die. Among my friend's papers, which, by his order, his ſervant delivered to me, after his death, I found a narrative of all he had done, after his releaſe from impriſonment in the Baſtile, at the demand of the Engliſh ambaſſador (for he was there part of the time that I was, though we never ſaw each other,) to gain admittance to his wife, and to have his child reſtored to him—and ſuch an abhorrence did this add to that I had already conceived againſt my father, that I could not bear the name of Bellegarde; nor endure to think of returning to breathe the ſame air with a man whom I conſidered as a monſter.

"To France, however, I returned—without even a wound in all the hazards to which I had

voluntarily expoſed myſelf. This inhuman father was ſtill living—but my brother, the Baron de Rochemorte, had fallen at the head of his regiment, at the attack made on the iſland of Jerſey—and I ſucceeded to his fortune—a fortune, which, ample as it was, could make me no amends for the excellent, the kind brother I had loſt.

"Alas! I had loſt two brothers—and two friends equally dear to me—they were not to be recalled—but I found a gloomy kind of ſatisfaction in complying with their laſt requeſts. That of my brother de Rochemorte was, that I would take his name; and moſt willingly I quitted that of Bellegarde—the dying requeſt of my beloved friend I endeavoured—ah! how vainly endeavoured to fulfil—I never could diſcover his daughter till this fortunate day!

"But my reſidence among the Americans, had awakened in my mind a ſpirit of freedom. The miſeries, the irreparable injuries I had received from ill-placed and exorbitant power, prompted me to aſſert it. I was now poſſeſſed of conſiderable property—uſeleſs to me, becauſe

cauſe Jacquelina could not ſhare it—though comparatively free myſelf, I was wretched. In this diſpoſition, it may eaſily be imagined, that if I poſſeſſed the power, I was not without inclination to add fewel to that fire, which immediately after the end of the war in America, was kindled, though it yet burnt but feebly in France. I wrote—I acted upon my newly-acquired principles, with the energy of a ſufferer, and with the reſolution of a martyr. I *was* already the martyr of deſpotiſm, and ruined in my happineſs for ever. I knew that all the vengeance I could excite could injure me no farther.

"I now ſaw Jacquelina—but ſhe was ſtill pining within her convent.—I ſaw my child—I held her to the grate while her mother bedewed her little hands with tears, which I kiſſed off!—It was a ſcene to move every heart but ſuch as inhabited the breaſt of my father! Again, the hopeleſſneſs of reſcuing my wife from her cruel bonds, gave him occaſion to put other fetters on me. In the raſhneſs of my deſperation, I ſaid, I wrote, I acted ſuch things as made me be conſidered by govern-

ment as a dangerous perſon. My father took advantage of my raſhneſs—he repreſented me as being diſordered in my ſenſes, and obtained an order for ſhutting me up in the fortreſs of Mont St. Michel.

"Between four and five years had I been a captive in that gloomy priſon, when the glorious flame of liberty, of which I only ſaw the firſt feeble rays, burſt forth—I regained my perſonal fredom, when my country became free—I found my father dead!—Every thing he could give away, his wife poſſeſſed, but this, and ſome other of his eſtates, were mine—and D'Ermenonville gave me, with the hands which then gave the title of Bellegarde, the name, which I abhor; and which, though it is yet given me by the people, who have been accuſtomed to give it to the head of my family, I will not keep—but take that of Montignac, which is my *untitled* name, the original deſignation of our family.

"The firſt uſe I made now of the general and particular freedom, in which I rejoiced, was to fly to Perpignan—but the moment is not yet come, when I can deliver my impriſoned Jac-

Jacquelina. I am, however, aſſured, that ſhe will very ſoon be reſtored to me; in that hope I came hither to attend to my long-neglected affairs, and to enjoy the ſociety of my daughter. Even greater happineſs has been the conſequence of my abode here than I dared to hope; for by you, my friend, towards whom the moment I ſaw you, I was impelled by an invincible propenſity, I ſhall, I truſt, recover the dear orphan child of Genevieve and Ormond.

"In a few days I ſhall go back to Perpignan; leave Anzoletta again in the care of her mother's family, and then haſten to aſſiſt in the glorious buſineſs of ſecuring the liberty of France—yes!—the immortal work of defending myriads yet unborn from ever ſuffering the oppreſſions, under which I have groaned."

Here the Count de Bellegarde ended his narrative; and Willoughby, with an inexpreſſible contrariety of ſenſations—joy and hope—fear and apprehenſion—being furniſhed with every aſſurance he could wiſh, of the real parents of Celeſtina, took a tender leave of the Count and Anzoletta, whoſe voice was to him as the voice of a ſeraph, promiſing him felicity

city to come, and he then departed, as had been agreed upon between him and the Count, for Perpignan: where he delivered, at the grate, a letter to Jacquelina—of whom the Count had desired that she would describe to Willoughby any particulars of the person of his wife, which she recollected—for in her care, the infant Celestina had been left a few weeks.

With trembling impatience Willoughby waited while the interesting, and still lovely nun perused this letter—and heard her, while his heart sunk with apprehension, thus describe the child of her unfortunate friend—

"She was," said Jacquelina, "fairer than my child, and her features greatly resembled those of her father.—On her neck, a little on the left side, were three remarkable, though diminutive, moles."—"It is enough," said Willoughby—"those moles are on the lovely neck of Celestina—a thousand times have I kissed them as we played together in our infancy—and here on this portrait of her, drawn when she was about twelve years old, they are described."

Jacquelina kissed the picture.—"Little as

can

can be judged from a likeneſs done ſo many years afterwards, I feel an aſſurance," ſaid ſhe, " that this is the picture of my Geneviève's child. May heaven grant her thoſe bleſſings which, in its unſearchable decrees, it refuſed to my lovely, luckleſs friend." Willoughby, who would not have been a moment detained by any interview leſs intereſting, or leſs neceſſary, now took his leave, and with the utmoſt expedition, though all he could make, anſwered but ill to his impatience, he haſtened on towards England.

CHAPTER XII.

WHILE theſe things paſſed at Rochemorte, Celeſtina, no longer doubting of Willoughby's marriage, and entire deſertion of her, was trying to acquire once more that calm reſignation, which ſhe had ſo often determined to adopt, and ſo often loſt.—Montague Thorold accompanied Lady Horatia to Cheltenham; where, as Celeſtina foreſaw, his ardent entreaties, and the wiſhes of her friend, ſo ſtrongly enforcing them, gave her ſo much pain, that ſhe grew hourly more fond of the ſcheme ſhe had adopted, of travelling. If ſhe found it difficult to evade the importunities of her lover, and her benefactreſs, ſhe dreaded yet more the arrival of the

the elder Mr. Thorold; who, about ſix weeks after Montague's recovery, came with him (after a ſhort viſit he had paid at home) to Cheltenham.

He ſoon found an opportunity of ſpeaking to Celeſtina, alone, and then ſhe became more than ever conſcious of the influence that his ſolid underſtanding, his excellent principles, and his tender regard for her, gave him over her ingenuous mind.—Though he never complained, ſhe well knew, that he was not happy in the other branches of his family, and that his hopes were particularly fixed on his younger ſon, whoſe attachment to Celeſtina, which, had it been ſucceſsful, might have ſecured, in one point, the felicity of his father, had hitherto produced for him only anxiety and ſolicitude.

He had ſeen his life once more in imminent hazard, from the fierce and impetuous Vavaſour, and from his own raſhneſs, which he could not but condemn; he had ſeen, for many months, all his talents, and almoſt all his affections, loſt and abſorbed in this one predominant paſſion, and he knew not what the effect might be on his intellects,

and on his health, ſhould he finally be refuſed: yet, while Willoughby was uncertain as to his own ſituation, or unmarried, the elder Mr. Thorold had been withheld from making any efforts with Celeſtina, on behalf of his ſon: now, thoſe impediments were removed, he no longer thought himſelf reſtrained from applying to her himſelf. So mildly and rationally, however, he entered on this converſation, that Celeſtina retained more courage, while ſhe heard him, than ſhe, at its commencement, had dared to expect; and when he had recapitulated all the advantages which might, he thought, be derived, from her union with a man ſo paſſionately devoted to her, of ſuitable age; of eaſy fortune—one whoſe taſte was congenial to her own; whoſe temper was remarkably good, and who had a heart uncorrupted by vice, and unexhauſted by a long courſe of intrigue; and a family who would conſider her admiſſion into it, as the greateſt bleſſing that they could receive; Celeſtina acknowledged it was all very true. "I own too, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "that to many people, and perhaps to you, I may have appeared to give your ſon ſuch encouragement, as

as never ought to be given, unleſs it is meant to end in marriage.—I have felt, without having it in my power to avoid this ſeeming impropriety — yet he will do me the juſtice to ſay, I have always told him, that whatever were my ſentiments in his favour, and however I wiſhed to encourage thoſe ſentiments, becauſe I was perſuaded he deſerved them, yet, that my heart never felt for him that decided preference, without which, I cannot believe, he could be happy, were I to give him my hand—I was too ſure, that from an unfortunate prepoſſeſſion, in favour of another, it never could feel this preference; and that, therefore, though I ſhould always be happy to be conſidered as his friend, I never would be his wife. Allow me, dear Sir, to repeat to you, a reſolution from which I do not believe I ſhall ever recede—you know how true a love and veneration I have for you—there is not on earth, a man whom I would ſo ſoon chuſe to ſupply to me that ſacred and tender relationſhip I have never known! and to call by the endearing name of father! but I cannot—indeed I cannot marry. I know not why, but ſome invincible perſuaſion hangs

over

over me, that if I do, I ſhall be miſerable, and render my huſband miſerable, whatever may be his merit or affection—and can I, ought I, under ſuch a conviction, to wiſh it? Be aſſured, that if time and reaſon conquer this weakneſs—for perhaps it may be only weakneſs—if ever I feel that I can give to your ſon a heart, weaned from every other attachment, and worthy of his, I will ſay ſo—as candidly, as I declare the impoſſibility of my doing ſo now—and you are ſo liberal, that you will forgive my weakneſs, and ſave me, I am ſure, from importunity, which is the more diſtreſſing, as it comes from thoſe I ſo much eſteem, and whoſe wiſhes it would be, on any other ſubject, my pride and my pleaſure to obey."

Mr. Thorold, after this converſation, and ſome other of the ſame nature, was convinced, that Celeſtina acted from motives of the moſt delicate honour—the more he ſaw of her heart and diſpoſition, the more fondly he became attached to her; and the more ardently deſired that ſhe might become the wife of his ſon. He ſaw, that though her ideas were what would be generally called romantic, they were not cheriſhed merely becauſe they were

ſo;

ſo; but that a high ſenſe of the tender duty ſhe wiſhed to pay to the man with whom ſhe was to paſs her life, made it impoſſible for her to enter into ſuch engagements till ſhe was ſure of fulfilling them according to her own ideas—and he hoped, that her entire ſeparation from Willoughby; his unkindneſs and neglect on one hand; and on the other, the acknowledged merit of his ſon, would, though almoſt inſenſibly, yet not ſlowly, produce that change which ſhe allowed herſelf to be poſſible, though at preſent it did not ſeem probable. In this hope he was contented to reſt; and promiſing Celeſtina, that if ſhe would ſtill allow Montague to ſee her frequently, he ſhould not teize her by importunity—he threw himſelf entirely on her generoſity and ſincerity; and after a viſit of near a week, he left Montague at Cheltenham, by the deſire of Lady Horatia, and returned home.

In a few days after his departure, Celeſtina had another and more painful ſcene to encounter. Cathcart arrived early one morning, and eagerly aſked to ſpeak to her—ſhe went down to him immediately—but when ſhe ſaw him, ſhe dared not aſk the purpoſe of a viſit

a viſit ſo little expected. He was pale—he trembled and heſitated—he looked fatigued and dejected.—Willoughby inſtantly recurred to her—for he was always the firſt object of her thoughts—"Is any thing the matter, dear Cathcart," ſaid ſhe, "with Willoughby?"—"Oh, no," replied he; "nothing new—I have not heard of him ſince he went, which I think ſtrange."

Celeſtina ſighed, and thought ſhe was able too well to account for it—"but is Jeſſy "well? "Yes, thank Heaven," replied he: "but my ſiſter"—"what, Mrs. Elphinſtone?"—"no, my other—my unfortunate ſiſter Emily—I have been ſent for to her at Briſtol, where, you know I went to her ſome time ſince, at your entreaty: ſhe has now, I think, only a few days to live—my ſiſter Elphinſtone is with her—poor Emily wiſhes to ſee you—I know not how to aſk ſuch a favour of you; but you are *ſo* good—will you—can you oblige a family—who already owe to you all the happineſs they poſſeſs?"

"What will I not do to give any part of it ſatisfaction," ſaid Celeſtina—"but do you, can you gueſs the reaſon of your ſiſter's wiſhes

to

to ſee me? ſurely Vavaſour is not there?—" He was not, when I left her; but a few days before, he had been at Briſtol, raving like a madman at the fatal intelligence he had then had confirmed—that Emily could not live. If, however, he ſhould come, you can have nothing to fear, for I will not leave you a moment; and I know you ſo well, that I am perſuaded, there are few diſagreeable circumſtances, which would not, to you, be compenſated, by the reflection of having given comfort to the laſt moments of my dying Emily."

This plea Celeſtina could not reſiſt: ſhe went, therefore, by the conſent of Lady Horatia, with Cathcart, to Briſtol; where a ſcene awaited her, that for ſome time almoſt ſuſpended even her thoughts of Willoughby himſelf.

The lovely, unhappy victim, to early ſeduction, was in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption—and, unlike thoſe who are cut off by that diſtemper, was perfectly aware, and perfectly reconciled to her fate—her earneſt wiſhes had been to be forgiven by Cathcart, and to die in the arms of her ſiſter; they both now attended

tended her with the tendereſt affection, and had even yielded to her requeſt, to be allowed to ſee Vavaſour, towards whom all her anxiety was now turned, and for his happineſs ſhe felt that concern, which ſhe no longer was ſenſible of for herſelf.

Her exhauſted heart was, from gratitude and habit attached to Vavaſour; and ſhe ſaw that her death would take away the only tie that had been ſome reſtraint on his ungovernable licentiouſneſs: that his diſappointment in regard to Celeſtina, had embittered his temper; and given him a ſort of excuſe for the libertiniſm in which he ſeemed reſolute to perſevere; and while his good qualities, his generoſity, and his candour, as well as his attentive tenderneſs towards her, had made her affection for him the laſt ſentiment ſhe was capable of feeling: ſhe fancied it yet poſſible, that young as he was, Celeſtina might be induced to ſave a man who appeared ſo well worth the attempt: and that, intereſting as he appeared to her, he could not fail of having ſome intereſt with others, and particularly with one who had learned from Willoughby an early prejudice in his favour, which ſhe hoped all his

his ſubſequent raſhneſs had not yet wholly deſtroyed.

Such were the views of Emily Cathcart, in requeſting this viſit; and her beautiful eyes, lit up with the fire that was conſuming her, became yet more dazzlingly bright when her lovely viſitor was led into the room by her brother.

Celeſtina entered trembling; and fearing the ſight of Vavaſour, whom ſhe had never met ſince the terrifying night at Ranelagh; but the moment ſhe beheld Emily, ſhe no longer thought of any thing but the affecting object before her.

Emily ſat in a great chair, ſupported by pillows—the extreme beauty that had been ſo fatal to its poſſeſſor, ſtill remained, though its luſtre was gone—Emaciated, and of a delicate fairneſs, her hands and her face had a tranſparency that gave an idea of an unembodied ſpirit, and her dreſs was ſuch as favoured the deception. The blood might almoſt be ſeen to circulate in her veins, ſo plainly did they appear; and her eyes had the dazzling radiance of ethereal fire, to which the hectic heat of her glowing, though waſted countenance, ſtill

ſtill added.—A few locks of her fine light hair had eſcaped from her head-dreſs; and played like broken rays from a receding planet, round a face, which only thoſe who had hearts unhappily rigid, could behold, without feeling the ſenſe of her errors ſuſpended or overwhelmed by ſtrong emotions of the tendereſt pity.

She held out her hand to Celeſtina, as ſhe entered, and in a voice faint and interrupted, from the difficulty with which ſhe breathed, ſaid—"Ah! deareſt madam, how good this is; how worthy that tender and ſenſible heart, of which I have heard ſo much"—ſhe ſtopped; as if unable to ſpeak more at that moment, and reſted her head againſt the chair—Celeſtina affected to tears, ſat ſilently down near her—Cathcart left the room.

After a ſhort pauſe, ſhe recovered ſtrength to ſay, "but a moment will be allowed me, perhaps; let me then haſten to thank you for this condeſcenſion, and to ſay, how earneſtly it is my hope, that it will not be made in vain; but that it will afford me an opportunity of ſucceſsfully pleading—for another penitent—for poor Vavaſour."

"I for-

"I forgive him moſt willingly," cried Celeſtina—"and moſt ſincerely wiſh him happy."

"Ah, Madam!" ſaid Emily—"You muſt then carry your generoſity farther—for you only can make him ſo—I dared to repreſent this in a letter to you—I now repeat it—victim, as I am, even in the morning of my days, I ſhould, however, die in peace, for I hope my peace is made with Heaven—if I could ſee any proſpect of Vavaſour's being happy; reclaimed from that wild career where he is now waſting his time, his fortune, and his life. I owe him ſo many obligations! I know him to have ſo good a heart! that it is terrible to me to ſee him devoted as he is, and plunging into an abyſs of miſery, from whence it will ſoon be no longer in his power to return.—It has been a great conſolation to me, that I have had ſome little influence in ſtemming the progreſs of the evil; but it is you only who can ſave him from himſelf effectually; and how worthy would it be of goodneſs, of compaſſion like yours?"

Celeſtina knew not what to anſwer.—To promiſe what ſhe never could perform, was little

little in her nature: yet did ſhe not love to check the diſintereſted hope that thus animated the ſoft heart of the fair pleader. "I believe," ſaid ſhe, after a ſhort pauſe, "I believe you are miſtaken: and that I have no ſuch power as you impute to me; be aſſured that, though Mr. Vavaſour's conduct has been to me a ſource of the moſt poignant uneaſineſs, I not only will forget it, but ſhall rejoice in ſeeing him happy—for his own ſake—and for the ſake of that dear friend through whoſe means we firſt became acquainted: a friend"—her voice trembled, and ſhe dared not attempt to name Willoughby, leſt it ſhould wholly fail her—"a friend who is ſtill, and who I dare believe will ever be truly attached to him: and who, on his return to England, will, I am ſure, uſe all the influence that friendſhip gives him over Mr. Vavaſour, to recal him from a way of life you ſo much apprehend." She was proceeding to evade, as tenderly as ſhe could, the pathetic prayer ſhe had juſt heard, when Emily was ſeized with one of thoſe ſpaſms which announced her approaching death. Celeſtina, terrified, called for Mrs. Elphinſtone; and, unable

unable to bear a ſcene in which ſhe could be of no uſe, ſhe retired to another room, where ſhe paſſed with Cathcart, two melancholy hours, at the end of which, they heard that the fair unhappy Emily was no more.

Vavaſour, who was in another lodging at the Hot-wells, no ſooner heard of this ſad event, than the wildeſt frenzy poſſeſſed him: nor did his having ſo long expected it, at all mitigate the blow.—He ran to the houſe, and regardleſs of Cathcart and Mrs. Elphinſtone, who would have oppoſed theſe frantic expreſſions of uſeleſs regret, he threw himſelf on his knees by the bedſide—called to her, as if ſhe were ſtill living—now ſwore ſhe ſhould not die—and now reproached Heaven that ſhe was dead. From this ſtate of temporary inſanity, nothing had the power to recal him—till Cathcart, reproaching him very warmly, for the impropriety of his conduct, aſked him, whether it was thus he meant to promote the laſt wiſhes of his ſiſter, and obtain the pardon of Miſs De Mornay? That name had ſtill all its influence on the heart of Vavaſour: who, by a ſtrange, though, perhaps, not uncommon diviſion of his affections, at once vehe-

vehemently loved the woman he had loſt, and the woman he hoped to gain.—Starting from his knees, he aſked where Celeſtina was? for Cathcart had not yet told him of her arrival, and had promiſed to prevent his diſtreſſing her. —"Miſs De Mornay is below, Sir; but you muſt not go to her." "Not go to her! who ſhall prevent it?" was his anſwer—and he haſtily went down ſtairs.

When he entered the room where Celeſtina ſat weeping with Mrs. Elphinſtone, he had every appearance of a man out of his ſenſes: but, at the ſight of her, he ſeemed ſubdued in a moment; and while ſhe dreaded ſome wild and frantic ſpeech, he threw himſelf on his knees before her, and burſt into tears.

His convulſive ſobs, as he eagerly caught her hands, and preſſed them to his heart; and the broken voice in which he attempted to ſpeak, diſarmed her at once of all the reſentment which ſhe had, till then, felt for his unwarrantable behaviour, when they laſt met—and ſo tenderly, in a voice of ſuch ſoothing pity did ſhe ſpeak to him, that he ſoon became reaſonable—thanked her for her generous attention; even bleſſing her, and calling

her

her the reſtorer of his reaſon—while Celeſtina availed herſelf of this diſpoſition of his mind, to prevail on him to retire; which he did, on her promiſe, that ſhe would ſee him again the next day.

After a mournful night, of which more was paſſed in comforting and conſoling Mrs. Elphinſtone than in ſleep, that day arrived, on which Celeſtina was not only bound by the promiſe which in the agitation of mind ſhe was in the night before, ſhe had made to Vavaſour, to ſee him; but induced to declare to him again, how totally he was miſtaken in ſuppoſing her engaged to Montague Thorold. Again he cheriſhed the hope which ſhe never meant to revive; and at once to do, what he knew would gratify her, while he acquitted himſelf of the promiſe he had given to his regretted Emily, he had a deed drawn up and executed, by which he gave to Mrs. Elphinſtone, and her children, two hundred a year; and ſettled them at the houſe he had in Devonſhire. On the moment of her departure, he gave this deed to Celeſtina, beſeeching her not to open it till her arrival at Cheltenham. "And whither are you going, Mr.

Mr. Vavaſour?" ſaid Celeſtina, who felt her pity revive for him, now that ſhe ſaw him ſo dejected and ſubdued. "Ah," replied he, "I am careleſs whither—I cannot, however, go back to my Staffordſhire houſe in the ſtate of mind I am in now; for I ſhould infallibly hang myſelf;—I believe I ſhall go to London—for, even at this time of year, a wretched dog, ſuch as I am, may find ſomebody or other to help them to get rid of themſelves; and the gaming houſes are always open.—"The gaming houſes!" ſaid Celeſtina.—"Aye," replied he, "I have been there always of late when I have been curſedly miſerable— and play has a momentary effect on me, in making me forget other things. Perhaps, in wandering about London, I may meet with ſome unſettled, unhappy fellow, like myſelf, who may like to go abroad for ſix or eight months: we may go find Willoughby, perhaps, and my return may be the more welcome to *you*, if I bring you an account of *him*."

"Alas!" thought Celeſtina, "what account of *him* can I now hear with pleaſure; unleſs indeed that he is well; that I always wiſh

wiſh to hear! and I *think*," added ſhe, her heart ſwelling as ſhe ſaid it—" I think I ſhould *ſincerely* rejoice to hear, that in his new ſituation—he is happy with his *wife!*"

Vavaſour, again feeling the renewal of that hope which had almoſt eſcaped him, ſaw Celeſtina depart with more calmneſs than ſhe expected. Cathcart ſaw her ſafe in the protection of Lady Horatia, at Cheltenham; and then returned to Briſtol, to perform the laſt ſad offices to his loſt Emily; Vavaſour, at his and Mrs. Elphinſtone's requeſt, leaving the place before her remains were conſigned to their early grave.

The ſcenes which, during this period, paſſed in the family of Lord Caſtlenorth, were more turbulent, and to ſome of the parties equally melancholy.

The anxious peer, whoſe health was, as uſual, a little amended by change of country, waited at Paris the promiſed arrival of Willoughby, with extreme impatience; impatience which had ſuch an effect upon his feeble frame, that death, which had ſo long been laying in wait for him, now ſeized him, and at a period, when the blow ſaved him from knowing what

could not have been concealed from him many hours. Lady Caſtlenorth having enacted with great dignity, all that a mournful relict *muſt* do on ſuch an occaſion: and Miſs Fitz-Hayman having alſo performed her part admirably, the will was opened in due form, of which Lady Caſtlenorth thought herſelf perfectly ſure of the contents; and ſhe had indeed ſecured to herſelf a great deal of money, and a ſplendid income, beſides her ſettlement. The property deſcending to Miſs Fitz-Hayman immediately, was about eight thouſand a year; but, in a codicil (made in the immediate pleaſure he received when Willoughby firſt declared himſelf reſolved to marry his couſin) he had given him an eſtate of five-and-twenty hundred a year; and ten thouſand pounds in money, as a nuptial preſent; without, however, affixing any conditions to the gift.

The ſhort ceremony of reading the will being over, another was to be gone through leſs eaſy to Miſs Fitz-Hayman; which was, announcing to her mother her actual marriage with Captain Cavanaugh—which ſhe thought muſt

muſt otherwiſe be revealed by ſomebody elſe.

The dialogue was ſhort, but deciſive—Miſs Fitz-Hayman, or rather Mrs. Cavanaugh, had more courage, than tenderneſs; and having now nothing to fear from her mother's influence with her father; and ſecure of her fortune, both at preſent and in reverſion, ſhe aſſumed rather an air of triumph than of contrition. Lady Caſtlenorth would be but faintly deſcribed by the ſtrongeſt of thoſe repreſentations that have been given of an enraged woman, when ſhe has been compared to a tygreſs robbed of her young.—Cavanaugh had poſſeſſed the art to make her believe, that his admiration of her mental perfections was the foundation of that attachment he felt for her; yet, that while he adored her beautiful mind, her fine perſon was an object of tender admiration. To find that he cared for neither the one nor the other; but had availed himſelf of her credulity to obtain a footing in the family; and money to get his matrimonial fetters broken, that he might marry her daughter, were convictions ſo ex-

tremely mortifying to her pride, that they, for a while, ſuſpended the power of expreſſing her rage—When, however, that power returned, ſhe raved like a lunatic—gave way to the moſt extravagant ſallies of paſſion—and though her Lord was yet unburied, proteſted that the ſame houſe ſhould no longer hold her and her "pelican daughter." Mrs Cavanaugh was more calm, and retired to her room: where Mrs. Calder, at length, perſuaded Lady Caſtlenorth to let her ſtay, till after the remains of her father were ſent forward to England, which they were in a few days; and then Mrs. Cavanaugh ſet out, by the way of Rouen, to England alſo, with her huſband, who was impatient to take poſſeſſion of his great acquiſitions, the price of ſo much patient perfidy.—Though he would willingly have been excuſed giving to Willoughby even the ſmall ſhare of the ample property which his uncle had aſſigned to him; yet he knew he muſt ſee the will, and finally obtain it. He thought it better, therefore, to continue with him the appearance of honour; and therefore wrote to him, informing him of Lord Caſtle-

north's

north's death; of his own marriage; and the codicil in favour of Mr. Willoughby. But not knowing whither to direct this letter; for Willoughby had left no intimation of the route he meant to purſue, when he quitted Paris: he addreſſed it to Alveſtone: where, with one on the ſame buſineſs from Lady Caſtlenorth, it lay, while Willoughby was wandering among the Pyrenean mountains, and while he purſued his impatient way towards England.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNCONSCIOUS of the good that awaited him, and dreading the evil that might be irreparable, Willoughby landed at Brighthelmſtone from Dieppe. Though it was eleven o'clock when he got on ſhore, he ordered poſt-horſes to be inſtantly ready; and uſed the moment he waited for them to take a ſlight refreſhment. On the table of the room he was in, a newſpaper lay—it was long ſince he had ſeen an Engliſh newſpaper—and he took it up, where the firſt article that ſtruck him was an account of the funeral of Lord Caſtlenorth, after his having lain in ſtate at his houſe in town.

Willoughby felt an immediate impreſſion of concern for his uncle, and feared leſt diſappointment ſhould have haſtened his death.

On

On himſelf, or any advantage he might derive from the event, he never beſtowed a thought; but as the mind, under the influence of any predominant paſſion, returns immediately to its bias, however temporally diverted from it, it almoſt inſtantly occurred to him, that if his uncle had been ſo long dead, without his knowing it, Celeſtina might poſſibly have been as long married. Trembling, he looked among the marriages, but there were no names there at all reſembling thoſe which he dreaded to ſee united.—His chaiſe was ready, and he departed for London; for it was there only that he was likely to gain intelligence of Lady Horatia Howard, and he knew of no other clue to guide him to Celeſtina.

Celeſtina had left Cheltenham with her friend, and was now at Exmouth, where Montague Thorold was continually with them.—Whether he was preſent or abſent, Celeſtina was equally penſive and melancholy; but it was only in the latter caſe that ſhe attempted to indulge thoſe ſenſations in the ſolitary walks which the ſea ſhore afforded her: for ſhe avoided as much as poſſible being quite alone with him, becauſe her heart every day con-

firmed her in the opinion that ſhe never could love another man as ſhe had loved Willoughby, and it was diſtreſſing to her to be frequently under the neceſſity of repeating, what it inflicted ſuch pain on her impaſſioned and indefatigable lover to hear. It was now late in September: the evenings ſoon ſhut in; and when there happened not to be a ſupply of new books, Lady Horatia often engaged Montague Thorold to piquet, while Celeſtina ſat by them at work; or, if ſhe could be ſure he was ſo occupied as not to be able to follow her, ſhe walked out alone, and as the moon trembled in the waves, recollected the nights when, with Willoughby and Matilda, in the early days of their innocent friendſhip, they uſed to mark and admire together this beautiful appearance of the ſea illuminated by the moon.—Here, on this very ſpot, ſhe had with him beheld it—The waves had now the ſame trembling brilliancy; the ſurrounding objects were the ſame; but Willoughby was changed: and happineſs and Celeſtina were, ſhe thought, parted for ever.

Such were her contemplations one evening, when, towards the end of the month, and of Lady

Lady Horatia's intended ſtay at the place, ſhe left the company who were aſſembled at the lodgings; and who happened to be the elder Mr. Thorold, his wife, their ſon Montague, and Mr. and Mrs. Bettenſon, who being on a viſit to the elder Mr. Thorold, when he was ordered to the ſea for his health, had accompanied him all together to Exmouth, and were ſhewn every attention by Lady Horatia, as relations of her favourite Montague.

They were at cards; and Celeſtina, who never played, took the opportunity of her admirer's being engaged at a whiſt table, from which ſhe knew he could not immediately eſcape, to go out—The wind was high, and the ſea boiſterous; it was growing dark, and ſhe fancied a particular gloom hung over every object—ſtill, however, it was luxury to her to be alone; ſhe was particularly wearied by the converſation of Mrs. Thorold; and found nothing in that of Mrs. Bettenſon to make her amends: Bettenſon was ignorant inſipidity itſelf; and time, inſtead of adding to the number of his ideas, ſeemed to have rendered him, if poſſible, more ſtupid—Amid ſuch ſociety, ſhe could derive no pleaſure from the con-

verſation of Mr. Thorold and Lady Horatia; and the unuſual weight ſhe felt on her ſpirits ſeemed leſſened, when ſhe could ſigh at liberty —and hear nothing around her but the wind, or the ſea breaking againſt the ſhore.

She had not, however, been out long, before the chill and gloomy appearance increaſed; and darkneſs coming on, ſhe ſlowly and reluctantly returned to the houſe—She heard, a little before ſhe quitted the road, horſes behind her; but not attending to them, ſhe did not even diſtinguiſh whether they were the horſes of the people of the place, or thoſe of travellers. She entered the parlour, and ſat down by the card table, where Montague Thorold, having performed his evening's taſk, had juſt reſigned his place to Mr. Bettenſon. Suddenly a voice was heard in the paſſage, enquiring for Lady Horatia Howard of her ſervant—"My lady is within, Sir," replied the man—"And who are with her"—"Mr. and Mrs. Thorold, and" - - - The ſervant was going on—when the enquirer ſaid vehemently —"It is enough—let me however ſee them." Celeſtina, at the firſt ſound of this voice, had ſtarted from her chair—The ſecond ſentence

it

it uttered affected her ſtill more; but ſhe had no time to anſwer the eager enquiry of Montague Thorold—"What is the matter?"—before the parlour door opened; and pale, breathleſs—with an expreſſion to which only the pencil can do juſtice, ſhe ſaw before her the figure of Willoughby.

There was agony and deſperation in his looks. He gaſped—he would have ſpoken, but could not. The company all roſe in ſilence. Lady Horatia, who hardly knew him even by ſight, looked at Celeſtina for an explanation, which ſhe was unable to give—At length Willoughby, as if by an effort of paſſionate phrenzy, approached Celeſtina—and ſaid, in a hurried and inarticulate way, "I would ſpeak to you, Madam—though—to—this gentleman, I ſuppoſe," and he turned to Montague Thorold, "I muſt apply for permiſſion."

His manner, his look, as wildly he caſt his eyes around and ſaw all the family of the Thorolds aſſembled, which confirmed his idea of her being married, contributed to overwhelm Celeſtina with terror and amazement. She no more doubted of his marriage with his couſin,

couſin, than he did of hers; and could not conjecture why he came, or why he looked ſo little in his ſenſes.—She ſat down—for her limbs refuſed to ſupport her—and faintly ſaid, or rather tried to ſay, "I hope I ſee Mr. Willoughby well."

Lady Horatia then addreſſed herſelf to him—deſired him to take a chair, and to do her the honour of ſtaying ſupper with her.—He heard or heeded her not—but, with fixed eyes, gazing on Celeſtina, he ſtruck his hands together, and cried—while the violence of his emotion choaked him.—"It is all over then—I have loſt her—and have nothing to do here—No, by heaven, I cannot bear it"—He then turned away, and left the room as haſtily as he entered it.

"My dear Celeſtina," cried Lady Horatia, "what does all this mean? Do, Mr. Montague—for Miſs De Mornay is, I ſee, much alarmed—Do, ſpeak to Mr. Willoughby—I am really concerned to ſee him in ſuch a ſituation."

"No;" ſaid Celeſtina, who would not for the world have had Montague Thorold follow him—"No; I will go myſelf after him"—

Her

Her fears now gave her reſolution, and without heeding Montague Thorold, who would have prevented her, ſhe hurried after Willoughby, and overtook him juſt as he was quitting the houſe.

"Dear Sir," ſaid ſhe, "dear Willoughby!"—At thoſe well-known ſounds, once ſo precious to him, he turned round—She took his hand—"I am very ſorry to ſee you," continued ſhe, "in ſuch agitation of ſpirits—I greatly fear—perhaps——" ſome miſery between him and his ſuppoſed wife occurred to her—"I am afraid ſomething is wrong——"

"Wrong!" cried he; "Wrong!—and do you, Celeſtina, inhuman Celeſtina, inſult me with ſuch an enquiry?—Wrong!—am I not the moſt curſed of human beings?——"

"I hope not," interrupted ſhe—"for your happineſs"—She knew no longer what ſhe meant to ſay; nor did he give her time to recollect; for eagerly rivetting his eyes on her face, and graſping her hands between his—he cried—"My happineſs! and what of my happineſs? Is it not gone, loſt, for ever—Have you not deſtroyed it?—Damnation and diſtraction—Why do I linger here?" He then

then plunged away, and ruſhed out of the door, where Farnham waited with two poſt-horſes—Celeſtina, trembling, and attempting to ſtop him, followed.

He tried, however, to mount his horſe, but could not: he deſiſted, leaned againſt it, with his arm over the ſaddle, and reſting his head on his arm: Farnham ſpoke, and Celeſtina immediately recollected him. "What is the matter with your maſter, Farnham?" ſaid ſhe, "indeed he terrifies me to death!"—"Oh, Ma'am," replied the honeſt fellow, ſorrowfully, "my poor maſter! Come, Sir," added he, interrupted by a look of anguiſh and horror from Willoughby—"Come, dear Sir!—you cannot ride any farther, I am perſuaded, to-night; let me lead you to the inn." Willoughby, without reſiſtance, ſuffered Farnham to lead him a ſtep or two; but he waved with his hand for Celeſtina to leave him, and faintly ſaid—"Go! go, Madam!—I wiſh you well!—I wiſh you well!"—"Which is the way to the inn?" cried Farnham.

"Not to the inn—do not go to the inn," exclaimed Celeſtina; "you are very ill, dear Willoughby; let us take care of you here;

Lady

Lady Horatia requeſts it." Farnham led him towards the door again; he leaned upon him, and ſighed loudly and deeply. At length he ſaid, "I am a fool!—I came hither knowing all I know *now*, and ought to have been better prepared for it. But I am better: let me then execute my laſt reſolution, and bid her one long, one eternal adieu."

There was a little vacant parlour near the door; there Willoughby ſat down. The ſervants, who were aſſembled, brought candles: Celeſtina ſtood ſilently by the table on which they were placed; and Willoughby bid Farnham leave the room.

A ſhort ſilence enſued. Willoughby ſeemed to be aſhamed of his weakneſs, and trying to collect fortitude to bear like a man the cruelleſt moment he had ever paſt, he aroſe and approached Celeſtina, ſaying in a low, grave, and tremulous tone, "I have no right, Madam, to diſtreſs you—I have no juſt cauſe of complaint againſt you—I am very miſerable—I deſerve your pity—your prayers—I have been deceived—you, I hope, will never have ſo much cauſe to regret it, as I muſt have—you, I hope,

I hope, are happy—will be happy."—He could ſay no more, but put his hand on his heart, and looked on Celeſtina with eyes ſo expreſſive of deſpair and grief, that all the exquiſite tenderneſs ſhe had ever felt for him returned at once; ſhe forgot that he was (as ſhe believed) the huſband of Miſs Fitz-Hayman; but he was in a moment the beloved Willoughby, the firſt and only poſſeſſor of her heart. She threw her arms around him, and ſobbing on his boſom, became almoſt ſenſeleſs from the violence and variety of emotions that overwhelmed her.

He ſhrunk, however, from her. "Who is it," ſaid he, "gracious Heaven! that I thus hold in my arms?—Not my Celeſtina, my own Celeſtina; but the wife of another—Go, Madam—I entreat you leave me—Go, or phrenzy may overtake me, and I may attempt impoſſibilities—to tear you from your huſband."—"Huſband!" cried Celeſtina—"I have no huſband."—"Are you not married, then?—not married to Montague Thorold?"—"No, indeed—indeed I am not."—"Not married—nor intending to be married?"—"Neither, indeed."—"And you are at liberty, then, to be mine."

mine."—" I am, if you know that we ought not to be divided."

Thoſe only who have loved like Willoughby, and who, by a ſudden tranſition, are raiſed from the abyſs of deſpair to the height of felicity, can imagine what he felt at that moment. If the fear of Celeſtina's being married, had, for a moment, bereft him of reaſon; the certainty of her not being only free, but as paſſionately attached to him as ever, had, for a little time, an equally violent effect. Amidſt her own tranſports, the extravagance of his terrified her. There was a wildneſs in his joy which made her tremble for his intellects. But, after a moment, her ſoft and melting voice; the tender aſſurances ſhe gave him, that ſhe lived only for him; that her heart had never been eſtranged from him, ſoothed and ſubdued the tumult of his beating heart. As his arms fondly encompaſſed her; as he reſted his head on her boſom, he ſhed tears of tender gratitude; his ſpirits became calmer, and the native ſerene dignity of his mind returned.

He was not, however, quite tranquil enough to relate that night to Celeſtina the extraordinary

dinary ſeries of events, which had led to the enchanting certainty he now poſſeſſed—that ſhe was not his ſiſter, but the daughter of Lady Horatia's brother; that regretted brother, to whoſe picture he had ſo great a reſemblance. The information, however, ſuch as in his preſent agitated ſtate he was able to give, convinced her, not only that the fatal ſuppoſition of her being too nearly related to Willoughby was for ever removed; but, that ſhe was born of parents to whom it was honourable to belong: and that ſhe was nearly allied by blood to her kind protectreſs.

She deſired Lady Horatia might be acquainted with this. "Not to-night," ſaid Willoughby—"I would to-night ſee nobody but you, my Celeſtina; hear no voice but yours—to-morrow I will explain it all. But now I *feel* my unexpected felicity too forcibly to be able to talk about it."

He could not, however, determine to quit Celeſtina; nor were either of them conſcious of the courſe of time, till Lady Horatia ſent to let Celeſtina know ſupper was ready, and to beg the honour of Mr. Willoughby's company.

It

It was then that Celeſtina prevailed upon him to go from her, promiſing to be ready to walk with him by the dawn of the next morning. "And you muſt go with me," ſaid he, "immediately to Alveſtone; for I will not live another week without you." He then recollected that Alveſtone might be ſold; for he had never heard from Cathcart ſince he had given directions to have it diſpoſed of. He pauſed a moment, and felt ſome uneaſineſs in the reflection: but the happineſs he poſſeſſed was too great to allow him to feel any concern long. He ſmiled, and added, "If indeed Alveſtone is ſtill mine; and, if it is not, my Celeſtina will *create* for me a paradiſe wherever ſhe is."

"And wherever you are," replied ſhe, while tears of tenderneſs filled her eyes, "Celeſtina will *find* a paradiſe."

He then once more bade her good night—again returned—and again bade her adieu. "You are going now to rejoin the company," ſaid he, "and there is Montague Thorold, of whom, I know it is a weakneſs, I do not love to think"——

"It

"It is indeed, Willoughby, a weakneſs unworthy of your generous heart; and I hope, what I can never have deſerved that you ſhould indulge"—"Well, well, my angel! I will not indulge it. But muſt you ſup with them? They will fatigue you with queſtions—they will diſtreſs you by enquiries." "No; I had determined to ſend an excuſe; for, indeed, my heart, yet wondering at its unexpected felicity, beats fearfully, and my trembling nerves have unfitted me for converſation."

At length Willoughby withdrew; and Celeſtina, with a pencil, told Lady Horatia, who waited the event of this extraordinary interview in the moſt uneaſy ſuſpenſe, that ſome extraordinary converſation with Mr. Willoughby had agitated her ſo much, that ſhe could not return to the company, but muſt retire to her bed.

Montague Thorold, who was the moſt intereſted of the party, had ſuffered all the tortures of anxious jealouſy while Celeſtina was abſent. Every noiſe he heard in the paſſage, every time the door opened, he hoped ſhe was coming.

coming. She came not. He went out, not to liſten, but in hopes of meeting her. He heard a low murmur of voices—the tones were thoſe of tenderneſs—Willoughby then was come to claim her: he was forgiven—and he himſelf had loſt all hope.—He returned to the parlour, pale and dejected—his lips trembled; his eyes were ſtill eagerly turned to the door. He heard nothing that was ſaid to him; but unable to remain in his ſeat, again aroſe, went out, and returned. At length he heard the door of the parlour open, where Willoughby and Celeſtina were—he liſtened attentively—he heard her ſay, "Good night, dear Willoughby." Willoughby ſeemed, as he anſwered, to kiſs her hand. Poor Thorold could not bear it; but became more reſtleſs—again went to the door—came back—opened it to ſee if Celeſtina was coming—then helped the ſervant to put the chairs round the ſupper table, without knowing what he was doing—and ſat down himſelf in one next to that which he had placed for her. The ſupper was announced, but no Celeſtina appeared. At length the ſervant brought in the note ſhe had written. Lady Horatia read it, while poor Montague

Montague anxiouſly followed her eyes. She gave it to him acroſs the table: he ran it over, and his ſolicitude becoming inſupportable: he complained of being ill with the headach, and deſired permiſſion to go to his lodgings.

The eyes of his father were turned mournfully towards him, as he went out of the room. Mr. Thorold, however, did not ſpeak, but he ſighed—and Lady Horatia underſtood him. As for his wife, though ſhe had been extremely averſe to the thoughts of her ſon's marrying Celeſtina, while Celeſtina ſeemed to be no more than a rejected dependent on the Willoughby family; yet now, ſince Lady Horatia Howard had adopted her, ſhe appeared to be altogether as fond of the connection—ſo eaſily are minds like her's changed by adventitious circumſtances, and influenced by ſounds. The notice Lady Horatia took of her, and her daughter Bettenſon, delighted and elated her; rendering her ſo diſguſtingly civil, that only the regard Lady Horatia felt for Mr. Thorold and Montague, would have induced her to ſupport the awkward and offenſive adulation of Mrs. Thorold.

The

The lady of the houſe was ſo anxious about Celeſtina, that only her general politeneſs, or what is uſually termed, l'uſage du monde, enabled her to acquit herſelf in the uſual forms towards her gueſts.

The ſupper was ſhort and dull—the converſation being divided between Captain Bettenſon, who related a long ſtory of a duel between Jack Marſham, of his regiment, and one Mr. Abberſley, an enſign in the ſeventeenth; the merits of which nobody underſtood—and for the event of which, nobody cared—and Mrs. Thorold, who deſcribed a dinner and ball given at Exeter, the week before, by a banker of that place, on occaſion of his daughter's marriage. With the termination of theſe diſſertations, the ſupper ended; and Mr. Thorold, who had long been uneaſy and impatient, withdrew with his family.

Lady Horatia then haſtened to the chamber of Celeſtina; ſhe was juſt in bed—but knowing who it was tapped at the door, begged her to come in:——

"Well, my dear child," ſaid Lady Horatia, "and what is all this? I am impatient to know."—"And I, Madam, impatient to relate,

late, though this evening I am quite unable to undertake it, all the extraordinary circumſtances recounted to me by Willoughby." "You are then related to him?" "No, thank Heaven, I am not—I thank Heaven too, that I am related to you." "To me?" Celeſtina then gave a brief account of her birth, and the way by which Willoughby had learnt thoſe particulars he had recounted: Lady Horatia embraced her with tears of rapture. Every circumſtance ſhe recollected of her brother's viſits to France, confirmed the truth of Willoughby's ſtory; and ſhe very perfectly recollected the deſponding ſtate of mind in which he went to America, after his laſt return from thence. His impriſonment for a few weeks in the Baſtile, which was imputed to ſome indiſcretion, and that he himſelf never otherwiſe explained—exactly correſponded with what the Count de Bellegarde had related. But while every concurrent teſtimony evinced the truth of that narrative, Lady Horatia could not account for her brother's never having mentioned his marriage, or his daughter.—"Perhaps, however," ſaid ſhe, "he might have reaſons for this, which I cannot penetrate.

penetrate. My father was harſh, obſtinate, and avaricious; and always expected Ormond would marry as his elder brother did, to aggrandize his family—this he uſed frequently to be teazed to do, but always refuſed—and for ſome years, his diſpoſition retained nothing of its former vivacity, but an ardour for war, in which he ſeemed, I often told him, deſirous rather of death than of promotion: and he anſwered me more than once, "That I gueſſed right—for that he was weary of life." I own, I not unfrequently ſuſpected, that ſome unfortunate attachment had ſo ſhaded his natural gay and vigorous mind, with gloomy depreſſion.—I have told him ſo—and he has replied, "That whatever might have been the caſe, he had no attachment then."

At length, as Celeſtina extremely needed repoſe, Lady Horatia left her, reflecting, with infinite delight, on the kindneſs ſhe had ſhewn her, as an orphan and a ſtranger, while ſhe had, in fact, been protecting the daughter of her beloved brother. With pleaſure too ſhe now thought of Willoughby, ſince Celeſtina's happineſs was to be reſtored by her union with him. But poor Montague Thorold, de-

jected and in deſpair, relinquiſhing all thoſe charming hopes, which, with more pity than prudence, ſhe had herſelf encouraged him to cheriſh, preſented himſelf to her imagination, and greatly abated the ſatisfaction, with which ſhe thought of the approaching felicity of Willoughby and her neice.

She determined, however, to mitigate, as much as ſhe could, the force of this cruel blow —and, early the next morning, while Celeſtina was walking with the happy and enraptured Willoughby, ſhe ſent for the elder Mr. Thorold, and related to him all ſhe had learned from Celeſtina the evening before.

"I now blame myſelf, my good friend," ſaid ſhe, "for the part I have taken—but who could foreſee this?—Yet, I own, I fear the conſequences, and heartily wiſh I had never given ſo many opportunities to your ſon, of contemplating thoſe perfections of mind and perſon, which he will never, I fear, be able to forget."

Mr. Thorold knew too well that this obſervation was juſt—and dreaded, leſt the loſs even of reaſon itſelf ſhould be the conſequence of Celeſtina's marriage—he returned home, however,

however, immediately, to relate to Montague the probability there was, that this event would immediately happen. But, however tenderly he communicated ſuch fatal intelligence, he found his ſon more affected by it, than even his paternal fears had repreſented.

A ſilent and heavy deſpondence took poſſeſſion of him. He neither complained of, nor reproached any one—but perſiſted in ſaying, that he would ſee Celeſtina—take a laſt leave of her, and then try to reconcile himſelf to his fate.

But in his manner of ſaying this, there was ſomething more diſtreſſing to his father, than he would have felt from the wildeſt ravings of deſpair—he entreated him to relinquiſh his project of ſeeing Celeſtina.—"Why ſhould you ſee her, Montague," ſaid he; "to what purpoſe?—You own, that while Willoughby was in queſtion, you entertained no hope—That Celeſtina has never afforded you any ſince; but that in ſpite of her aſſurances that ſhe could never feel a ſecond attachment—that you have perſevered, and *taken* that hope which ſhe refuſed to give—you have no one, therefore, to blame; and if you have ſought

pain, you muſt learn to bear it. But after all that has paſſed, I cannot conſent to your inflicting it on Celeſtina, or hazarding the poſſibility of giving uneaſineſs to her huſband."

"Huſband!" cried Montague Thorold—"he is not her huſband yet—but if he were—can my humble adoration offend him—when I mean to bid her an everlaſting adieu?—She will conſole my ſick heart by tender pity—She will bid me be at peace—and I may try then to obey her—The ſound of her voice is to me ſo ſoothing—that if ſhe does not refuſe it, I muſt hear it once more ſpeak to me in accents of kindneſs."

Mr. Thorold, finding every thing he could ſay to diſſuade Montague from indulging this unhappy inclination quite ineffectual, became extremely uneaſy; and dreaded, leſt ſome alarming conſequence ſhould ariſe from an interview, which he thought Willoughby could not approve, even if it were reaſonable or proper in his ſon to aſk it.

But Willoughby, now perfectly ſecure of the affections of Celeſtina, was too generous, and too noble-minded, not to feel pity for his unfortunate rival. His own happineſs, great

as

as it was, would have been more complete, if he could have believed Montague Thorold leſs unhappy.—"Would to Heaven," ſaid he, as he ſpoke of him to Celeſtina, "Would to Heaven that he could ſee Anzoletta, and transfer to her that affection, which, while it is fixed on you, can ſerve only to render him miſerable."—Celeſtina joined moſt cordially in this wiſh.—"He deſerves to be happy, I believe," ſaid ſhe; "and the deſire you expreſs to ſee him ſo, is worthy of the heart of my Willoughby."

But however liberal and reaſonable Willoughby was in regard to a competitor, from whom, though he had ſuffered much, he had now nothing to fear; he was not ſo patient under any circumſtance that was likely to impede his union with Celeſtina.—All that ſhe or Lady Horatia could urge to him on the propriety and neceſſity of a ſhort delay, for preparations and forms, he treated as ridiculous—and ſo vehemently inſiſted on the neceſſity of fulfilling the promiſe he had made to the Count de Bellegarde, at parting with him, to return to him immediately with Celeſtina as his wife—that their oppoſition was

to little purpoſe.—So totally engroſſed, however, had Willoughby been by his fears leſt Celeſtina might be loſt to him, that he did not even know whether he had a houſe to take her to—but, as with him, all places were alike to her, he ſent an expreſs that morning to Cathcart, informing him, that he ſhould be at Exeter the next day with Celeſtina, deſiring him to meet him there with Jeſſy, and to go with them to Alveſtone, if Alveſtone was yet in his poſſeſſion.

He diſpatched another meſſenger to London for a ſpecial licence to be married at Alveſtone, or Exeter; and obviating every remaining ſcruple, he prevailed on Celeſtina to ſet out with him that evening for the latter place, with the conſent of Lady Horatia, who promiſed to follow them in a few days.

The diſtance was ſo ſhort, that though it was late in the day, after Willoughby's arrival at Exmouth, before this was determined upon, they were at Exeter by ſeven in the evening; and in an hour afterwards, Cathcart and Jeſſy arrived alſo.

Cathcart not only informed Willoughby that his eſtate was ſtill his, but put into hands thoſe

thoſe letters that brought the intelligence of that acquiſition of fortune which came by the death of Lord Caſtlenorth.—The ſatisfaction of this intelligence, the pleaſure of meeting Cathcart and Jeſſy, who were overwhelmed with joy to ſee them—the certainty of returning together to a place they both ſo fondly loved, ſeemed to complete the happineſs of the long divided lovers.—Early the next morning they reached Alveſtone, where, in the abſence of Mr. Thorold, his curate joined the hands of Willoughby and Celeſtina, above eighteen months after that period, when they believed themſelves ſeparated for ever.

In three days Lady Horatia arrived at Alveſtone; and the additional pleaſure her company gave them, was checked only by the account ſhe gave of the ſituation of Montague Thorold—who not having been allowed to ſee Celeſtina, the time of whoſe departure from Exmouth had been induſtriouſly concealed from him, had ſunk into ſuch a ſtate of deſpondence, as made his father tremble for his reaſon, if not for his life.

For Vavaſour too, whom Willoughby had always loved, he could not help feeling con-

cern.—He knew not whither to direct to him; but from all the accounts he was able to gain, he feared that all the good qualities of his heart and underſtanding were obſcured, if not deſtroyed, by the diſſolute ſtile of life into which he had plunged with ſuch avidity, ſince their laſt parting.—He endeavoured, however, to counteract the impreſſions of theſe only alloys to ſupreme happineſs, by reflecting on the probable felicity of other friends, and particularly of the Count of Bellegarde; from whom, ten days after his marriage, he received a letter, informing him, that he was then going to Perpignan; empowered to releaſe his wife from her convent—and that they ſhould go, together with their Anzoletta, immediately to Rochemorte—where he beſought Willoughby to rejoin him, with Celeſtina—promiſing, that if he would do ſo, they would return with him, and paſs the winter all together in England.

Though it was now late in the year, and though Celeſtina would have preferred remaining at Alveſtone, where ſhe had fixed all her ideas of happineſs, yet the wiſhes of her uncle, and the melancholy ſatisfaction of viſiting

ſiting the place where her mother had lived—and where ſhe died a victim to parental harſhneſs, and maternal grief; together with the inclination Willoughby ſhewed to gratify the Count, and introduce his wife to him and Anzoletta, determined her to make no objection to their immediate departure.—There was, indeed, no time to loſe; as the winter was ſo near.—Lady Horatia too, who waited impatiently an interview with Monſieur de Bellegarde, though ſhe had not health to undertake ſuch a journey, haſtened them as much as poſſible; and in ſomething leſs than a month after Willoughby called Celeſtina his, he preſented her, at Rochemorte, to her uncle de Bellegarde, to Jacquelina, and Anzoletta. To the two former ſhe appeared the precious repreſentative of their two beloved and regretted friends; the tender recollection of of whom, added to her own merit, made her to them an object almoſt of adoration—while Anzoletta loved her as a ſiſter, to whom ſhe became more tenderly attached, from taſte and affection, than even that near tie of blood alone could have attached her.

With what melancholy pleaſure did the

Count tie round the neck of Celeſtina that picture of her mother, which her father, as he was dying, had taken from his own boſom—with an injunction, never to part with it, but to his daughter.—And how many tears did Celeſtina ſhed, as, leaning on the arm of Willoughby, he pointed out to her the ſpot, which the Count had ſhewn him, as the grave of Genevieve.—Willoughby kiſſed thoſe tears away, as they filled her eyes---and bade her turn from the too frequent recollection of the paſt, to thoſe ſcenes of future happineſs, which love, friendſhip, and fortune, ſeemed to be preparing for them.

In the romantic and magnificent ſcenes round the caſtle the poetical taſte of Celeſtina was highly gratified. Willoughby took her the ſpot where he had been loſt in the fortunate night that eventually led him to the reſidence of the Count of Bellegarde. They viſited together the humble cottage of Le Laurier, whoſe family they loaded with kindneſs; and traced with her the ſcenes which were ſo many years before witneſſes to the clandeſtine marriages of Genevieve and Jacquelina.

Winter,

Winter, however, put an end to theſe excurſions in the mountains; and the Count de Bellegarde, having completed the ſettlement of his affairs, agreed, at the earneſt requeſt of Willoughby and Celeſtina, to go with his wife and daughter to England.

On their journey thither, they met at Paris Captain and Mrs. Cavanaugh. They found the former become a man of the utmoſt importance, and arrogantly enjoying the ſplendour of his new ſituation, in a country where he had appeared in one ſo very different. Mrs. Cavanaugh ſeemed to affect being happy—and to diſdain all ſhe had relinquiſhed to obtain that happineſs her own way. But, from ſome ſtrange caprice, ſhe now appeared ſo fond of Willoughby, that had Celeſtina been liable to jealouſy—or had Cavanaugh really cared for his wife, they might both, in her manner, have found ſufficient cauſe of diſcontent. Mrs. Cavanaugh related to Willoughby all the artifices her mother had uſed to break off his marriage with Celeſtina; and when he expreſſed his wonder that Lady Caſtlenorth ſhould go ſuch lengths in an affair in which her intereſt did not appear to be immediately

mediately or particularly concerned, ſhe anſwered, in her uſual ſneering way—"If you could know my mother ſo well as I do—but it is impoſſible by words to do her juſtice—you would no longer wonder. Her ſcheme lay much deeper than you were aware of."

Lady Caſtlenorth, to conſole herſelf for the defection of Captain Cavanaugh, had taken, as her travelling companion, a young Abbé, who, diſcontented with the prevailing politics of his country, found in her at once an admirer of his perſon and character, and a ſtrenuous ſupporter of his ariſtocratic principles—and, what was yet better than either, he found himſelf ſharing a fortune beyond what he had ever dreamed of poſſeſſing. This well aſſorted pair were at Bruſſels—and Mrs. Cavanaugh diverted herſelf with ſome ſarcaſtic remarks on the Director choſen by her mother—of whom ſhe always ſpoke with a degree of rancour which made Celeſtina tremble, while Willoughby ſhuddered to recollect how near he once was becoming the huſband of one who could thus expreſs herſelf towards her mother.

Captain and Mrs. Cavanaugh were going to

to Italy.—The happy party, who took leave of them, haſtened to England, where, on their arrival in London, Lady Horatia joined them, and they were ſoon fixed at Alveſtone, in ſuch perfect felicity as is ſeldom enjoyed, and ſtill more rarely deſerved.—The firſt enquiry of Celeſtina was for Mr. Thorold and his family. She learned that Captain Thorold was the great friend and favourite of Lady Molyneux, with whom he was gone to Ireland to the diſpleaſure of his father, who had however no influence over him, and whoſe diſappointment in his eldeſt ſon was embittered by the condition into which a hopeleſs and incurable paſſion had thrown the youngeſt.

Celeſtina, who could not reflect, without great pain, on the unhappineſs with which the days of her excellent friend were thus over-clouded, took an early opportunity, after her being ſettled at Alveſtone, to deſire an interview with the elder Mr. Thorold. He came—and ſhe ſaw with redoubled concern, the ravage which anxiety had made on his manly face and figure, even in a few ſhort months. He related to her, hardly refraining from tears, the ſad change that had happened in

in the temper and talents of his ſon—"I have ſometimes thought," ſaid he, "that you, my dear Madam, and you only, can rouſe him from theſe alienations of mind—I was averſe to his ſeeing you before you went abroad—but now I wiſh it: your reaſon may reconcile him to his fate—you pity, ſoothe him—or, be the event of your meeting what it may, no change can, I think, be for the worſe." Celeſtina promiſed to ſee him—and his father contrived, with her, the means of procuring this interview; for Montague now ſhunned every body, and very frequently would not appear, even to his own family.

Celeſtina did not, however, mean to meet him alone; but to ſhew him, in Anzoletta, beauty, underſtanding, and ſweetneſs, with a heart untouched by any former paſſion, and worthy of his. Her generous intentions ſucceeded.—Montague Thorold, ſtruck with the reſemblance between them, and particularly with the voice of Anzoletta, was ſoon as paſſionately attached to her, as a man could be, who had once loved Celeſtina herſelf. The Count of Bellegarde, who intended to beſtow her, with her ample fortune, on an Engliſh-

man

man, and a Proteſtant, heſitated not a moment, in conſenting to an union which would, he found, make his daughter happy; and, eight months after the marriage of Willoughby and Celeſtina, Anzoletta gave her hand, in the chapel of Alveſtone, to Montague Thorold.

Willoughby had now but one wiſh unfulfilled — for every pecuniary difficulty, the munificence of the Count de Bellegarde, and the legacy of Lord Caſtlenorth, had removed— and this one wiſh was, to ſee Vavaſour ſuch as a reaſonable being, with every reaſonable means of happineſs in his power, ought to be. But in this, as he had no ſecond Anzoletta to give him, and ſhould have feared his want of ſteadineſs if he had, he almoſt deſpaired of being gratified.

Vavaſour, however, ſometimes viſited at Alveſtone; and, unlike Montague Thorold, he ſeemed to have conquered his extravagant paſſion for Celeſtina, ſince it was become hopeleſs. He had, unluckily for him, taken up no permanent affection in its place; but loſt his health, and his fortune in purſuits which could not afford him even a temporary

poſſeſſion

poſſeſſion of that happineſs for which he ſtill declared himſelf to be in ſearch.

When Celeſtina reflected on his kindneſs to Mrs. Elphinſtone and her children, who now lived in comfort on the proviſion he had made for them; and on many other generous and noble actions; ſhe could not but lament, with Willoughby, that infelicity of which he continually complained, even amid his wildeſt and moſt determined perſeverance in the career of diſſolute pleaſure. But for this ſource of regret, as there ſeemed to be no remedy within her power, ſhe did not ſuffer it to embitter the ſatisfaction ſhe derived from almoſt every other friend.

Lady Horatia no longer complained of that tedium which, at the beginning of their acquaintance, ſeemed to have rendered life indifferent to her. She had now, in Willoughby, and his lovely wife, objects of her affection; and hoped to grow old amidſt their children. Monſieur and Madam de Bellegarde, were more acutely ſenſible of their preſent happineſs, from the poignancy of their paſt afflictions; and their daughter, the object of their tender ſolicitude, made the felicity of a worthy man,

man, who deſerved the affection ſhe felt for him. In Cathcart and Jeſſy, Celeſtina beheld the earlieſt objects of her beneficence—enjoying all that affluence and mutual tenderneſs could beſtow—And the widowed heart of Mrs. Elphinſtone was at eaſe, not only by her own preſent independence, but from the aſſurances Willoughby had given her, of providing for her boys, as ſoon as they were of the age when they could be put to profeſſions. The elder Mr. Thorold, too, her venerable and reſpectable friend, was reſtored to happineſs, in contemplating that of his ſon: and above all, Celeſtina beheld in Willoughby, the beſt and moſt affectionate of huſbands—whoſe whole life was dedicated to the purpoſe of making her happy—and whoſe only apprehenſion ſeemed to be, that with all he could do, he muſt fall infinitely ſhort of that degree of merit towards either heaven or earth, which that fortunate being ought to poſſeſs, who was bleſſed with ſo lovely and perfect a creature as Celeſtina.

THE END.

NEW EDITIONS

OF THE FOLLOWING

BOOKS OF ENTERTAINMENT,

Have been lately printed for

T. CADELL, in the STRAND.

EMMELINE, the Orphan of the Caſtle. 4 vol. 14s.

Ethelinde; or The Recluſe of the Lake. 5 vol. 17s. 6d.

The Romance of Real Life. 3 vol. 10s. 6d.

Elegiac Sonnets. Fifth Edition, with additional Sonnets, and other Poems, adorned with Plates. 12s.

The above Four by the Author of Celeſtina.

Cecilia,

Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heireſs. By the Author of Evelina. 5 vol. 15s.

The Receſs, or a Tale of other Times. By the Author of the Chapter of Accidents. 3 vol. 12s.

Julia, a Novel; interſperſed with ſome Poetical Pieces. By Helen Maria Williams. 2 vol. 7s.

The Man of Feeling, a Novel. 3s.

The Man of the World. By the Author of the Man of Feeling. 2 vol. 6s.

Julia de Roubigné. By the ſame. 2 vol. 6s.

The Works of Henry Fielding, Eſq. complete; with an Eſſay on the Life and Genius of the Author. By Arthur Murphy, Eſq. Adorned with Plates. 12 vol. 1l. 16s.

A complete and elegant Edition of the Works of Lawrence Sterne, M. A. containing his Triſtram Shandy; Sentimental Journey; Sermons; Letters, &c. &c. with Plates. 10 vol. 2l.

Poems

Poems and Plays. By William Hayley, Eſq. 6 vol. 1l. 1s.

The Triumphs of Temper, a Poem. By William Hayley, Eſq. ſeparate; beautifully printed, and adorned with Plates. 7s. 6d.

The Mine, a Dramatic Poem; to which are added, Two Hiſtoric Odes. By John Sargent, Eſq. uniformly printed with the Triumphs of Temper, and alſo adorned with Plates. 6s.

Poems. By Helen Maria Williams, 2 vol. 7s. 6d.

Poems, chiefly in the Scottiſh Dialect. By Robert Burns (the Airſhire Ploughman). 8vo. 7s.

The Spectator. By Mr. Addiſon, and others; with Notes and Illuſtrations. 8 vol. 8vo. 2l. 16s.

Another Edition, in 8 vol. 12mo. 1l. 1s.

The Tatler, with Notes, &c. 4 vol. 8vo. 1l. 8s.

The Guardian, with Notes, &c. 2 vol. 8vo. 14s.

The Rambler. By Dr. Johnſon. 4 vol. 12s.

The Idler. By the ſame. 2 vol. 6s.

The Adventurer. By Dr. Hawkſworth. 4 vol. 12s.

The Mirror; a Periodical Paper, publiſhed at Edinburgh in the Years 1779 and 1780. 3 vol. vol. 9s.

The Lounger; a Periodical Paper, publiſhed at Edinburgh in the Years 1785 and 1786. 3 vol. 10s. 6d.

Zeluco: various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domeſtic. 2 vol. 14s.

Letters written in France in the Summer 1790, to a Friend in England: containing various Anecdotes relative to the French Revolution; and Memoirs of Monſ. and Madame Du F———. By Helen Maria Williams. 3s. 6d.

DEC 7 1938